

The Bulletin

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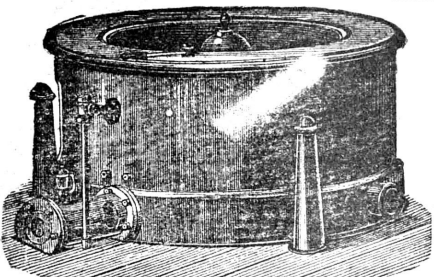
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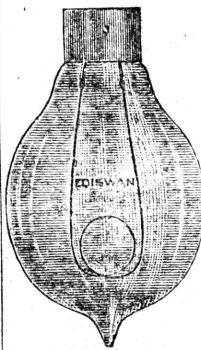
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THE RED PAGE.

Poems in Prose.

"HOW FAIR, HOW FRESH WERE THE
ROSES . . ."

Somewhere, sometime, long, long ago, I read a poem. It was soon forgotten . . . but the first line has stuck in my memory—

"How fair, how fresh were the roses. . ."

Now in winter; the frost has iced over the window-panes; in the dark room burns a solitary candle. I sit huddled up in a corner; and in my head the line keeps echoing and echoing—

"How fair, how fresh were the roses. . ."

And I see myself before the low window of a Russian country house. The summer evening is slowly melting into night, the warm air is fragrant of mignonette and lime-blossom; and at the window, leaning on her arm, her head bent on her shoulder, sits a young girl, and silently, intently gazes into the sky, as though looking for new stars to come out. What candour, what inspiration in the dreamy eyes, what moving innocence in the parted questioning lips, how calmly breathes that still-growing, still-untroubled bosom, how pure and tender the profile of the young face! I dare not speak to her; but how dear she is to me, how my heart beats!

"How fair, how fresh were the roses. . ."

But here in the room it gets darker and darker. . . The candle burns dim and gutters, dancing shadows quiver on the low ceiling, the cruel crunch of the frost is heard outside, and within the dreary murmur of old age. . .

"How fair, how fresh were the roses. . ."

There rise up before me other images. I hear the merry hubbub of home life in the country. Two flaxen heads, bending close together, look saucily at me with their bright eyes, rosy cheeks shake with suppressed laughter, hands are clasped in warm affection, young kind voices ring one above the other; while a little farther, at the end of the snug room, other hands, young too, fly with unskilled fingers over the keys of the old piano, and the Lanner waltz cannot drown the hissing of the patriarchal samovar. . .

"How fair, how fresh were the roses. . ."

The candle flickers and goes out. . . Whose is that hoarse and hollow cough? Curled up, my old dog lies, shuddering at my feet, my only companion. . . I'm cold. . . I'm frozen . . . and all of them are dead . . . dead . . .

"How fair, how fresh were the roses. . ."

THE END OF THE WORLD.

A DREAM.

I fancied I was somewhere in Russia, in the wilds, in a simple country house.

The room big and low pitched with three windows; the walls whitewashed; no furniture. Before the house a barren plain; gradually sloping downwards, it stretches into the distance; a grey monotonous sky hangs over it, like the canopy of a bed.

I am not alone; there are some ten persons in the room with me. All quite plain people, simply dressed. They walk up and down in silence, as it were stealthily. They avoid one another, and yet are continually looking anxiously at one another.

Not one knows why he has come into this house and what people there are with him. On all the faces uneasiness and despondency . . . all in turn approach the windows and look about intently as though expecting something from without.

Then again they fall to wandering up and down. Among us is a small-sized boy; from time to time he whimpers in the same thin voice, "Father, I'm frightened!" My heart turns sick at his whimper, and I too begin to be afraid . . . of what? I don't know myself. Only I feel, there is coming nearer and nearer a great, great calamity.

The boy keeps on and on with his wail. Oh, to escape from here! How stifling! How weary! How heavy. . . But escape is impossible.

The sky is like a shroud. And no wind. . . Is the air dead or what?

All at once the boy runs up to the window and shrieks in the same piteous voice, "Look! look! the earth has fallen away!"

"How? fallen away?" Yes; just now there was a plain before the house, and now it stands on a fearful height! The horizon has sunk, has gone down, and from the very house drops an almost overhanging, as it were scooped-out, black precipice.

We all crowded to the window. . . Horror froze our hearts. "Here it is . . . here it is!" whispers one next me.

And behold, along the whole far boundary of the earth, something began to stir, some sort of small, roundish hillocks began heaving and falling.

"It is the sea!" the thought flashed on us all at the same instant. "It will swallow us all up directly. . . Only how can it grow and rise upwards? To this precipice?"

And yet it grows, grows enormously. . . Already there are not separate hillocks heaving in the distance. . . One continuous, monstrous wave embraces the whole circle of the horizon.

It is swooping, swooping, down upon us! In an icy hurricane it flies, swirling in the darkness of hell. Everything shuddered—and there, in this flying mass—was the crash of thunder, the iron wail of thousands of throats. . .

Ah! what a roaring and moaning! It was the earth howling for terror. . .

The end of it! the end of all!

The child whimpered once more. . . I tried to clutch at my companions, but already we were all crushed, buried, drowned, swept away by that pitch-black, icy, thundering wave!

Darkness . . . darkness everlasting!

Scarcely breathing, I awoke.

TWO STANZAS.

There was once a town, the inhabitants of which were so passionately fond of poetry, that if some weeks passed by without the appearance of any good new poems, they regarded such poetic dearth as a public misfortune.

They used at such times to put on their worst clothes, to sprinkle ashes on their heads; and, assembling in crowds and in public squares, to shed tears and bitterly to upbraid the muse who had deserted them.

On one such inauspicious day, the young poet Junius came into a square, thronged with the grieving populace.

With rapid steps he ascended a forum, constructed for this purpose, and made signs that he wished to recite a poem.

The listeners at once brandished their fasces. "Silence! attention!" they shouted loudly, and the crowd was hushed in expectation.

"Friends! Comrades!" began Junius, in a loud but not quite steady voice:—

"Friends! Comrades! Lovers of the Muse! Ye worshippers of beauty and of grace! Let not a moment's gloom dismay your souls, Your heart's desire is high, and light shall banish darkness."

Junius ceased . . . and in answer to him, from every part of the square, rose a hubbub of hissing and laughter.

Every face, turned to him, glowed with indignation, every eye sparkled with anger, every arm was raised and shook a menacing fist!

"He thought to dazzle us with that!" growled angry voices. "Down with the imbecile rhymester from the forum! Away with the idiot! Rotten apples, stinking eggs for the motley fool! Give us stones—stones here!"

Junius rushed head over heels from the forum . . . but, before he had got home, he was overtaken by the sound of peals of enthusiastic applause, cries and shouts of admiration.

Filled with amazement, Junius returned to the square, trying however to avoid being noticed (for it is dangerous to irritate an infuriated beast).

And what did he behold?

High above the people, upon their shoulders, on a flat golden shield, wrapped in a purple chlamys, with a laurel wreath on his flowing locks, stood his rival, the young poet Julius. . . And the populace all round him shouted: "Glory! Glory! Glory to the immortal Julius! He has comforted us in our sorrow, in our great woe! He has bestowed on us verses sweeter than honey, more musical than the cymbal's note, more fragrant than the rose, purer than the azure of heaven! Carry him in triumph, encircle his inspired head with the soft breath of incense, cool his brow with the rhythmic movement of palm-leaves, scatter at his feet all the fragrance of the myrrh of Arabia! Glory!"

Junius went up to one of the applauding enthusiasts. "Enlighten me, O my fellow-citizen! what were the verses with which Julius has made you happy? I, alas! was not in the square when he uttered them! Repeat them, if you remember them, pray!"

"Verses like those I could hardly forget!" the man addressed responded with spirit. "What do you take me for? Listen—and rejoice, rejoice with us!"

"Lovers of the Muse! so the deified Julius had begun. . .

"Lovers of the Muse! Comrades! Friends Of beauty, grace, and music, worshippers! Let not your hearts by gloom affrighted be! The wished-for moment comes! and day shall scatter night!"

"What do you think of them?"

"Heavens!" cried Junius; "but that's my poem! Julius must have been in the crowd when I was reciting them; he heard them and repeated them, slightly varying, and certainly not improving, a few expressions."

"Aha! Now I recognise you. . . You are Junius," the citizen he had stopped retorted with a scowl on his face. "Envious man or fool! . . . note only, luckless wretch, how sublimely Julius has phrased it: 'And day shall scatter night!' While you had some such rubbish: 'And light shall banish darkness!' What light? What darkness?"

"But isn't that just the same?" Junius was beginning. . .

"Say another word," the citizen cut him short, "I will call upon the people . . . they will tear you to pieces!"

Junius judiciously held his peace, but a grey-headed old man who had heard the conversation went up to the unlucky poet, and laying a hand upon his shoulder, said:

"Junius! You uttered your own thought, but not at the right moment: and he uttered not his own thought, but at the right moment. Consequently, he is all right; while for you is left the consolations of a good conscience."

But while his conscience, to the best of its powers—not over successfully, to tell the truth—was consoling Junius as he was

shoved on one side—in the distance, amid shouts of applause and rejoicing, in the golden radiance of the all-conquering sun, resplendent in purple, with his brow shaded with laurel, among undulating clouds of lavish incense, with majestic deliberation, like a tsar making a triumphal entry into his kingdom, moved the proudly erect figure of Julius . . . and the long branches of palm rose and fell before him, as though expressing in their soft vibration, in their submissive obeisance, the ever-renewed adoration which filled the hearts of his enchanted fellow-citizens!

"THOU SHALT HEAR THE FOOL'S JUDGMENT . . ."—Pushkin.

"Thou shalt hear the fool's judgment . . ." You always told the truth, O great singer of ours. You spoke it this time, too. "The fool's judgment and the laughter of the crowd" . . . who has not known the one and the other?

All that one can, and one ought to bear; and who has the strength, let him despise it!

But there are blows which pierce more cruelly to the very heart. . . A man has done all that he could; has worked strenuously, lovingly, honestly. . . And honest hearts turn from him in disgust; honest faces burn with indignation at his name. "Be gone! Away with you!" honest young voices scream at him. "We have no need of you, nor of your work. You pollute our dwelling-places. You know us not and understand us not. . . You are our enemy!"

What is that man to do? Go on working; not try to justify himself, and not even look forward to a fairer judgment.

At one time the tillers of the soil cursed the traveller who brought the potato, the substitute for bread, the poor man's daily food. . . They shook the precious gift out of his outstretched hands, flung it in the mud, trampled it underfoot.

Now they are fed with it, and do not even know their benefactor's name.

So be it! What is the name to them? He, nameless though he be, saves them from hunger.

Let us try only that what we bring should be really good food.

Bitter, unjust reproach on the lips of those you love. . . But that, too, can be borne.

"Beat me! but listen!" said the Athenian leader to the Spartan.

"Beat me! but be healthy and fed!" we ought to say.

THE WORKMAN AND THE MAN WITH THE
WHITE HANDS.

A DIALOGUE.

WORKMAN. Why do you come crawling up to us? What do you want? You're none of us. . . Get along!

MAN WITH WHITE HANDS. I am one of you, comrades!

THE WORKMAN. One of us, indeed! That's a notion! Look at my hands. D'ye see how dirty they are? And they smell of muck, and of pitch—but yours, see, are white. And what do they smell of?

THE MAN WITH WHITE HANDS (offering his hands). Smell them.

THE WORKMAN (sniffing his hands). That's a queer start. Seems like a smell of iron.

THE MAN WITH WHITE HANDS. Yes; iron it is. For six long years I wore chains on them.

THE WORKMAN. And what was that for, pray?

THE MAN WITH WHITE HANDS. Why, because I worked for your good; tried to set free the oppressed and the ignorant; stirred folk up against your oppressors; resisted the authorities. . . So they locked me up.

THE WORKMAN. Locked you up, did they? Serve you right for resisting!

Two Years Later.

THE SAME WORKMAN TO ANOTHER. I say, Pete. . . Do you remember, the year before last, a chap with white hands talking to you?

THE OTHER WORKMAN. Yes . . . what of it?

THE FIRST WORKMAN. They're going to hang him to-day, I heard say; that's the order.

THE FIRST WORKMAN. He kept on.

THE SECOND WORKMAN. Ah! . . . Now, I say, mate, couldn't we get hold of a bit of the rope they're going to hang him with? They do say, it brings good luck to a house!

THE FIRST WORKMAN. You're right there. We'll have a try for it, mate.

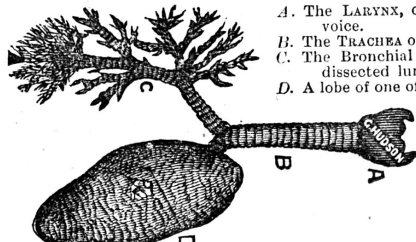
WE WILL STILL FIGHT ON.

What an insignificant trifle may sometimes transform the whole man!

Full of melancholy thought, I walked one day along the highroad.

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My heart was oppressed by a weight of gloomy apprehension; I was overwhelmed by dejection. I raised my head. . . Before me, between two rows of tall poplars, the road darted like an arrow into the distance.

And across it, across this road, ten paces from me, in the golden light of the dazzling summer sunshine, a whole family of sparrows hopped one after another, hopped saucily, drolly, self-reliantly!

One of them, in particular, skipped along sideways with desperate energy, puffing out his little bosom and chirping impudently, as though to say he was not afraid of any one! A gallant little warrior, really!

And, meanwhile, high overhead in the heavens hovered a hawk, destined, perhaps, to devour that little warrior.

I looked, laughed, shook myself, and the mournful thoughts flew right away: pluck, daring, zeal for life I felt anew.

Let him, too, hover over me, my hawk . . . We will fight on, and damn it all!

By IVAN TURGENEV.

What is it in you that wakes you at an hour determined before sleeping? The fact is well proven: there are a thousand recorded instances to assure my own. Last night said I: "I'll get up at six." This morning I woke to semi-consciousness of a phantasmagoria of hurtling, seething dreams. Then, quite suddenly, I felt a surge of blood to my head, became completely conscious, and . . . heard six o'clock striking. Bound to confess the milk-cart rattled up that identical moment; I may have been awakened, not by a cerebral monition, but by a premonition of milk cart. But no; the experience is familiar.

Marie de Manacéine, in her interesting book about sleep published in the Contemporary Science Series, quotes the case of a man who

on going to bed recalled that he must rise the next day at eight, at the same time quite forgetting that his clock was half-an-hour fast. In the middle of the night he woke, and on looking at his clock remembered that it was half-an-hour fast, and that consequently he must wake, not when the clock struck eight, but half-an-hour later. He then fell into a sound slumber, which lasted until he felt himself disturbed by some unknown cause. He started up with the dread that he had awakened too late, but looking at his clock, he saw that it pointed exactly to half-past eight. Thus, in spite of deep sleep, the sleeper's attention and will not only followed the course of time, but even corrected the error of the clock; the man slept soundly while the clock loudly struck eight, and awoke when the hand silently pointed to the half-hour.

Note, in regard to this, the dependence on the clock. Presumably a clockless and watchless man could not depend upon himself to wake at an exact hour—since he would have no means of knowing the exact hour even if awake. That is, you must give the brain some *point d'appui*, some holdfast; and then it will calculate for you with greater or less exactitude in different individuals. Consider this also: that the brain must have acquired the habit of referring to the flight of time: a person who had not been accustomed to reckon by the twenty-four hour day would be unable to wake at a predetermined hour, since he would have no standard of reference. The theory is that only part of the brain sleeps: that the portion which deals with the *will* and the *attention* keeps awake; and is perhaps all the more active and reliable because its energy is not dissipated on the hundred objects which confuse it in waking hours.

Mme. de Manacéine points out that there are well-established differences between sleepers. Persons of feeble character cannot awake at a fixed hour. Of 200 American students 59 per cent. had the power of waking; and the percentage of women among these (51) was less than of men (62). Interesting to note that when you thrust the responsibility of waking you on an alarm-clock it often fails. The reason is that the attention-centre will not do the work unless specially invoked; and the impulse to the auditory-centre becomes, after a time, insufficient to bring back consciousness.

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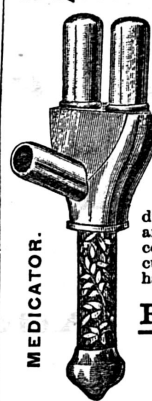
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and smell, renders the breath offen-
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tilages, and rots away the small
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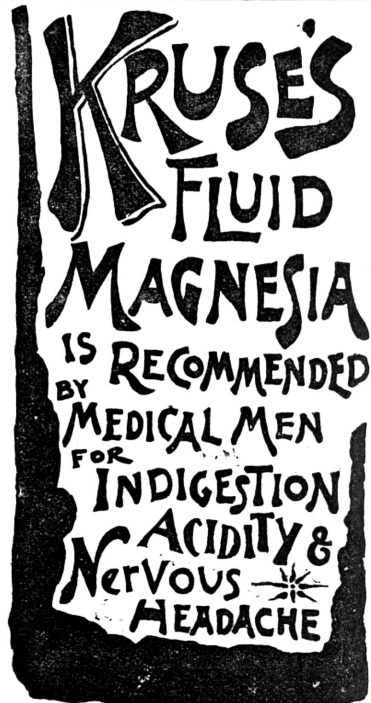
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with Wounds that Discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have poison that defies all the remedies you have tried, which, if not extracted, you never can recover, but go on suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints being ulcerated; the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds; the disease if allowed to continue will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals and had medical advice, and been told your case is hopeless, or advised to submit to amputation; but do not, for I CAN CURE YOU. I don't say perhaps; but I WILL. Because others have failed is no reason for not now being cured. Send at once for

ALBERT'S GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT and PILLS, which are a certain remedy for the cure of Bad Legs, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Carbuncles, Poisoned Hands, Tumours, Abscesses, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Bunions, and Ringworm. Of all Chemists, Stores, &c. Price, in Great Britain, 1/1d. per box. Prepared by ALBERT, 73, Farringdon-street, London, England. Agents: ELLIOTT BROS., Sydney. Purchasers should look for the registered trade mark of the Grasshopper on a green label on each box. (Regd. copyright).



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The Plutocrat to the Parson.

"The rich run the churches, and the man who controls a dozen stock corporations, because he owns the majority of the shares, doesn't see why he shouldn't own a parish because he pays the most money for its support."

"More subscriptions! Now, by thunder! If you wish to share the plunder,

You must share the toil:
Not your rôle to scheme and make it,
Though your fingers itch to take it,
Trade your hands would soil.

"But, sir priest, I would remind you
That our partnership doth bind you
To uphold my rule.

You must quell the rabble's riot;
Keep the starving workers quiet
Whilst I scoop the pool!

"Once, when you were poor and holy,
Preaching in a chapel lowly,
Men came there to pray.
Now you're rich, with church and steeple,
All the beastly, common people
Sneer, and keep away.

"Every year they're growing bolder.
Since your power began to moulder
Their commenced to swell.
You—to please the upper classes—
Lost your hold upon the masses
When you preached no Hell.

"Now, you fear to mention Hades—
Lest you lose the few old ladies
Who still own your sway;
While my workmen, steeped in evil,
Fearing neither God nor devil,
Strike for higher pay.

"You must liven up your patter—
Swells may like your soothing chatter—
Men of dollars don't.
Teach the poor you've ruled for ages,
Heaven's for those who take low wages—
Hell's for those who won't.

"Teach of wealth the irksome duties—
Teach the poor man's chaster beauties
Which the rich can't share.
Tell them that the love of Mammon,
(Course we know it's only gammon)
Leadeth to despair.

"Not but they'll reject your teaching
If your practice and your preaching
Keep so wide apart;
And the day the poor don't heed you
Work you must—for we won't need you
When our troubles start.

"Here's your cheque, and if you'd earn it,
Take this parable and learn it,
And the moral mark—
Little sprats are hard to dish
When the lazy pilot-fish
Hunts too near the shark."

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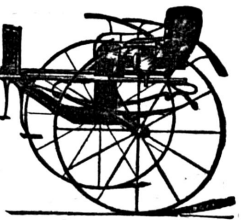
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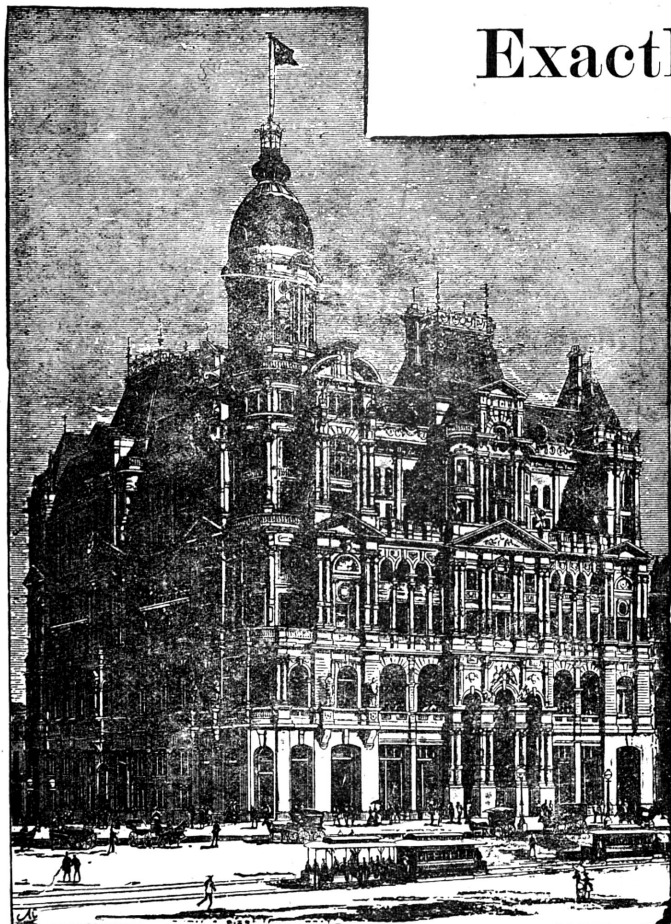
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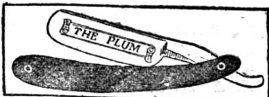
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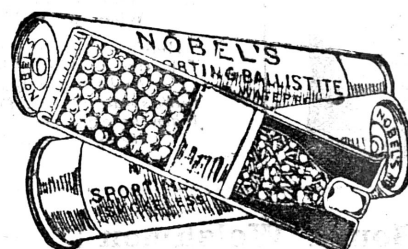
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Excellent.

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450 TONS.

DIXSON & SONS' Sydney Factory sold the above during year ending 30th June, being 90½ Tons above any other manufacturer.

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Mild smoking, and the richest flavor of any tobacco.

Those who formerly smoked only the well-known American and English brands are now taking to this in large and increasing quantities.

CHAMPION - - -

The choicest of Gold Leaf Plug and Cut, very mild.

CONQUEROR - - -

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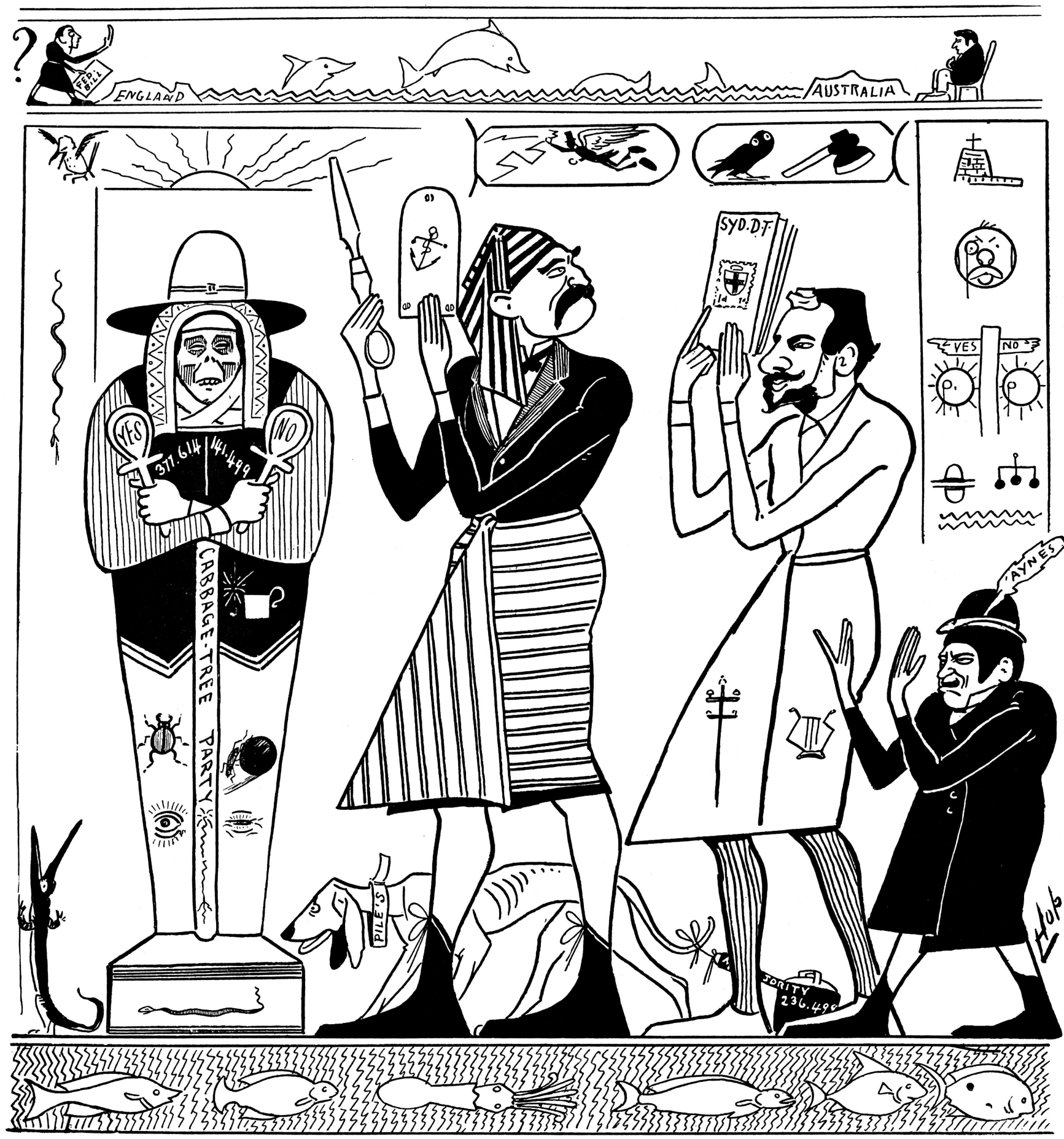
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Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for Transmission by Post as a Newspaper.

VOL. 21.—No. 1042.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1900.

PRICE 6D.



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At a meeting of the Anti-Bill party (i.e., Jack Want, the Sydney D.T., John Haynes, and Geo. Pile's Dog) it was decided that the party should be represented in England while the Federal Constitution Bill is before the Imperial Parliament.

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To ease off in some degree the burden of the unreasonable
postage—1d. on a BULLETIN of ordinary weight—now
exact by the Queensland Post Office, a special Thynne-
paper edition of THE BULLETIN is now sent to Queensland.

The Bulletin.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1900.

The Federated Sweater.

AUSTRALIA is boastfully trumpeted forth as the
land of the free, the prosperous, the contented !
But a nation is just as free, as prosperous, and as
contented as the most enslaved, the poorest and
most degraded section thereof. Our freedom,
prosperity and contentment are appraised by Mr.
LEVI, M.L.C., of the Victorian Parliament, at four
shillings a day, or as much less as Necessity, in the
incarnation of the sweater, will compel a man to
clutch (while balancing himself on the top-rail that
surrounds a pauper's grave) as a bribe to Death
not to push him over. The complacent and im-
portant legislator just mentioned is a brazen and
unblushing advocate of the sacred cause of
Sweatdom. He lays down the axiom that it is
much better for a man to work for four shillings a
day than it is for him to beg his bread. This, of
course, is mere assertion. It all depends how much
a man may be able to make by the begging pro-
cess. Moreover, it is merely a difference in terms.
The sweated are forced to beg for work, and it is
only their mendicancy in the matter of employ-
ment which enables the sweater to exploit them.
Again, in calmer moments, it may occur to the
Honorable-within-the-Province LEVI, M.L.C.,
that it is much better for a man to work for eight
shillings a day than it is for him to work for four,
with the very problematical prospect of being able
to pay his baker's bill at the latter munificent rate
as remuneration. Sweatdom compri es a hier-
archy of many grades; and the horror and the
squalor of the sweated community permeates every
one. During the old slave-days in the Southern
United States, SAMBO was flogged to the cotton-
fields by lick-spittles of his own hue, or by
things of European blood contemptuously labelled
by master and thrall alike as "white trash." In
Australia's days of convictism the hangman and
the wielder of the cat were mostly complacent
scoundrels whose ankles bore the callouses made
by leg-irons. A condition of Sweatdom in any
community really benefits only the arch-sweater
seated on the apex of the system—and from any
genuinely democratic point of view he does not
signify.

The occasion of the sapient LEVI's pronoun-

ment in the Victorian House of 48 Rich Land-
lords was the debate on the second reading of the
Factories Bill. The present Victorian anti-sweat-
ing law will shortly expire, and it is intended to
renew it with additions and improvements. In
the meantime, a Royal-Commission is to be ap-
pointed for the purpose of inquiring into the whole
working of factory legislation; and at the end of
1902, the entire question is to be brought up for
legislative review in the light of more extended
experience. The existing Act protects only a few
trades against the evils of sweating; but both
employers and employees engaged in the cigar
trade, the saddlery trade, marble workers,
printers and tanners are anxious to come under
its operation. J. M. DAVIES, in moving the
second reading of the Bill in the Legislative
Council, stated that the majority of employers,
who might be justly regarded as fair-minded men,
had no taste for grinding the pay of the worker;
but, as producers, they had to compete with the
sweating employers, who, as things at present
existed, might begin business anywhere, paying
sweating wages, and thus illegitimately undercut
the employer who paid a decent wage for moderate
hours of labor. The pro-sweating section of the
House made a determined set against the two-
years renewal of the Act; but, to its grief, even
FREDERICK SARGOODS SARGOOD announced him-
self as convinced that the Factories Bill of 1896
had done much good, and urged the Council to
pass the new enlarged measure with all possible
speed. As might have been expected, SARGOOD's
admiration of the Act is largely modified by his
special and personal interests; still, he holds that
the law has justified itself, and that the Amending
Bill may be made a further improvement. There-
upon arose in their objective and obstructive
might the LEVIs, the GRIMWADES, the EMBLINGS,
and REIDS. Also, NATHANIEL LEVI would not
have the Bill go to committee at any price, and
opposed legislative action regarding the relations
subsisting between employers and employed with
all the bitterness and all the callousness of the
White Waistcoat of vested interests.

The great problem of how to deal with the
sweating system that lives and moves and has its
life-in-death in our midst is one of pith and
moment to every province. Until Federation is
really achieved, it is of especial moment to New
South Wales—the one virulently and pugnaciously
Free-trade State of the group. In New South
Wales we have the spectacle of a little over a
million of people arrayed against something like
twenty hundred millions, which are protected
against the competition of the single puny million
by prohibitive tariffs. Moreover, these outside
millions are always adding to their numbers, and
are literally ravening for the industrial blood of
their fellow men. With the introduction of the
horror of Free Competition we are simply institu-
ting old conditions on new shores. A Cheap
Labor Immigration Restriction Bill is not nearly
enough. We must have a full measure of a
Cheap Labor Goods' Restriction Bill. By no other
course can the monster called "Sweating" be
strangled.

Supercilious economists of the Free-trade school
fatuously ask, "Will Protection keep up the price
of wages?" THE BULLETIN replies, "The estab-
lishment of a reasonable minimum wage, together
with a rational working-day, is possible only under
a protective policy." While the flood-gates of our
ports are open to the pauper-produced imports of
the rest of the world, wages must gravitate down-
wards till they reach the lowest standard ruling
in the cheapest labor market. If jute bags can
be made at a cost that will purchase for the maker
only a daily ration of rice, then, under a Free-
trade policy, jute manufactures are impossible of
establishment elsewhere, save under similar labor
conditions, plus a slight advance on jute-workers'
wages representing the cost of freight from India
—an advance so slight as to be almost infinitesimal.
The same rule applies to every other product. In
other words, CORDEN is the patron saint of the
sweater, and the fiscal system which he formulated
is the religion of earth-wide pauperization. The
historic PLUGGON, manufacturer, is made by CAR-
LYLE to say, in that memorable address to his
workmen: "Noble spinners! we have gained a
hundred thousand pounds, and this is mine; the
three-and-sixpence daily was yours. Adieu, drink
my health with this great each, which I give you
over and above." But things have moved since
CARLYLE's day. Even the eleemosynary groat
gets no farther than the sweater's pocket.

Of course, it will be objected that a policy of
Protection sufficiently prohibitive to attain a
measure of practical Socialism (the only kind of
Socialism worth striving for) would institute a
condition of siege, of essential isolation. So be it!
That is the ideal machine which consumes its own
smoke. That is the ideal community which is
self-contained. A nation of four millions of pro-
ducers who are the consumers of their own pro-
ducts is a dream of an earthly Paradise, albeit
paralysingly shocking to the doctrinaires of the
school of universal exchange. Without complete
industrial independence, without an absolutely
free hand, there can be no adequate amelioration
of industrial conditions, no adjustment of the
economic balance. With an impregnable barricade
against the paupers and the pauper-produced
goods of the outside world—with the rigid enforce-
ments of Acts providing a good minimum wage
and a minimum working week, sweating would be
strangled beyond hope of recovery—but Protec-
tion is imperative as a first condition in this march
of millennial progress. Yet people, and particu-
larly the representatives of Labor, are so short-
sighted that they are prepared to kick away
from their vantage-heights the very ladder by
which they have climbed so far. Maoriland is
pointed at as the exemplar, *par excellence*, in the
field of domestic legislation; and now some of the
Labor members in Maoriland Parliament are
falling away from grace, and if they do not be-
think themselves in time they will furnish forth
an object lesson of a very different sort.

The public works policy introduced in Maori-
land by JULIUS VOGEL, shorn as it was of the re-
cuporative proposals of that politician, plunged
the province in the mire of impending insolvency.
Things became so bad that they could hardly
become worse. Each successive Treasurer was a
mere conjurer, whose sole object was a successful
juggle to stave off a deficit; and it was a matter
of necessity rather than of principle that drove
him to the Customs. In the course of their
financial floundering Maoriland's various rulers
of the public purse inadvertently created a policy
which gave an undoubted stimulus to the creation
of local industries. The thing was done. It was
a case of JONAH's gourd; and ATKINSON, who dis-
claimed fiscal bias of any sort, awakened to the
fact that his own effort to replenish his treasury
had constituted him, all unwittingly, the father of
Protection. The factories of Maoriland now em-
ploy over 28,000 hands, with an annual output of
some £10,000,000 sterling. To the needs of the
Treasury such industries as woollen manufac-
tures, printing, clothing manufactures, iron and
steel manufactures, tanning, boot-making,
furniture-making, brewing, jam-making, and

brick and tile making owe their exist-
ence. The province was secured, and was en-
abled to turn its attention to the labor problem
and to domestic legislation generally. Act fol-
lowed Act with crushing democratic tendency. A
mere recital of their titles will show what Protec-
tion has enabled Maoriland to do in the way of
ameliorating industrial conditions and safeguard-
ing the interests of Labor. Among other laws
passed into operation were the Employers' Li-
ability Act, the Truck Act, the Factories Act of
1894 with the Amending Act of 1896, the Trades
Union Act, the Shipping and Seamen's Act, the
Coal Mines Act, the Act establishing a State
Bank, the Advances to Settlers' Act, the Old Age
Pensions Act, etc., etc. But all this progressive
legislation would have been totally impossible in a
country exposed to the competition of the fifteen-
shillings-per-week Britisher or the two-annas-a-day
Hindoo. And now certain Maoriland Laborists
are agitating for the reduction, and some for
the total abolition, of the Customs duties. If
they succeed the whole fabric of progressive
legislation must go down. If Free-trade comes to
Maoriland, in every industry which is exposed to
the competition of foreigners working 12 hours a
day for about half the Maoriland rate of wages (in
other words, in about 50 per cent. of the local
manufactures) the country will have to choose be-
tween the two alternatives. It may go in for
longer hours and lower wages so as to hold its own
in unrestricted competition with the cheap
foreigner. Or it may let the industries die.

The downfall of sweatdom can only arrive
with a uniform all-Australian Protective tariff.
Within a few months Australia will be one
Federated Nation with a uniform tariff, and it is
the duty of the first Federal Parliament to build
soundly and surely for Australia as against the
world. With a protective tariff, which can hardly
be too prohibitive to be adequate for our future
safety, should be concurrently enacted laws
minimising the working week and the daily pay-
ment. We should not thereby create a nation of
millionaires, but we should establish such condi-
tions for the broad good of all, that no sweater
could breathe the air of this continent and live.
Let the world take care of its own paupers, and
consume its own pauper-produced manufactures!
Why should Australia offer a dumping-ground to
the white-slave-wrought goods of Europe and
Asia. We have here our own future to look to;
our own streets to sweep. Labor we may take
from the Old World. The land is hungering for
human muscle. But let us take that labor on our
own terms; in our own good time. On the very
eve of Federation we have an opportunity to re-
fuse to make fat dividends for foreign syndicates,
and to permit our citizens to become the bond-
slaves of capitalised greed. Under Free-trade the
local sweater is made possible by the existence of
the overseas sweater, and we must shut our front-
door in the latter gentleman's face.

Our Little Penny Inquisition.

FREEDOM of thought has, to some extent, left off
in Australia. Freedom of speech, in the case of
the man who is dependent on his billet for his
daily bread, has considerably left off also. The
Australian Inquisition sits in high places, and
toleration has been turned off, as far as possible,
at the tap. Over a great part of Eastern Aus-
tralia anybody who has doubts about the justice
of Britain's present war (just as a third of the
British House of Commons has doubts, and just
as most of England now has doubts about the
justice of the Opium War and the bombardment
of Copenhagen in peace-time) is called a "pro-
Boer." And to be, or to be suspected of being, a
"pro-Boer" is, in many cases, now to get the
sack, or to run great risk of getting it. Certain
employers, in their anxiety to prove their alleged
patriotism ("Patriotism," said Dr. JOHNSON, "is
the last refuge of scoundrels") now threaten
to discharge on sight the person who is
not quite sure that the Transvaal war is
wholly just, unless he lies about his opinions.
The S.A. Government, in the length and breadth
and depth of its crawlomeness, warns public ser-
vants that those who are not quite convinced of
the justice of the Transvaal war are liable to ejection,
unless they take refuge in falsehood and say
they are sure. Education Minister PERRY, of
N.S.W., does likewise. Sundry municipal coun-
cils intimate that corporation employees who are
not solid on the question of war must go—unless
they lie about it. Things haven't yet gone so far
that the man who isn't quite convinced about the
justice of the Crimean war, or the bombardment
of Copenhagen, or the Hundred Years War with
France, or the English invasion of Scotland some
600 years ago, is in danger of losing his means of
livelihood, but doubtless, in the full and logical
measure of Australian loyalism, that is coming.

Loyalty leads to strange doings. The creed of
the Australian loyalist is something like this:—

We know that Britain is as liable to be wrong as
any other country. We have a Bible which tells us we
are all miserable sinners. As Christians we believe in the
Bible in theory. Therefore British statesmen are mis-
erable and imperfect sinners like everybody else.

But when it comes to war the Bible goes overboard and
our Christianity departs into the ash-barrel. Then you
must be loyal. To be loyal you must always swear that
Britain is right in everything and at all times. To be
loyal you must hold that Britain is perfect, sinless, and
can do no wrong. If there is a God who said that every-
body is a sinner then so much the worse for that God just
now.

Or if you don't believe that Britain is always and wholly
and invariably right you must be a despicable ANANIAS
and say that you do, or you aren't loyal. And it is
essential to be loyal.

And if you don't believe in the impious and blasphem-
ous doctrine that Britain must always be right, or if you
are not sufficient of a liar to say you do, you risk the loss
of your employment and your means of livelihood. As
loyal and honorable men we claim the right to do our best
to starve your wife and your children and your infant
because of your opinions. We are men—fine, large, manly
men with great souls and the fire of patriotism aglow in
our bosoms; and taking a mean revenge on your infant is
just about our size.

Australia prides itself on its freedom and its broad
toleration. In Australia you may have doubts about the
justice of God, and there is hardly an employer in the
land who will discharge you for your opinions. If he did
he would be scored as a bigot. But if you have
doubts about the absolute justice of JOHN BULL,
who is more important than God, that is a different
matter—wholly different. You may have no faith in the
SAVIOUR and the only result is that you will be put down
in the census as a Freethinker, but if you have no faith in
SALISBURY and CHAMBERLAIN you are anathema. You
may disbelieve the goodness of the CREATOR and it is no
thing, but if you doubt the absolute goodness of BULL
loyal employers will spurn you. And venal clergymen
who are willing to take the atheist by the hand as a mis-
guided brother will cast you off, and venal politicians who
are indifferent to the Lord will pour the vials of their
scorn upon you for being indifferent to BULL.

After all, the Spanish Inquisition was, in some
respects, a nobler thing than the Australian loyal
employer of to-day. It used its powers to the
utmost to make people have, or falsely allege they
had, what it considered a right opinion about God.
The loyal Australian Government and the loyal
Australian Municipal Council use their much
smaller power to make people have, or falsely
allege they have, what the Government

and the Council consider a right opinion
about JOHN BULL. They haven't the excuse
that the person who hasn't a right opinion
about JOHN BULL, just now, is a present danger to
the State; for there is no war in Australia, and the
views of this or that civil servant or corporation
labourer can make no real difference in the issue.
Their action is based purely on tyranny and in-
tolerance. It is cheering, at least, to note that
the intolerance is all on the loyalist side. No
person who did not approve of the present war
has yet been heard of as threatening to discharge
employees because they *did* approve. THE BUL-
LETIN has sundry violent loyalists in its employ, but
the idea of interfering with their opinions never
occurred to it; and even the most frantic
jingo organ has never ventured to allege that any
anti-jingo employer has interfered with his em-
ployees because they were not ditto. Yet the anti-
jingo has the same right to brand his views as
"loyalty"—the only true and unadulterated kind
of loyalty—as the other man, and to set up his
little Inquisition for the suppression of disloyalty.
Even in England, though England is much more
directly interested in the results of the Transvaal
war than Australia, the kind of bigotry which is
raging here is very little heard of, or heard of in a
much milder form. By comparison with the Aus-
tralian jingo the English jingo is tolerant and
liberal-minded. And if he ever fully understand
the doings of his Australian imitator he will
probably view him with contempt and loathing
as a narrow bigot and unpleasant survival of the
Dark Ages.

PLAIN ENGLISH.

Spectators.

When the merry, merry Maxim hurls a shower of
lead and hail,
When the Lyddite drops in dozens and the rifles
spit and rail,
There's a Zulu marks the mischief, there's a Kaffir
keeps the score,
And they tell the tale of vengeance off on British
dead and Boer;

For the sable prophets say,
When the strife has passed away
And the White has wrought his ruin—O the Black
shall have his Day!

So he watches grim and silent—sees the blood of
Europe run,
And he learns his lesson duly and he takes his fill
of fun;

O his back, it knows the burden of the Stranger
well, I ween,
And his shoulders carry token that the Stranger's
lash is keen;

But the merry bullets say:
"O ye Sons of Ham, be gay;
When the White has wrought his ruin—then the
Black shall have his Day!"

And the pallid Northern peoples who have tied
him to their plough,
He shall blast them in his fury as a flame among
the tow;

For there breaks a wondrous vision on the brood-
ing Kaffir brain,
With a roll of drums barbaric and a fall of bloody
rain,
There's a serf that goes to slay,
There's a serf that wins a fray,
There's a rueful time o' reck'ning when the Black
shall have his Day!

So they gather, do the bondsmen, in the gloaming
at the kraal,
And they laugh to tell of legions that shall sleep
beside the Vaal,
For it matters not who perish—be they British-
bred or Boer—
They were ever but as drivers—with a bitter hand
and sore;

So the merry bugles play—
"O ye sons of Ham, be gay,
When the White has wrought his ruin—then the
Black shall have his Day!"

P. LUFTIG.

Lyne's Opportunity.

PREMIER LYNE, of N.S.W., has announced that he
is going back to the comparatively honest ways of
the old DIBBS Ministry in the matter of paying
for a large number of small, unproductive, yet
necessary works out of revenue instead of out of
loans. So far the going back isn't apparent; in
fact LYNE, judged by his first batch of loan esti-
mates, is worse than the awful REID at his very
worst so far as the loan fraud is concerned. Still
it is possible he means to reform by-and-by.
Therefore it is worth while mentioning to him
that if he merely goes back to ways of moderate
honesty without fixing the new system by the
most definite and comprehensive Act of Parlia-
ment that he and B. R. WISE can construct, he is
Lost. He is so completely Lost, in fact, that the
word hardly even begins to express how Lost he
is. Years ago DIBBS tried something of the kind,
and, naturally, the ordinary expenditure went up.
It was impossible to transfer a large number of
charges from loans to ordinary expenditure with-
out making the ordinary expenditure larger. Then
a fat deceiver with a bright glazed eye went
through the length and breadth of the land
denouncing the DIBBS Government as a madly
extravagant combination which spent a fearful
amount of money. The deceiver with the shining
eye got into office on that cry, and cut down
ordinary expenditure greatly (on paper), partly by
paying things out of loans that DIBBS paid out of
ordinary revenue (thereby increasing the loan ex-
penditure from £1,330,000 to over £2,000,000 a
year), and partly by carrying liabilities forward.
The public didn't trouble about details—it only
looked at the total of the ordinary expenditure;
and it said that the great faker of the public ac-
counts was evidently a reformer of the best type.
If the DIBBS-LYNE Ministry had known enough to
embody its policy in an Act of Parliament,
then REID would have been compelled either
to publicly repeal that Act and thereby
give away the whole secret of his alleged
economy, or he would have had to spend
as much money as his predecessors, and he
would never have remained in office five
years on the strength of a financial reputation
gained by false pretences. If LYNE is
going to be even partly honest in loan
matters (which appears eminently probable
just now), his expenditure must go up
again, and again he of the glazed eye and the un-
reliable balance-sheet will gain *kudos* by pointing
out how much more cheaply he ran the country's
affairs, and how much more cheaply he will run
them when he gets in again. Therefore, four Acts
of Parliament are wanted to this effect:

(1) That no repairs, or public works that are merely in
replacement of worn-out works previously charged to
loans, shall be paid for with borrowed money. And that
no new works which don't yield direct revenue—no roads,
fortifications, ammunition, bridges (unless they pay for
themselves in whole or part by tolls), gaols, asylums, etc.,
shall be charged to loans.

(2) That all interest and sinking fund accrued and due

at the end of any financial year, even though it may not be actually paid, shall be charged to that financial year. Thus if six months' interest on sinking fund is due for the half-year from 1st February to 31st July, five-sixths of the amount will be charged in the accounts of the financial year which ends on 30th June.

(3) That no existing funds, now set aside for special purposes, shall be diverted to revenue, but if no longer required for their present purpose, they may be handed over to trustees and used in part-payment of the next loan that requires renewal. This will prevent REID, when next he gets into office, following up his seizure of the Church and School Fund by the annexation of the Real Property Insurance Fund, or other trust money for revenue purposes.

(4) That the net surplus at the end of the year (when there is one) shall be certified to by the Auditor-General, and handed over to trustees to be used in partial repayment of the next loan which has to be renewed. That no credit balances be carried forward. But that the debit balance, when there is one, shall be carried forward till extinguished by future surpluses.

If the LYNE Government passes these four laws, to come in force at the beginning of next financial year, its own reputation for political honesty will begin to look genuine, and there will be a very much smaller lion with a glass eye in its path, and G. REID will hunt for office with much less assiduity. The principal dodges and wiles by which he built up his reputation as a financier will be shut off at the meter. He could never pose as the great and glorious economist again, for the only kind of economy he knows would be abolished. And if REID did get into office with these four Acts to enforce compulsory honesty upon him he would be such a different REID from the old sample that he would probably make his final exit inside 12 months.

Identification.

THE usual game of "identification" is being played in the case of JONES, the obscure person charged with the murder of a little girl at Broadford (Victoria). There was an inquest, of course, and the police called a large number of witnesses, slowly building up their case in the quaint fashion of their kind. Here is a day's evidence boiled down from the AGE report:—

Dr. MORTON testified that the death of OLIVE RITA JONES was caused by suffocation. (He gave no evidence whatever against the accused, but dealt with the state of the body only.)

Dr. MOLLISON gave similar evidence. Government Analyst BLACKER testified that there was no blood on a knife and cleaver submitted to him, and none on JONES's clothes.

WILLIAM PALMER swore that he saw a man something like JONES come out of DOHERTY's shop and lean against a post at 12.30 on Boxing Day. Didn't even know whether the man was dark or fair, but was still sure that he was something like JONES. (Possibly murderers are specially liable to lean against posts at 12.30.)

ALBERT WILSON (also called as a witness against JONES) said he knew deceased, but hadn't seen JONES speaking to her.

ARABELLA CLARK said that, on the day of the murder, she saw a man with clothes something like JONES's about the boiling-down premises where the body was found.

ROSE JONES said that the accused had once touched the murdered child on the chin, saying she was "a nice girl." EMMA WRIGHT saw a man with clothes like JONES's some miles away from the scene of the murder, and three days after it was committed. Thought he looked as if he was hiding. Identified JONES by the clothes only as the man.

Then the coroner's jury found that JONES had committed the murder, and he was sent up for trial. Possibly he did commit it, and though the above was one full day's evidence there were, in the previous evidence, some matters that looked really suspicious. But a very large proportion of the witnesses for the prosecution were people who either swore that they weren't sure they had seen JONES anywhere, or that they believed they had seen JONES doing something quite harmless. In the mind of the average jurymen the accumulated testimony of 10 people who saw JONES doing no harm, and 10 more who weren't sure they had seen JONES at all, gradually accumulates into much the same thing as if one witness had definitely and positively seen JONES doing something awful. And a gradual feeling that JONES has been positively identified arises out of the accumulated testimony of many people, not one of whom really identifies JONES at all.

Early-Closing and Ruin.

THE Sydney long-hour people are running a feeble little born-dead agitation against the Early-Closing Act, mostly in the correspondence columns of the daily papers. All the good old cant terms about "freedom" and the "British flag" and the "ashes of our fathers" are on deck again in this agitation; it is a cold occasion and a lame subject when the ashes of our fathers won't come in somewhere. As one excited correspondent—a fair sample of many—said recently in the EVENING NEWS: "The country that builds on these lines cannot stand. We must be ruled by the mob before long; it is coming hard and fast; and unless something is done we shall lose that which our forefathers fought to give us British subjects to stand firm and protect for ever. . . . If we must fall after doing our best to make the suburbs around the city of Sydney what they are to-day—an ornament to any part of the world—then we die game," &c. Wherefore it appears that our forefathers struck for the blessed privilege of late closing—date of the battle where the army of long-hour shopkeepers fought to the bitter end for freedom to keep the gas-jet burning till 11 p.m. not mentioned. Most authorities have imagined that our British forefathers fought for the privilege of self-government—government by the majority—the same majority which decreed early-closing; but it seems this theory is all wrong. The long-hour shopkeeper holds that Parliamentary government by the majority—the "mob" as he calls it—is just what our forefathers fought against. HAMPDEN and CROMWELL, it seems, were really fighting to prevent the people governing themselves, and their struggles were really a heroic effort to keep shops open late, and the war ended by a brutal and arrogant early-closing king losing his head at Whitehall. Anyhow, the warning that a country cannot last which builds on the lines of majority rule, and which sinks into early-closing, sends a cold chill through this paper's back spine. For if late hours in shops are the secret of Australia's greatness, and the tired shop-assistant tottering home at 11 p.m. is its prop and stay, and the lamp of liberty and truth is the gas-jet in the window of the gloomy little grocery emporium, then Australia is slithering down the giddy slope that leads to ruin right enough. All the same, the long-hour trader rather gives away his own case. He asserts that it is he and his band who have labored to provide Sydney with its present set of suburbs—a more awful lot of suburbs than are to be found in any other among the dozen or two of cities which the world has produced this century. He a parently claims credit for the narrowness and crookedness of their ways, for the angular back-lanes, for the crazy wooden fences, the want of any decent building regulations, and all the aberrations of the 41 sets of aldermen. And, if the crime he claims credit for can be sheathed home to him, what he requires is not early-closing, but execution.

A Matter of Dates.

THE Crimean war is almost universally described nowadays as a colossal blunder. Britain went to war then to prop up a most hopeless and degraded and brutalised Moslem Government—that of the loony Sultan ABDUL-MEDJID; yet over this tremendous bloodshedding, undertaken in defence of a crumbling dynasty of tyrants, and for the purpose of keeping heathendom alive in Europe, Britain was then far more enthusiastic than she is over the anti-KRUGER campaign now. GORDON, in his "Life of Lord ABERDEEN," says:

Whigs and Tories and Radicals, men and women, young and old, orators on platforms, and preachers in the pulpit, vied with one another in denunciations of the ambitions of Russia. . . . A few men in the Cabinet and a few dispassionate men out of office, such as Lord GREY, BRIDGES and CORDELL, strove in vain to recall the nation to a sense of the losses and risks involved in war, and the inadequacy of the motives for incurring them. . . . Those who still preached peace were branded as men indifferent to the honor of the country, if not indeed something worse!

The few sober men who protested against the great and useless Crimean foolishness were howled at then as traitors just as THE BULLETIN, and those of its way of thinking, are denounced over the Transvaal crime now. So were the men who protested at the time against the war with the American colonies, the opium campaign in China, and every other war. Britain is now full of Crimean traitors, and traitors who denounce the great war with the American colonies—they probably represent three-fourths of the thinking community. It may be equally full of Transvaal traitors ten years hence. It is quite as traitorous to object to Britain's Crimean blunder as its Transvaal blunder, and half the Jingoism in Australia are traitors. The other half probably would be if they knew enough. The Jingo's theory can be compressed into a sentence: To protest against a foolish and criminal war at the time, when it is possible that some good may be effected, is always to commit a hideous sin. To protest against it ten or twenty or thirty or forty or a hundred years afterwards, when no good can be effected, is to be a dispassionate historian and a high-minded patriot. Every man who is called a dispassionate historian now would have been a traitor if he had been born a sufficient number of years earlier. And the Jingo who "stomches" his neighbor for objecting to the Boer war now is probably a traitor himself who deserves to be stomached for not approving of his country's doings in the Crusades, or some of its proceedings in India, or the miserable German wars it undertook in defence of Hanover, or the bombardment of Copenhagen in peace time, or other bygone episodes of the kind.

Duncan's Pound of Flesh.

THE announcement made by Premier M'LEAN that his Government sees no necessity for any reduction in the size of the Victorian Parliament even when half its work—by far the most important half—is taken over by the Federal Legislature, is probably part of the price that that hybrid gathering has to pay for DUNCAN GILLIES's support. The M'LEAN Government is supposed to be a Liberal one. It ousted the Liberal Government of TURNER on the ground that the TURNER combination didn't progress fast enough in the right path. Yet, whatever precarious hold on office it ever possessed, was solely owing to the support it received from the Tory party led by GILLIES. And now DUNCAN's party evidently wants its pound of flesh, full weight. The real strength of the GILLIES party lies in the Upper House, and the reform of that dreadful institution has been the ambition of every true Liberal for many years. The trouble has always been that the 48 Rich Landlords were practically immovable. They are elected on a narrow property franchise, therefore a great part of the Liberal party has no voice in their appointment. Only rich landlords are eligible to sit in the Council, therefore it is almost impossible to find any but virulently Tory candidates. The Council isn't dissolvable; its members have an enormously long term of office; there is no such thing as a general Council election; and in the all-round hopelessness of the case public interest in the creation of an occasional new M.L.C. is dead as Pharaoh's war-horse. The Council can't be reformed by ordinary means, at ordinary times, for it won't even look at a Reform Bill, and casts out anything of the kind with a shudder as if it were a dead fish on a shovel, and no Premier has yet arisen with courage enough to shift it by extraordinary means. But there seemed in the beginning of the Commonwealth a gleam of hope, and a possible chance of doing something with the House that throws out all progressive measures. It was agreed by almost everybody that, when so much of the State Legislature's work was handed over to the Federal Parliament, Victoria could do with a smaller and cheaper and simpler legislative system. There was to be a general cleaning-up and a general starting afresh, and there really seemed a fair possibility that in the cleaning-up process something good would be done to the House of Landlords. The House of Landlords itself seemed to realise that a time was coming when it couldn't, with any semblance of decency, refuse to consider its own reformation, and once or twice it spoke almost reasonably on the subject. And now the alleged Liberal M'LEAN comes with the comforting news that it isn't necessary to do anything—to reduce the Legislature in any way—to have any cleaning-up, or to shift any of the old landmarks. He rises to assure the Council that it was quite wrong in the supposition that it would really, at long last, have to consider the question of reform, for everything can go on comfortably in the old groove. Premier M'LEAN seems a very expensive bargain at the price.

The Australian Patriot.

He was a patriot. Not one of those Who with his body faced his country's foes, To win its blessing and a foeman's curse. Not one of those who he. His country thanks This noble patriot's balance at the banks, And knights him as a Patriot of the Purse.

He hears "the Empire call"—the Motherland: And stretches straight a generous helping hand. Then smiles to hear her people cry "Well do." Though other calls have fallen on deaf ears, The "Mother Country's cry" he instant hears; His purse is open and a knightly word.

His ears are deaf, his eyes they cannot see The crime beside his door—the misery. 'Twas distance ever made a thing sublime And, though the slums—vile kennels of the poor— May seethe and stink beside his very door, He neither heeds nor helps to stay the crime.

Is it that these who cry to thee for bread Have no reward to shower on thy head? Canst thou unheeding hear thy country's claim? Then from the Empire seek thy own reward. Thy country holds thee loathsome and abhorred, And counts thy titles but thy badge of shame.

C.P.Q.C.

THE anti-Federal meeting held last week in Sydney was a woeful little fizzle. The Remnant gathered themselves together in a room at a hotel—to show off such a mockery of a gathering in a hall, even in a very small hall, would have been like a meeting of one fly in a dried-up lake. And even the Remnant wasn't unanimous. DIBBS and M'LAURIN both pointed out that the cause of Disunion was lost, and to send a Disunionist delegate to England now was only stubbing a bare toe against the inevitable. The man with most fight in him was ex-Attorney-General WANT from Japan and Egypt. WANT was wildly and bitterly angry at the proposal to send (by CHAMBERLAIN's special request) a Federal mission to England to help in seeing the Commonwealth Bill through the British Parliament, and said these things in his wrath:

The only excuse Mr. LYNE had for disregarding that statement was that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had suggested that someone should go. He did not know at whose instigation that suggestion was made, but it looked to have come from some of those colonies who wished to keep in the Bill the clauses to which the 82,000 people who voted against the Bill in N.S.W. objected.

The boss Disunionist can't even begin to realise that the majority in Queensland, N.S.W., Victoria, S.A. and Tasmania is all equally solid on keeping in the Bill the clauses to which the N.S.W. 82,000 minority objected. It didn't require any of the other "colonies" to suggest to CHAMBERLAIN the advisability of keeping these objected-to clauses in the Bill. N.S.W. made the suggestion loudly enough the day it crumpled up the WANT party and threw it away.

ALREADY in Australia one man has been murdered and many brutally assaulted and ill-used by gangs of blood-drunkened bogus "patriots" for not being fully convinced of the justice of the Transvaal war. And absolutely nothing has been heard yet of any serious attempts to cope with this alarming epidemic of crime. So far, all the brutality has been on one side—at least, nothing has been heard up to date of any jingo being assaulted for his jingoism by anybody of the other way of thinking. The situation is a curious one. A gang of politicians who live on Australian money have laid it down that free speech is a crime and that free thought is an outrage, and that whoever doesn't say that JOHN BULL's wars are always just, whether they are or not, is a person who should be held accused. In the alleged interests of freedom Australia has become almost as devoid of personal freedom as the Transvaal was accused of being even by its enemies. The Transvaal Boers who broke up a certain meeting of Outlanders at Johannesburg have their counterparts in the Australian Boers who broke up HOLMAN's meeting at Hobart. The British subjects in the Transvaal alleged to have been ill-treated by Boers at different times in the last ten years for not being of the Boer way of thinking and acting seem by all accounts to be about as numerous as the British subjects who have been battered by alleged patriots in Australia in the last month for not being of their way of thinking. The Transvaal press, which is accused of having slurred over these acts, has its counterpart in the Australian Respectable press, which reports in a semi-humorous vein, and without a word of reproach, the brutalities done on people who aren't convinced that this war is necessarily a just one and worthy of the blessings of Heaven, and who were rash enough to make the fact known. The present outbreak of patriotism is certainly not doing anything to elevate the Australian character.

WHEN it seems really necessary to make some remarks about Australia's cowardly policy of never facing its financial responsibilities, but always passing them on to the infant in the form of loans, which the infant will have to face when he grows up, the average Australian paper consoles itself with a certain flattering lie which is getting a trifle threadbare by now. Last Friday, it turned up again in the AUSTRALIAN STAR, as follows:—

In the same period the public debt has been increased from £16,770,000 (or £22 12s. 1d. per head of the population) to about £52,000,000 (or something over £44 per head). As a set-off against this enormous expenditure of loan money the public have a vast railway system, the money value of which is equal, probably, to the whole amount of the public debt.

It is a very consoling invention—and also very thin. The net revenue of the N.S.W. railways would about pay 2 per cent. on the province's public debt. If this country can borrow at 2 per cent., then they are fair value for the public debt—but it can't. If any syndicate would go with its eyes open into an investment which would yield about 2 per cent., then the N.S.W. railways would sell for enough to pay off the public debt—but syndicates aren't built that way. The N.S.W. lines would probably sell for a little over half the public debt; other assets represent part of the balance; and at least £10,000,000 represents nothing except the fact that the province never had the courage to face its liabilities. And with one exception the other provinces are as bad, or worse.

VICTORIA'S House of 48 Rich Landlords has been giving the thing away most foolishly. The game is to declare through whirling foam, and with the hysterical gesticulation of an ape that has just eaten something hot, that this country is in favor of the war in its whole length and breadth, and from back-hair to bedrock. And yet members were busy for an hour or more the other night trotting out demoralising instances of what they called "disloyalty" on the part of civil servants and others. SARGOOD, the military softgoods man who carved his way to glory with a yardstick, wailed of railway stations "seething with disloyalty," and school-teachers "who used offensive language towards Her Majesty," and cited alleged cases without end to prove that the people are saturated with general devilment. SARGOOD wants the Government to do something vicious, but there are fat men with leveller heads who have their suspicions of the carpet and bed-curtain knight, and wonder bitterly what Her Gracious Majesty will think of all this. The Leg. Council has a contempt for truth that is not bred of familiarity, but it has also touches of diplomacy. And it wants to know what is the use of declaring at one moment that Victoria is loyal to the core, and the next that it is seething with disloyalty and severe measures are necessary to ker-rush the evil spirit.

CHAMBERLAIN is suspected in some quarters of wanting a change in the Federal Bill in respect to the Gov.-General. When N.S.W. Constitution Bill reached London in Earl GREY's time, GREY demurred strongly to N.S.W. paying the Governor's salary. He argued that if Britain retained the right to appoint a Gov. the duty of paying him also devolved upon her. He foresaw that if Australia paid its Governors it would, sooner or later, want a voice in their appointment, and in time a controlling influence. The former of these stages was reached at the time policeman BLAKE was appointed to the Governorship of Queensland, and the latter is arriving gradually. It is conjectured that the GREY theory will again be broached when the Federal Constitution goes up for approval.

NEWCASTLE (N.S.W.) HERALD item:—

In consequence of several complaints by subscribers received by the committee of the Newcastle School of Arts, that the articles at present appearing in a certain illustrated Sydney weekly paper were disloyal and treasonable, the committee last night met, and came to the conclusion that a State-aided institution such as the School of Arts, which has about 1000 members, should not support such a publication. The secretary was thereupon instructed to discontinue allowing the paper in question to appear upon the tables of the institution. It is understood that this embargo will be upon the paper until such time as, in the opinion of the committee, the policy of the journal commends itself to true British ideas. The majority of the members were strongly of opinion that the articles were disloyal and treasonable.

May God bless that committee and keep it in that frame of mind! Also, the same blessing applies to sundry other committees who have gone and done likewise. In a School of Arts one BULLETIN does for perhaps 200 people. When the committee expels this treasonable organ from the premises about 100 of these people do without seeing THE BULLETIN. The other 100 buy it, and the circulation goes up 99. And so this paper blesses that committee some more. Reading-rooms, where 200 people who ought to buy a paper each patiently thumb over in turn the same tattered and greasy and dog-eared copy, are an enduring curse to THE BULLETIN proprietors, and an awful example of how far one sixpenny's worth of reading matter can be made go. But for them the circulation would go up till the top of it would be invisible among the clouds, and the news that the reading-room curse has left off in a few places is gladdening.

N.S.W. LABOR-MEMBER HOLMAN, at the request of some Hobart democratic leaguers, the other night attempted to deliver a lecture on "Labor and Militarism." HOLMAN spoke brilliantly for twenty minutes, then a crowd of angry and wild-eyed hoodlums and a small army of blue-jackets invaded the hall, and hustled HOLMAN off his platform. Just as the scuffle was beginning to get interesting the police arrived, and, of course, took HOLMAN in charge for being assaulted, while the blue-jackets howled "Rule Britannia" with variations. For this scandalous suppression of free speech Hobart's daily papers were indirectly responsible, inspired paragraphs of "Don't put his head under the pump" order having appeared therein several times prior to the meeting. Explanations are not expected from the Admiral of the Squadron as to the right of Australian-maintained bluejackets to suppress Australian free speech, though something of the kind is much wanted. The Jingo has two different attitudes just now: (1) This is the freest country in the world, and everybody in it ought to be grateful that he lives in it. (2) Therefore because this is the freest country in the world, everybody should approve of the war by compulsion and there should be no freedom at all.

"CHERRY-PICKER" writes:—

As an ex-British cavalry-man, I trust you will let me say a word concerning the extraordinary statements on your "Red Page" (30/12/99). In the first place, against young CURCHILL's statement about the treatment of the wounded Dervishes at Omdurman must be placed the remarks of NEUFELD. The latter, in his recently-published book, actually blames the Sirdar for undue leniency to the Arabs, and says that as a matter of self-defence instructions should have been given to send a bullet into any recumbent figure of a Dervish before approaching. Also, that not till many well-meaning Tommies had been killed by wounded Dervishes whom they advanced to succour was it resolved to regard partly-disabled dervishes as still combative. Then, as to the alleged "educated Syrian, SHIRLEY"—his preposterous statements carry on the face of them their own refutation. The Egyptians "were the arm and sinew of the enterprise." Why, the "Gippies" were universally condemned as spiritless cowards till taken in hand by British officers. And they're only middling yet. Again, "the Sudanese were ever pushed in the van, although the British gave them no credit for their fighting." Well, in the much I have read about this war the Sudanese have received high praise from the British for their soldierly qualities, but they were never placed in the van? The dangerous and responsible positions in the various battles (according to plans both official and unofficial) were almost invariably held by British regiments—usually the Highlanders, whose grit not even THE BULLETIN will question. But of all this "Syrian's" statements, the most absurd is that about the "pampered sons of earls and dukes, safely bivouacked in the rear." To anybody who knows what British officers are such an assertion is preposterous in the last degree, and as to the statement about being slashed in the back while galloping away from their foes—how, if this were so, did SMURLEY manage to see it. He was with the main body of the army which had just started to leave the battlefield, and the Lancers were, at least, two miles away when they encountered the Dervishes. And, as to the alleged turning tail and bolting, all other accounts of the fight agree in stating that the Lancers cut their way through the enemy, then formed up further on, dismounted, and with their carbine-fire forced the Dervishes to retire. As for wounds on the back of an antelope, such were certain to be received when the Lancers were struggling in the midst of the closely-packed enemy. On the whole, this "educated Syrian's" bitter animus is so apparent as to defeat his own purpose; and if, as you say, Tommy Atkins is being slaughtered on behalf of the London Stock Exchange Jews, it is certainly too bad that he should in addition be deprived, on such worthless testimony as this, of credit for the pluck with which he faces the shambles.

LONDON DAILY NEWS Cape correspondent is now allowed to say this sort of thing:—

It is disgusting to turn into any one of the Cape Town hotels to find yourself surrounded by rich refugees from Johannesburg, and to hear them cry like children as they tell you what they will lose if the British do not hurry up and take the Transvaal before the Boers destroy Johannesburg. They actually weep in their plates at dinner, and half-strangle themselves by sobbing as they drink their whiskey at bed-time. The Mount Nelson, the Queen's, and the Grand Hotels are all full of these merchants and millionaires, faring on the fat of the land, idle, loafing all of every day, and discussing what per cent. of their losses the British Government will pay them when they put in their claims at the end of the war. Some came here as clerks, some as laborers in the mines, and some as merchants who brought £10 worth of goods out from Birmingham a dozen years ago. They tell you that they have left £100,000 or £200,000 worth of goods in their shop, and that altogether £250,000,000 is in danger of destruction in Johannesburg.

"Oh, mine Got!" one has been saying to me: "I can't tell how much I shall lose by dis-peace. I speak mit much feeling, my fren. Bless excoose me crying. Vot do you dink? Did you dink I git back dirty-free per sent of vot I lose from the British Government? Oh, Got! den I lose £60,000. And it derrible!" They are pulling their long faces all over the place and shedding their tears wherever you meet them. It is enough to make a statue ill to have to hear and see them and move among them. Why don't they equip a regiment of rough-riders and make up a battalion of volunteers among themselves? Why don't they fight? The war has jeopardised their property, and they have a keener interest in it than any Tommy or any officer now at the front. How can they see the cream and flower of English manhood rushing down here to spill its precious blood for them, and never feel a blush of shame or a pang of emotion except grief over losses that will still leave many of them rich?

Really, Cape Town is a wonderful place. It is worth the journey to see the streets blocked by able young men and the hotels crowded by rich refugees, while each night's train takes out the fearless gentlemen (officers and soldiers of our army), who are deliberately risking not only their lives, but more of worldly advantage than can ever come to these skulkers, who cling to the shelter of England's guns and weep while they wait for men to die that they may rush up to the British Treasury with their claims.

SUNDRY SHOWS.

SYDNEY SHOWS FOR COMING WEEK.

HER MAJESTY'S..... "Little Red Riding Hood."
ROYAL..... "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."
LYCEUM..... "The Power and the Glory."
CRITERION..... Rickards' Co.
OPERA HOUSE..... "Rip Van Winkle."

MELBOURNE SHOWS FOR COMING WEEK.

THEATRE ROYAL..... "Little Christopher Columbus."
BIJOU..... Rickards' Variety Co.

"Tess" still holds the boards at Sydney Royal, and it is hoped it will do so for a long time yet, as this scribe looks forward with no special joy to the barefoot drama that is booked to follow. Tess continues to be a nice girl racing about in her white wedding-dress, but she is still as far as ever from being Hardy's Tess. In trying to make her conventionally more spotless than Tess of the book, Lorimer Stoddard fell between two stools. He does not permit Tess to go off with Alec a second time till she is sure that her husband is dead, which whitewashes her in some respects, but blackens her in others, inasmuch as, knowing herself legally free, she lives with a man who makes no attempt to go through the marriage ceremony. The book Tess is not at all sure that Angel is dead, and therefore can save her soul with the thought that Alec would have married her if he could, though he almost certainly wouldn't. The blackening of Alec is another fact that calls for disapprobation, also the LONDON JOURNAL-ese attitude of Mrs. Alec when he comes home more than half seas over. When we reflect that Tess is only enabled to assume that LONDON JOURNAL attitude because she is wearing a handsome silk tea-gown that the drunken one gave her, and that after all he is educating her brother, and keeping the rest of the family, the weird old mother included, there is some sense in Alec's appeal "to be smiled on—shonetimes." The virtue of women who make bargains of this sort, and then shrink with loathing from their part of the contract (but calmly keep the other party to his) is something extraordinary to those who know not the workings of the female mind. The fact that Alec does not evidently take to drink till after his union with Tess, shows that that misguided young woman had joined the ranks of those concerning whom Solomon remarked, "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband," whereupon Shakespeare added, "Unto the head that wears a crown."

As the pantomime slowly proceeds along its rather dreary path (at Her Majesty's, Sydney) one more and more perceives that it is intended as a deep satire on something or other—possibly on both of them. The lay of the mendicant is still received with applause, likewise coin, and as it is the only patriotic song in which we don't hear our Mother hollering for us, perhaps the coin is justified in a vague, negative sort of way. The song is having an excellent effect in one respect, inasmuch as people who formerly couldn't throw straight to save their lives now excel in the useful art through much practising with Dorothy for a target. Anyway they mostly manage without landing a half-crown in her eye, as happened at the beginning of the panto. season. Audiences are often reported to have been struck by a certain song, but the absent-minded singer was struck also.

"The Power and the Glory" has been galvanised into some sort of new life at Sydney Lyceum, because Dora De Winton displaces Ida Gresham in the heroine part (Ida G. in her turn displacing Roxie Barton, and Roxie flying off the stage altogether). Also John Saunders fills up the erstwhile sketchy character of the noble sailor who does not ask the mermaid into his cabin because she is inadequately clothed in her tail. It is not that the persons who took those parts previously did badly, but because in a play of this sort, where the glorious and inexpensive imbecility gets on the very soul, even variations in the said imbecility are a relief. Mr. Saunders and Miss Winton are people that it is a joy and a pleasure to meet, even in imbecile parts. The other characters behave in the usual manner without any variations, and continue to inform the villain that they are going to have him arrested, (whereupon he shoots them or ties them up, or something), instead of going off and having him arrested, without saying anything about it. In the scene which is mentioned in the bill as taking place beneath the everlasting sky (the other scenes evidently occurring in some unknown region where there isn't a sky), the writer has a vague impression that the angel child breaks out in a different place, but does not care to make any rash statement to that effect. The contingent threatened now and then to invade the dialogues, but was evidently restrained by the waggle of Mar Goodluck's crinoline. Why does the humorous old woman always adopt a crinoline, even when the rest of the female characters are in up-to-date blouse and skirt?

In the Decameron-like picture of Caddam Woods, at Sydney Criterion, Mr. Sullivan sings a good old song, "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye!" It is a pretty, fairly well-sung melody, but the spirit of the age is against saying good-bye, and the old song wants bringing up to date by being made to read, "Come along, Sweetheart, Come along!" Fanny Powers sings and dances nicely in her self-possessed manner. Fanny simply revels in her work, and when the applause is turned on that small performer becomes quite intoxicated. Miss Elliot, Miss St. George and

Alf. Lawton sing pleasantly and without effort, but the unfortunate Will Daly positively writhes in his agony while he heaves his great voice at the roof. Mr. Daly is hereby warned that he will never be a success till he takes lessons in deportment and ceases to give the impression that he has been impaled. Violet Bishop also draws her breath in with a wheeze like a broken bellows at the end of each line, and sets one thinking of lung diseases. Lungs are damp slimy things, and not pleasant to think about during Caddam Woods revels. In the bell ballet the weird figures in red and white shake off music as a big water-dog shakes off showers of water-drops. Harry Rickards looks anxious and in bodily fear while he dodges the rain of copper and silver that his perpetration of the "Absent-minded Beggar" draws from an enthusiastic audience. Recently two half-crowns and a tray-bit banged Henry on the skull, and since then he imagines he is facing a heavy fire. The "Beggar" is an awful composition, anyhow, and when Rickards sings it he says "for your credit's sake, pie, pie, pie!" Tod Calloway's little rhyme about the fellow who took a sudden and violent dislike to mixed bathing, when he met his own wife and another fellow coming out, regularly gets that resigned-looking person three recalls. Raconteur G. W. Hunter dogmatizes that the old songs are the best, and paralyses any objectors by inviting them to name a new song that has lasted as long as the old favorites. The objectors remain silent. He also tells of a trying time he had when younger and better-looking, and had a pig under one arm and a tub under the other, but it isn't quite a new narrative. The Newsys are in their last week, and the male members are now wearing square-topped black boots. The ladies still wear red ones, but they are delightful in any sort of boots, or none at all. They sing two charming songs, one about "ishski" and another which seems to be chiefly about "gau-oo." The way those five pretty women say "gau-oo" is worth going a long way to hear. This scribe deeply regrets that the Newsys are going away, especially now that Ivan and Nicholas have changed their boots, and the ladies have started to say "gau-oo."

Sydney Opera House will again come out of its dusty retirement on Saturday. A comic opera co. opens there that night with "Rip Van Winkle." The only two names advertised in connection with the proceedings are those of Miss Maud Hewson and Howard Vernon, but it is alleged that the rest of the co. is "talented," and if it is half as talented as Vernon things ought to go all right.

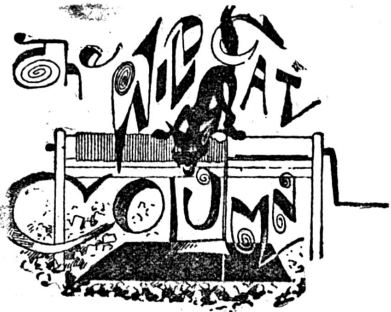
A little comic relief from the monotony of Jingo spirit in Melbourne's passing shows was last week provided by "The Bold Boy of Glenall," at the Alexandra. The Bold Boy turned out to be an amiable, elderly patriot, oppressed by four dilapidated British troops in various shades of uniform. This army (led by an evil-minded beggar) succeeded in capturing the patriot in the face of a heavy fire of disapproval from the gallery, but at 11 p.m. several Glenall girls arrived with a white flag and a free pardon. Then the boy withdrew his neck from the last noose of the law and shook the dust of the scaffold from his feet. Meanwhile, the absurd British army had fired four bullets by mistake into the treacherous carcass of a quite youthful informer, who had been waiting for 20 years, he said, to marry the mother of the dear old boy. This left the mother at liberty to remain a widow; also it restored the boy to the arms of his own colleen, and put Tommy Atkins to confusion. Taken altogether, the performance of this hasty, inexpensive drama was somewhat filling at the price.

Alfred Dampier and "Robbery Under Arms" are coming back to the Alexandra next Saturday. The theatre stands in sore need of a Dampierian revival, and now is the psychological moment for a new up-to-date edition of "Robbery Under Arms," concluding with a triumphant exit of Starlight and his gang, singing "Soldiers of the Queen," at the head of the N.S.W. Bushmen Corps.

The last nights of "Little Christopher" have set in at the Melbourne Royal, and "The New Barmid" is in active preparation for Saturday (3rd February), which reminds one that Pepita, the girl beloved by O'Hooligan in the present tragedy, was a barmid previous to the annexation of her father's pub by the broker's man. Don Juan, the soldier who takes himself so seriously, questions his Pepita as to whether she is giving any "encouragement" to the infatuated O'Hooligan. And the discreet young woman says "No, dear; only just sufficient to keep him drinking at the bar all day." What a warning for many of us!

Just by way of filling-up space, THE BULLETIN may as well repeat its previous mention of the fact that concerts, open-air and otherwise, are happening freely in Melbourne since Xmas. They serve as an outlet for the sort of "patriotism" that insists upon joining in a chorus. Also, they are very suitable to people of opposite sexes who wish to whisper airy nothings amid the darkness whilst a perferid Italian gentleman warbles, "There's something in the English after all." Up to now, there has been no news of Napoleon Boffard singing "The Death of Nelson," but, if the war-fever doesn't soon abate, Napoleon will probably have to scorn the foreign yoke in a decidedly French accent.

The Newsy Family, from Europe and Sydney, will give new weight to the Bijou show next Saturday. There are eight Newsys, consequently they will more than make up for the loss of the three massive Macarte Sisters, and Melbourne will be glad to get them. It is a long time since the Rickards show was blessed with a Family of any description. And it has been running short of Brothers lately, for some unaccountable reason.



The war has made money dear in England, and it is difficult to float loans. This is awkward for these provinces, which are all spending borrowed money every day of their lives, and whose booms practically all arise out of borrowed money, and which have a gold prospect ahead of them if the good old loan leaves off for a year or so. The S.A. Treasurer is taking unusual measures to climb over the difficulty. He offers, first of all, 3 per cent. stock locally at £96 for every £100, interest to be free of income-tax. This is wholly commendable, for when S.A. 3 per cents are only worth £95 in London, it is absurd to expect them to be worth par in Australia, and even at £96 the S.A. Treasurer expects the Australian investor to be content with less interest than the British one gets. And, as Australia pays interest to the British investor free of income-tax, there is nothing absurd about doing the same with the Australian one. But the S.A. man's other idea is distinctly unusual. He offers to accept fixed deposits from the public for six months at 2½ per cent. per annum, and 12 months at 3 per cent. per annum. Loans that may have to be repaid in six or 12 months are awkward things for a hard-up Government to deal with; but things are bad in S.A. just now, and a wild, unconsidered rush of war expenses hasn't made them any better, and the Treasurer has already been floating short loans with banks and private firms, which loans have to be repaid, and money could hardly be borrowed in England under 4 per cent. just now, and the loan policy and the war policy have both come home to roost together. An issue of State legal tender notes would be the boldest way, and probably the best way, to get over the difficulty, but the courage to get out of the old groove is apparently lacking.

P. Fox: Don't care much for any of the investments on your list. They all yield a large return on the money invested and they are all the kind of trading enterprises which might prosper for many years, or might go down very suddenly. Would sooner take an investment which yields less immediate return with greater safety—say the reconstructed deposit receipts of the English, Scottish and Australian Bank—the 3 per cent. Inscribed Stock.

The Bank of Victoria's half-yearly report, to 31st December, 1899, is the best it has issued for five long years. The profits (£27,906) compare with previous returns as follows:—

June, 1894	£29,921	June, 1897	£17,877
December, 1894	21,087	December, 1897	22,729
June, 1895	19,863	June, 1898	24,380
December, 1895	20,631	December, 1898	27,800
June, 1896	15,068	June, 1899	27,637
December, 1896	17,928	December, 1899	27,906

These profits are equivalent to £3 12s. 1d. per cent. per annum on the shareholders' money (capital £1,477,425, and reserve-fund £700,000). Including £37,249 brought forward, the Bank of Victoria has £95,155 available for division. The usual dividend at 5 per cent. per annum on preference shares absorbs £10,419; £30,000 is added to reserve-fund, making it £100,000; and £24,736 is carried forward. The Victoria's reserve all went in '93, so the present one of £100,000 has been wholly built up since then out of profits. The old reserve was only £250,000 at the best; the Victoria in the glorious days of its 10 and 12 per cent. dividends was never a really strong institution for its size. It started in 1852 and by 1897 its reserve fund reached £100,000. In 1875 it was £200,000, and in that year £115,000 was written off to cover losses, and the reserve was left at £85,000. Then in 15 years it slowly climbed up again to £250,000—after which it all disappeared. In the last six years the Bank of Victoria has been making better progress at building up its reserve than it did even in the best of the good old days. But this time at least half-a-million should be aimed at—and a million would be still better. Probably the board isn't wholly responsible for the good work it is doing. After paying the unavoidable preference div. the remaining profit (£17,487) would only allow of 3 per cent. being paid to ordinary shareholders, and that mean little amount being more a bad advt. than anything else the money goes to reserve instead. In the first half-year after the reconstruction the profits ran to 5 per cent. for all shareholders, and very little over, so the Victoria paid 5 per cent. to them all, and let all ideas of seriously building up the institution slide for the time. If the profits had continued to a level of a 5 per cent. div. to both classes of shareholders it might have still been paid, and the building-up process might have kept on sliding.

These are mere speculations, however, and so far as facts go the Bank of Victoria looks healthy and progressive. Note circulation has increased £26,000 during the half-year. A decrease in deposits is solely owing to the repayment of the 4½ per cent. reconstructed moneys of '93, the last of which will be wiped off and the reconstruction terminated next March. Cash and Government securities (£1,754,705) are nearly £200,000 more than they were six months ago, and equal to nearly 32 per cent. of all public liabilities. This is a very good showing, and if the Bank of Victoria only continues for a few years longer too poor to pay any dividend to its ordinary shareholders it may grow very rich.

The fifth balance-sheet of the Queensland National Bank since it was taken under State supervision is to hand, covering the half-year to 31st December, 1899. Gross profits (£27,341) are by far the best to date. Of this amount £15,341 is written off towards providing for old losses, and even the tremendous writing-down of 1897 didn't fully cover; £3300 goes towards paying off Government reconstructed deposits; £6000 towards repaying private ditto; and £3000 to reserve fund, making it

£12,000. The gross profits since the last reconstruction have been:—

December, 1897	£16,635	June, 1899	£23,879
June, 1898	17,705	December, 1899	27,341
December, 1898	21,255		

And these profits have been disposed of as follows:—

	Written off.	Repaid to Government.	Repaid to Private Depositors.	Reserve Fund.
Dec., '97	£8,635	£2,000	£4,000	£2,000
June, '98	8,795	2,250	4,500	2,250
Dec., '98	12,255	2,250	4,500	2,250
June, '99	13,879	2,500	5,000	2,500
Dec., '99	15,341	3,000	6,000	3,000
	£58,905	£12,000	£24,000	£12,000

The nominal net profit of £12,000 is equal to about £5 13s. 10d. per cent. per annum on the shareholders' funds, which would be a splendid return if things were not quite so nominal.

Subject to various reservations, explanations and footnotes, the situation of the Q.N.B. is something like this:—

LIABILITIES.	ASSETS.
Capital	£12,708
Reserve Fund ..	12,000
Notes and Bills ..	701,891
Government Deposits ..	2,221,213
Private Deposits ..	5,133,066
	£8,485,878
	£8,485,878

This is a rough estimate of the situation with reservations. The Queensland National's balance-sheet hardly even pretends to give a clear statement of its affairs, or anything remotely approaching thereto. In 1897 something like £1,039,000 of private deposits were written off from among the liabilities, and losses to that amount were also written off the nominal assets. Nobody looking at the balance-sheet would dream that this huge sum (less £24,000 since paid off out of profits) though it doesn't appear among the liabilities anywhere, is still a liability—that it is, for all practical purposes, as much a liability after being written off as before—the only difference being that it is now a charge on profits instead of on capital. Also, the liability, "Deferred payments to Government, payable by 25 per cent. of the profits without interest half-yearly, £436,831," isn't supposed to have any assets against it—the so-called assets against it are understood to be merely bad debts not written off. In addition to these two items, there is another deficit about which there is even less information. A large item among the assets reads "debts in suspense pending realisation of securities, £680,025." How much of this is bad it is impossible to guess, but it is presumably to provide for losses on this account that £58,905 of the profits have gone in the last 2½ years. And as this account has only diminished by £62,810 since 1897 the realisation of these securities appears a very slow process.

For many of the ordinary purposes of a balance-sheet, indeed, the Queensland National's document is quite useless. It certainly shows the amount of profit, and it shows that more than half that profit is written off to provide for losses (amount not specified, so that the question of how long it will be before they are all written off is a mystery.) Then a quarter of the remainder (£3000) goes towards wiping off a liability of £436,831 to the Government—which isn't much taken away from a great deal. Another £2000 goes towards wiping off something that the balance-sheet doesn't in the least explain, but which is really the £1,000,000 or so due to private depositors that is not put among the bank's debts though it is a debt. And the rest goes to reserve—which is at least definite and cheering. But this sort of balance-sheet is a mockery and a shrieking joke all the same.

If it wasn't for the fearful deficit to be wiped off the Queensland National's balance-sheet would be rather gratifying. The earnings are good if they were available for dividend purposes, and they are rapidly increasing. Private deposits are growing larger, which shows that some good or semblance of confidence in the old Q.N.B. is coming back again—and, as a matter of fact, it is as safe for new depositors as any other bank. Also the institution has £1,785,411 in cash and liquid securities. In fact, if there was nothing wrong save what actually appears in the balance-sheet things wouldn't be so very bad after all with the Q.N.B. Things not in the balance-sheet are the trouble.

The City Bank of Sydney publishes a balance-sheet which presents such a close resemblance to many previous ones that it might be almost any one of its last six predecessors over again. Profits for the half-year to 31st December, 1899, are £2812, and the usual 4 per cent. per annum dividend absorbs £8000. The other £212, added to £9099 brought forward, leaves £9311 at credit of profit and loss. The figures compare with some previous returns as follows:—

June, 1896	£8108	June, 1898	£8273
December, 1896	8071	December, 1898	8063
June, 1897	8048	June, 1899	8049
December, 1897	8395	December, 1899	8212

This list covers the period of the 4 per cent. dividend, and during these four years the amount visibly added to the bank's funds has been just £1229. The only feasible explanation of the profit's remarkable similarity to itself every time is that the City Bank is still secretly reserving part of its earnings (amount unknown) in order to write off in an indefinite number of years depreciation of assets (amount also unknown). This was the explanation given by the management some time ago, and doubtless it still holds good. The B.N.Z. is doing the same thing in a slightly different fashion by its annual payment to the Assets Realisation Board, and the Commercial of Australia by its payments to the Assets Trust Co. The Queensland National does likewise by applying a portion of its profits every half-year to the writing-down of assets—only in these cases the amount written off is known, though as the amount of losses still to be provided for is unknown this partial publicity makes little difference. Also it is possible to recognise in the accounts of one or two other Australian banks the ghostly hand of Depreciation, amount unknown. This is a great and doleful cleaning-up period in Australian financial circles.

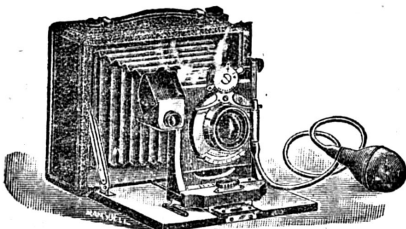
The profits of the City Bank of Sydney are at the rate of £3 5s. 8d. per cent. per annum on the shareholders' funds (capital £400,000; reserve £100,244) which is nothing very remarkable either in a favorable or an unfavorable sense. During the half-year note circulation has increased by nearly £7000. Deposits have increased by about £35,000. Cash (£329,263) has increased by over £55,000, and in addition the City Bank now holds £25,000 of State securities. This is a thing it hasn't done within the writer's memory, and its policy in this beginning to build up a second line of defence can't be too strongly commended. A bank can't hold enough reserve of actual cash to make itself secure without seriously reducing its earnings, and if it keeps up the earnings by investing almost everything in "advances, etc.," the results are bad when a rush like that of '93 comes along. State securities are profit-earning, yet almost as liquid as cash. The liquid resources of the City Bank, all told, are now equal to nearly 31 per cent. of all liabilities to the public.

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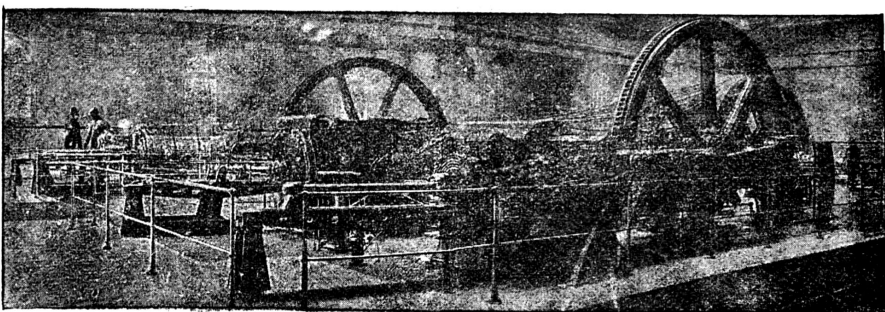
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And the balance-sheet, as usual, puts all the assets into four lines, and gives as little information about them as it possibly can while still keeping up the pretence of being a balance-sheet. The Sydney Stock Exchange quotations persistently regard the City Bank as the worst among the dividend-paying bank stocks on the published list. Last Tuesday its new issue shares, £8 paid up, were offering at £3 15s. Nothing seems to lift the Stock Exchange opinion of the City Bank very much.

The Assets Realisation and General Finance Co. (Sydney) continues to do worse than might be expected. The net earnings for the year 1899 were £727, and as expenses of management were £1136, the earnings didn't cover outgoings under this head alone by £409. Also, interest on overdrafts, deposits, etc., was £661, and with land-tax added, the total outgoings were £1817—or £1090 more than revenue. A concern whose earnings are only a out two-fifths of its revenue is in a bad way. In addition, £6949 was lost through sale of assets below book value—the assets sold, it appears, didn't realise nearly half their paper value—so things are bad in many ways. During the year something over £7400 was collected in calls, and losses swallowed it all. The balance-sheet now stands something as follows:

Capital paid-up ..	126,240	Advances, &c. ..	30,563
Liabilities to the public ..	34,578	Properties (book value only) ..	52,423
		Sundries ..	225
		Losses ..	77,616
	£160,827		£160,827

If the amount realised on properties already sold is any criterion, the item of £52,423 above-mentioned should produce something over £20,000, and the Assets Realisation Co. should pay all outside liabilities easily and get out with the loss of all, or nearly all, its own capital. The spectacle of a co. formed to realise other people's assets realising its own in this very hopeless fashion has some elements of pathos in it. Though sale of assets below book value is not new, it is not new to the public, and the other seven have been spent in trying to realise itself. The best points about the case are that the loss on the actual working of the co. is diminishing, and liabilities to the public are being steadily reduced.

The Perpetual Trustee Co. (Sydney) shows a still further improvement in its accounts for 1899, the year's profit being £3723. The following list of profits shows how things have gone during the last nine years:—

1891 ..	£1716	1897 ..	£2067
1892 ..	2035	1898 ..	3095
1893 ..	2414	1899 ..	3723
1894 ..	2702		
1895 ..	2571		

With the exception of the backsliding in 1895 every year has shown a large improvement on its immediate predecessor. A balance of £562 brought forward from last year makes £4285 available for division. A dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital of £25,000, absorbs £1750. An additional £2900 is made to reserve fund, raising it to £9000, and a balance of £535 is carried forward. The Perpetual paid five dividends (in 1893-4-5-6-7) of 6 per cent. each, and this is its second 7 per cent. div. The only objectionable feature about the balance-sheet is that it doesn't specify separately amounts earned in the ordinary course of business, and the income derived from the investment of the co's own funds—which it certainly should do. The Perpetual Trustee Co. has really £16,094 of reserves—the ordinary reserve fund of £9000 and a "reserved commission account" of £7094, which is very good for a concern of only 13 years' standing. It has also, as security for the mite of the widow and the grass-widow and the irresponsible toothless infant entrusted to its care, £25,000 paid-up capital, making its visible funds £41,094, and £975,000 of callable capital. Just here, and especially in view of the fact that within the last year a most respectable and irreproachable Christian solicitor and private trustee has gone missing from Geelong with a disappearance said to amount to some £250,000, and a still more respectable ditto has made a still larger disappearance in Glasgow, and others have disappeared all over the earth for various amounts, THE BULLETIN desires to say once more that the man who leaves his widow's or children's money with any private trustee, even if he were the 12 apostles rolled into one, while a trustee co. like this, and like many others in Australia, is on deck, is a ghoul. A good character is a great thing, but a million capital and a good reserve-fund are worth 10 of it any day.

The Ballarat Trustees, Executors and Agency Co. of Ballarat (Victoria) shows a profit of £1041 for the half-year ended 31st December, 1899, which is a slight falling-away as compared with the £1071 of previous half-year. A dividend at 7 per cent. per annum absorbed £525. Another £500 was written off goodwill account, and the remaining £46 raises the accumulated profit balance to £385. The £500 written off goodwill finally removes a very wearisome and objectionable dead horse off the premises. For many years the Ballarat Trustees, Executors and Agency Co. squared its accounts by inserting a bogus or paper "goodwill" asset, which either represented the original purchase-money of a ready-made business, or the cost of founding a new one—the writer isn't certain which. At 30th June, 1893, the goodwill stood at £4000, and as the half-year's profits were only £392, and the goodwill of a business which yielded less than £80 a year looked none too good value for £4000, the co.'s affairs could hardly be said to wear a healthy aspect. Now the profits, as already mentioned, are £1041, equal to nearly 14 per cent. per annum on capital, and the goodwill item has been wholly written off, so for the first time the visible assets are equal to liabilities, with £385 over. And if the profits keep up, and the board is wise enough not to raise the dividend beyond the present very handsome 7 per cent. for 20 years or so, the co. should be able to accumulate a very handsome reserve fund—a thing which is most essential and which, as yet, is wholly wanting.

The N.S.W. Mont de Piété (Sydney) has done rather better for the half-year ended 31st December, 1899, than for the preceding six months, though in one way and another it has been a lean period. Net earnings (£2801) compare with some previous profits thus:—

June, 1894 ..	£4314	June, 1897 ..	£4225
December, 1894 ..	4470	December, 1897 ..	4287
June, 1895 ..	4230	June, 1898 ..	4189
December, 1895 ..	4766	December, 1898 ..	3589
June, 1896 ..	4699	June, 1899 ..	2900
December, 1896 ..	4284	December, 1899 ..	2801

The reduced dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum absorbs £2778, and the little balance of £23, added to £277 brought forward, leaves £300 at credit of profit and loss. But during the half-year another £735 has been written off (£5600 from reserve and £1785 from contingency fund) to provide for more losses, so the total reserves are now only £8508. At December, 1897, they were £20,752, so the falling-away has been very considerable. Also, the long course of 10 per cent. dividends has been seriously interrupted. The improvement in earnings, however, looks as if the leanest of the lean years had gone by. The Mont de Piété has at least earned its 7½ per cent. dividend this time with a little over—which wasn't the case at 30th June last.

The great S.A. firm of John Dunn and Co. has ceased to exist. At one time it was the boss milling firm of the province, and perhaps of Australia. Its stability was such that the sun-dried cocky of the North commonly called "John Duns." Old Dunn built it up from a small business to one of gigantic dimensions, and for nearly 60 years it ran a prosperous career. At John's death the business seemed to be at the full tide of success, but bad seasons and other things soon told on it. On the 17th inst the mills were unsuccessfully offered by auction.

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At the end of January General-manager Blake more stepped out, and A. E. Mannheim, of the Hlawarra works, stepped in at the Howell's Consolidated group of mines, Gundagai district. It is doubtful whether any of the N.S.W. more economical work has been done lately than here. At the Prince of Wales mine substantial profit has been made out of 6dwt. stone broken from a treacherous lode in difficult country. In those American mines where expenses have been brought very low the itemisation of costs is regarded as a first essential; the manager must know what everything costs. The success of general-manager Stewart, late of B.H. and now of Chillagoe, was built mainly on this. The Howell's mines follow the same plan; and at the Prince of Wales they show for the year mining costs 6s. 9½d., treatment 3s. 10½d., management, &c., 2s. 3½d.; total, 12s. 11½d.—all per ton of ore. For the last two months the average has been 10s. 4½d., equal to 2½dwt. The quantity treated was 31,188 tons for 9373oz. At this mine a shoe-test interesting to battery men has been made lately, the results from ordinary shoes and chrome-steel shoes being compared. The general manager reports that the use of the chrome-steel made a saving of 57 per cent. on the cost of re-nueals.

Mt. Drysdale, N.S.W.—One paper says the 80 tons of ore sent to Dapto returned 31oz. to the ton; another, that 125 tons, estimated to be worth 25oz. to the ton, had been broken, ready to be sent away as soon as the directors had decided place of treatment. No official return from the Board. Interesting to know why the management has been so suddenly changed, and whether the rich patch, pipe, pocket, or whatever it is, was struck before or after the last 3d. call was made. Shares (standing at about £1) would have been more than double but the woe of the shareholders many people had of this mine some years ago. Small chute of ore said to have been proved right up to the Eldorado boundary, and a big advance in the latter shares in consequence. No information as to how the chute is dipping.

B.H. Prop. issues its most eloquent report quarterly; shareholders get it by calling at the co's bank, where they are asked how they will take it. The co.'s that don't issue this kind of report put a high value on the directors' half-yearly statements and balance-sheets; the B.H. Prop. doesn't. And so the document, which is a mine of information, is now dwindled to a very small pamphlet, chiefly remarkable for the information that it is not in it. The gross profit for the half-year (the half-year ended Nov. 30) was £144,492; from this take £34,130 for depreciation, and a net profit of £110,362 remains. As £96,000 has been paid in divs., the balance forward is nearly £14,000 greater than it was six months ago. That £14,000 is equal to about 10s. per ton of the lead produced; and as lead has been sold during 1899 for as much as £17 10s., but is now £16 2s. 6d., with a downward tendency, it is not clear how the recent profit has been made. In fact, had it not been for the recent profit in the lead market, it looks as though the co. would once more not have earned the div. paid.

The worst feature disclosed by the B.H. Prop. report is that, notwithstanding the great increase in ore-reducing plant (no less than £63,000 was spent in this direction last six months) the quantity of material which it has been found possible to put through the furnaces has further diminished. A few half-years ago 260,000 tons was smelted; now, with greater smelting capacity, the ore is so refractory (in spite of the preliminary concentration) that 95,154 tons was the full quantity smelted last half-year. And the figures in this connection show that the state of things has been gradually growing worse; yet it certainly cannot go on that way—at the same rate, anyhow. One means which has just been adopted to check the descent is the briquetting of the fine ore, including concentrates. Thrown into the furnaces in their original powder state they smother the fires; formed into blocks, about 4in. cubes, they allow of a more efficient process, which has been tried in America, is new to Australia. One briquetting plant has been in operation six months, two others are in port from America. Of course, all this does not mean simply that, so much less ore being treated, the co's profits are correspondingly reduced; because the expenses are almost as great for the small quantity as they were for the large, and in some respects greater. Still, if so much less ore is handled, so much more remains in the mine to be handled—and, perhaps, in view of the extremely imperfect knowledge of the metallurgy of these ores so far, that is a very good thing.

Two or three items in Broken Hill mining co's reports are often puzzling. The B.H. Prop. report supplies an illustration. Gross profit was £144,492. Deduct £34,130 for depreciation, and a net profit of £110,362 is left. Then:—The sum of £62,935 has been expended in construction, and two dividends, each of 1s. per share, or £96,000 in all, have been distributed. So apparently the co. has got behind-hand in its construction. But it is not so. The £62,935 has not been charged against this half-year. The term "depreciation" hardly expresses what that item is. It is really for the most part an instalment of purchase money. Every half-year the co. charges itself with about 10 per cent. of the book-value of its machinery, plant, buildings, &c.; so the payments, so far as the production account is concerned, are spread over about five years. Thus in respect of the £62,935 spent in construction last half-year each of the ensuing 10 half-years will be charged with approximately £6293.50, which is the depreciation. Another point is as to the value of the ore treated. Where the co. smelts this value is usually given, not as of the value of the original ore—the ore as it comes from the mine—but as of the mean value of crude ore and concentrates; that is, of the stuff as it is tipped into the furnaces.

The summing-up of an independent mining-man who has been round the Westralian fields lately, and who ought to know:—"First, as to Southern Cross. It has been under a cloud lately; the local funny men put it down to Deeming. But it is in a better way in the eyes of through-by-train think: they don't see the township which is a mile and more away. Don't think this group of mines was ever on a better basis. Fraser's called up £9000, paid that back, and £27,000 besides. That was a good bit ago. Now Fraser's and Fraser's South are amalgamated; at least, Fraser's South is absorbed. The old reef was battered; but the gold is too fine for that. The new reef, from which no returns have yet been made, is different. It is rich 30z.—and you ought to hear about it presently. Lee Stieglitz of Perth, owner of the B.H. Fraser's S. Extended and Hope's Hill are quite English; latter has just put up as good a plant as there is in W.A.; they reckon (and shouldn't be far out) to make a do on 5dwt. South are some reefs; and there used to be at least one battery. Reefs are small, country disturbed, and plants gone.

"Coolgardie is on the up-grade. Didn't go much outside; inside the best-known mines are patchy. You can't safely dabble in those shares unless you live handy. Boulder stocks are still low. It has been the most scientific bit of booming I know of. We down here have a lot to learn yet in the art of company-manipulating. Best of the batch—for investment, I mean—is Perseverance. It is opened up well—has years of work ahead; and work means divs. Several others more talked of have done little advance work. It's hard to make the people understand that a mine isn't any the better because a lot of stuff has been taken out of it. The mine with a lot in it is much better. That is the difference between, say, the Great Boulder and the Perseverance. The former has done little prospecting, except by drill; and the latter (in an old-fashioned sort) isn't satisfactory. And then the management of the Boulder (I don't mean mine management)—but it's safer to pass on to Menzies. But, first, yes, even Perseverance is too high-priced.

"Menzies has some rich, smallish reefs. Lady Sherry is, it seems, the favorite outside. I shouldn't put 'em that way. Lady Shenton and Q. Menzies ought to come first. Separation is much talked of. I think the Forrests will counter with a railway to Esperance; and

then the agitation may drop. Albany wants to go into the Separation movement. But the fields are not taking any Albany."

Lake View Consols.—Lost, stolen, or strayed, the manager, H. C. Callahan. Everybody is asking "Where is he?" He was to have left "Prisco" nearly two months ago. Everybody made sure he would have been here on the last boat; now there is not much chance of his being on the next. His brother, O. Callahan, who took his place as manager in his absence, was suddenly "fired" about six weeks ago. Of that the directors say, "For reasons which we considered imperative, we have removed the temporary manager of the mine, and have arranged with the Board of the Ivanhoe for their manager, Mr. Hewitson, to undertake the management for the time being." Stated in the Argus a few days ago that W. J. Collins, formerly of the Wentworth mines, had arrived from London to take up an important position in the management of the Lake View Consols. If this is correct no wonder Callahan can't be found, for about a year ago he "fired" Collins off the Lake View Mine and threatened his Board with resignation if he was allowed to come near it again. Wisely, the Callahans got off the boat in disgust at Honolulu and has since returned to America.

Some remarkable changes which have taken place in Lake View Consols hold the London and Australian financial and other newspapers up to ridicule and contempt. When the collapse started two months ago it was declared in London to be all on account of a "Bear raid," and newspapers in London and Australia, almost without exception, urged shareholders to hold on to their scrip. Others were advised to average when they were £16 and £17. The directors issued a circular, cautioning shareholders against parting, and the great and mighty Whitaker Wright also issued a circular intimating that, as soon as the sulphide plant was completed, it would deal with 500 tons a day, giving from 20 to 25,000 ozs. a month from this source alone—this quite apart from the rich telluride chutes; while 12,000oz. a month would enable a £2 dividend a year to be paid. Finding that the Associated Mines had fallen in the slump, he came to its salvation with the "yabber" that he was prepared to give shareholders £1 a share per annum for a lease of the mine. He threw out another sop by saying that negotiations had started for the amalgamation of the leading Kalgoorlie mines, which, if completed, would be carried out by one of the strongest banking houses in London, and on the terms on which it was proposed to take in the Lake View Consols the shares would be worth £25 each. Also he said, "Long after the bears of the present raid have passed to the caloric bourne reserved for the ursine fraternity, the Lake View Mine will still remain the greatest in the world." In the face of all main the greatest in the world."

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Central and West Boulder, Hannan's, a co. with a well-situated six-acre block in the centre of the Associated leases, produced a lot of gold, never paid a div., and has now arranged with the Associated Mines to work a narrow strip of land on the basis of 40 per cent. royalty on net profits. The co. has also a 12-acre block, known as the West Boulder, on which little has been done and less found.

Horatio Bottomley, champion London juggler, told his juggins—the London public—he had decided to give up a little of the amusement he derives from racing till his companies had proved successful, and the gathering of his dupes cheered the announcement. According to promise his racehorses were sold, but it is somewhat remarkable that the same week a judgment for £10,876 with costs was given against him. Whether the horses realised the amount is not stated, but a public who can be led by the nose to imagine that Bottomley's sale of horses will add one pennyweight to the ton of ore from his "Cat" mines has gone far beyond any possible redemption.

Associated Mines (Westralia): The meeting in London disclosed that while this group has given a return in cash and bonus shares equal to £634,825, something like £300,000 has been spent in machinery. The chairman, without wishing to be sanguine, prophesied a minimum dividend of £2 per share per annum. Poor old Judd, ex-chairman, wanted to say something of no importance, and said it amidst groans and cheers. Judd was re-elected director, J. P. Dooleite was rejected, but got in by a side wind. Nasty questions were asked about the £48,000 advances to other companies, and one man wanted to know how much Bottomley had of it, whereupon B. declared that he had had none, and offered £40,000 for the asset. The company has had more satisfactory meetings than this.

Westralian directorates are now realising some of their follies respecting sulphide treatment. Very early they were advised to erect at joint cost a simple experimental plant and proceed on results. Instead, each show has its own mannikin metallurgist; and, as most of them never before saw sulphide ore roasted, money has been wasted like water. One trouble with Kalgoorlie sulphide plants is that in actual work they have never reached estimated treatment capacity. Ore requires slow roasting and occupies unanticipated time in giving off sulphur telluride contents; thus one mine now finds that to perform work required the entire surface of the lease must be covered with plant. The vertical furnace seems to be the furnace of the future.

The ways of the London rigger. Boulder Bonanzas were boomed by all possible expedients to over £2 per share, and yet—have they even a decent pile of road-metal on the dump?

Mt. Lyell, a colossal mining and industrial concern—the biggest in Australia and one of the biggest in the world, a monument to Victorian enterprise which will probably stand the test of centuries' vigorous working, would probably be dormant to-day but for the fortunes made out of Broken Hill, and it would have died in its infancy but for the bonanza found on the supposed foot-wall of the deposit—the like of which has not been seen since. Money got out of it—big as it was—was nothing compared to the amount it enabled the co. to get by debentures, etc., to build up the gigantic establishment. Worked in a small way, the Mt. Lyell would not be a divi

dend-paying proposition; but with half a million of money well spent in railways, aerial and cable tramways, smelting and refining works, it is one of the few great copper mines of the world. It has millions of tons of ore in sight and has the only smelting base on the field, and in consequence thereof and on account of the inaccessibility of the country it has an unwritten mortgage on every other mine within miles of it.

North Mt. Lyell is a misnomer. It is not north. It is not on the same line, for there is no line. Mt. Lyell itself is not a fissure. It is not on the same mountain. (Strange to say, Mt. Lyell itself is not Mt. Lyell.) It has no connection whatever with the big mine except in name, which name, for decency's sake, it should never have adopted. North Mt. Lyell has large quantities of ore infinitely richer than the average of Mt. Lyell, but it is here, there, everywhere, and nowhere. The deposits have neither foot nor hanging wall. The first find was made by accident—the cutting of a road. It is a thing of three and patches, big and small bunches and bonanzas, big and small pockets and pipes, but has nothing that could be called a fissure or a lode, and therefore nothing permanent. Impossible to say or guess what it will eventually turn out, but it is pretty certain that so far the copper taken out has not paid for the prospecting work done. The expense in this direction has been enormous, but developments to date are insufficient to warrant either the building of a railway or the erection of smelting works. The co. is going on with both. Ore is altogether too silicious for direct smelting, with no great prospect of getting fluxes in the mountain, or near it. Less ore in sight, with all its work in tunnels, open-cuts, trenches, etc., than Mt. Lyell had the day it was discovered. The writer lives there was more ore in sight at Mt. Lyell before a pick was put in the ground than is in sight to-day in all the other mines around it. The Tharsis Co. is working a comparatively well-defined ore-body of silicious ore on the edge of the North Lyell side line, and has sent some thousands of tons of 5 per cent. ore with a little gold and silver to the Lyell smelters, the result being a dividend of two. It is the most regular-looking thing outside the parent mine, although that is not saying much, considering the erratic, irregular, will-o'-the-wisp condition of nearly everything else.

Crown Lyell is purely a prospect. It is working within a short distance of the rich ore-bunches in the North Lyell, but up to date has practically found nothing and has spent a lot of money in doing it. It is now sinking a big shaft which should strike some of the bunches should they continue their present dip that far, which, considering the way they jump about, is extremely doubtful. Lyell Peaks is a mine that looks like prospecting in the skies. South Tharsis is the first mine to tackle concentration by water, and has spent some £10,000 in the erection of a compact plant. Has a big body of ore said to be worth from 2 to 3 per cent., made up of evenly-distributed and sized iron and copper pyrites. Seems to the writer that they have erected a classifying plant such as is at Zeeland, to treat a purely concentrating ore, and that what is required is more crushing power and less classifying apparatus. South Lyell is sinking the main shaft with the hope of striking the Mt. Lyell deposit. Is in a good position to do it if it goes that far, but time and work alone will tell whether this enormous deposit or basin of ore will be found on the other side of the fault known to exist ahead of it. There are many other mines surrounding the big ore-spending efforts to find copper ore in inaccessible country, but the chances of finding another Mt. Lyell are even more remote than the writer's chance of Heaven.

The Austral Otis Engineering Co., of South Melbourne, have delivered the first lot of electrically-driven triple double acting plunging pumps for the Junction Deep Leads. These pumps are a fine sample of Colonial manufacturing skill. The total weight of the pump is close on 100 tons. All the gear wheels, which are 8ft. diam. and 12in. face, have machine-cut teeth. The Otis Co. had to design and build a special machine to cut these wheels. Two other sets of these pumps have to be built to go down the shafts on adjoining mines. They will all be operated from a central power plant, now nearing completion.

"THE INSURANCE NEWS, London, writes:—"The whole position of the Colonial Mutual, as revealed by the latest report, is calculated to give the utmost satisfaction and confidence to the members."

Gillfillan and M'Creery, Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, 434 Collins-street, Melbourne, report on mines, attend to the flotation of approved properties on the London market. Complete battery plant and Willey table for bulk tests. Plans and specifications for all classes of mining plant.

The United Brothers gold mine, situated at Glen Wills, about 25 miles from Omeo, Gippsland, has an improved appearance, and even better things are looked for as deeper ground is reached. The mine possesses an up-to-date mill. The stone is conveyed automatically to hopper, thence to Gate's Crusher and on to 20 head of stamps of the A.T.B. pattern. A small but complete plant of Luhrig Vanners and Classifiers treats the battery tailings and continues to win a large percentage of valuable concentrates, which are a satisfactory source of revenue to the co. This Luhrig plant was supplied and erected under contract by Messrs. W. and J. Lempriere, 506 Little Collins-street, Melbourne.

Messrs. Plummer Love and Co., 249 George-street, Sydney, are large suppliers of all mining requisites. They are sole agents here for the now celebrated "British" brand of explosives, detonators and fuse; also for the Taylor Horsfield Improved National Rock Drills, Air Compressors, &c., &c.

Norman Godkin, of 31 Queen-street, Melbourne, is prepared to purchase or develop, with option of purchase, "big prospecting shows" (either gold or mineral) in any part of Australia. Properties offered must be subject to inspection.

Mr. Mephan Ferguson, Engineer, Ironfounder, &c., of Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth, reports that the great demand for spiral riveted pipes has necessitated the increase of manufacturing facilities at his Footscray works, and he is now in a position to supply orders at very short notice, for all sizes of pipes from six to twenty inches in diameter, with either patent cast-iron bolted joints, flanged joints or the ordinary spigot and gasket lead joints. Mr. Ferguson also manufactures boilers, pumps, fluming, patent Nelyambo earth-scoops or tank-cleaners, rabbit exterminators, refrigerators, ice-making machinery, bolts, nuts, forgings, and all sorts of iron-work.

That famous Victorian mine, the South German Reef, on a paid-up capital of only £12,000, has paid in divs. 279,000.

Some values from last report of Mount Garnet Freehold:—North drive—No. 2 winze extended total 11ft.; value 18 per cent. copper, 30.3oz. silver. No. 4 winze down 44ft. No. 6 winze down 57½ft. Both winzes in garnet rock. No. 2 N. drive in 27ft.; value 7.4 per cent. copper, 115.3oz. silver. No. 3 rise up 24ft.; value 7.5 per cent. copper, 3.3oz. silver. No. 4 shaft—N. drive in 40ft.; value 4.6 per cent. copper, 11.75oz. silver. E. drive in 16ft.; value 9 per cent. copper, 3.75oz. silver. No. 3 shaft, 100ft. level—E. drive 14ft.; oxidised ore value for 12ft., 5.2 per cent. copper, 1oz. silver. Open cut opening up good body ore.

SLIMES!!
ONLY Successful Treatment by

Cyanide Plant Supply Co., London.

All particulars on application to
Hy. Markwald, 11 Pitt Street, SYDNEY;
178 William Street, MELBOURNE; also at
Brisbane, Adelaide, Dunedin, Wellington, Auckland.

"Brilliant and St. George G.M. Co., Charters Towers, Oct. 4, 1899. About 12 months ago we had our forges fitted with your Billett's Patent Tuyeres, and they have been working continuously ever since and have given every satisfaction and effected a great saving in fuel and labor, the fires being always clean. Another great advantage they possess is that they work without water consumption there is no danger of them burning through neglect. I have great confidence in recommending them in every instance where forges are used. (Signed) Jas. Carroll, Mine Manager." Write to W. Dewhurst, Bro. gton Lane, Sydney, for particulars and list of agents."

Smoke the Latest
RUTTY'S VANDYCK
CIGARS (NOT CHEROOTS.)
SOLD IN PACKETS OF 8 FOR 1/-





AT DESSERT.

Deep-glowing roses on your cheek, and framing
Your cloudless brow—and coils of scented hair;
A smile upon your lips and red blood flaming,
But—in your eyes a glacier of despair!

You blind me not. I pierce the mask that flashes
With luring languor, with seductive jest;
And lo, beneath is dust, dead dust and ashes,
And loathing, and a weary wish for Rest.

Oh, fellow-soul of mine, the dregs are bitter!
But we are sated with the sickly sweet,
The rapid flavor and the garish glitter
At Life's loud banquet, where we chanced to meet.

And now—dull hope has slipped her loosened tether;
You rise to leave the board—you glance at me;
Yes, Magdalen! Come, let us go together,
My sister born of dark affinity.



CANT AND WONT.

MR. JONES: "No, poor old Billy has a weak head. He can't even stand a single drink."

MR. SMITH: "You mean, I suppose, that he won't."

The Australian Horse contingent has taken with it to S. Africa a photograph of Lieut. Col. Kenneth Mackay's little daughter, with the promise to hang the portrait in Kruger's drawing-room. But supposing they find that that simple old peasant-president hasn't got any drawing-room. And surely, after all that has been alleged in jingo circles about Kruger's villainy, it would be playing it low down on the girl to hang her photo on that bad man's premises.

A report from Thursday Island tells how, at the meeting of the local hospital committee, there were present "only two Japanese," but

these two downy gentlemen held about 60 proxies, whence it resulted naturally that Mr. Satow was returned at the head of the committee. Mr. Satow, or Mr. Holidado, or Mr. Yashidodo is at the head of nearly everything on Thursday's balmy isle.

Advt. from N.S.W. country paper: "For sale, two Berkshire sows, with pigs, and Yorkshire Boer." Even the spelling of this great country is going to wreck by reason of the contingent.

The evolution of a romance as told in the agony column of S.M. HERALD:

LADY in white, Glenmore-rd. 'bus, 6 p.m., send address to Z.R., HERALD.

Z. R.—Lady in white sent address. Got no reply.

Z. R. called for Letter, NONE YET TO HAND, some mistake. Address, H. Levar, G.P.O.

Z. R.—Applied. Was told no letter. Please write again.

Z. R.—Write to address, or make appointment through this paper. Lady in white.

Melbourne AGE advt. (20/1/00):—

A WIDOW, alone, 40, R.C., property valued £7000, income £12 weekly, wishes introduction, policeman or warder preferred, under 45, tall, view matrimony. Holt's.

Twelve pounds a week waiting to be bestowed on a tall policeman! And when did anyone ever see an advertisement to the effect that a lady worth £7000 desired to marry a reporter?

Melbourne is carrying on about the pauper lead in pauper coffins being left floating about in open graves on wet days in the general cemetery. But there is the same old indifference about bringing the live pauper in out of the wet. He, alas, is left to float about as usual.

An amazing item from Adelaide:—

The new police inquiry board met this morning to take evidence with respect to a charge against several detectives. The only charges with respect to which the late board were unanimous were dealt with, and the whole of the evidence which it is proposed to call was taken. The evidence of the detectives themselves showed that they relied to a great extent on a man of the criminal class named Flynn for information as to other criminals' movements, and one detective stated that so much unrest had been caused in the detective office by the recent suspension of five detectives that their comrades were afraid to associate with Flynn lest they also should be suspected. In consequence of this, though there were many cases of picking pockets in Adelaide during the holidays, no pick-pockets were arrested.

If the Adelaide detective force has got into such a state of dependence on a criminal named Flynn that the capture of offenders stops short as soon as Flynn ceases to give information, it would seem that Adelaide badly wants a new force. Under the old arrangement, Flynn apparently might commit with impunity almost any crime he pleased, for the force could hardly arrest its own sole means of support and put him out of the way. And in view of the fact that Flynn isn't immortal, and the machine of justice will seemingly stop when he dies, and in further view of the fact that Flynn may have personal or religious prejudices which the community doesn't know of, and not knowing can't grovel to, and that Flynn may be an unfair-minded man who soothes the detectives on to innocent citizens when his religious prejudices aren't grovelled to—in fact, there are a whole lot of unpleasant possibilities about this reliance on Flynn.

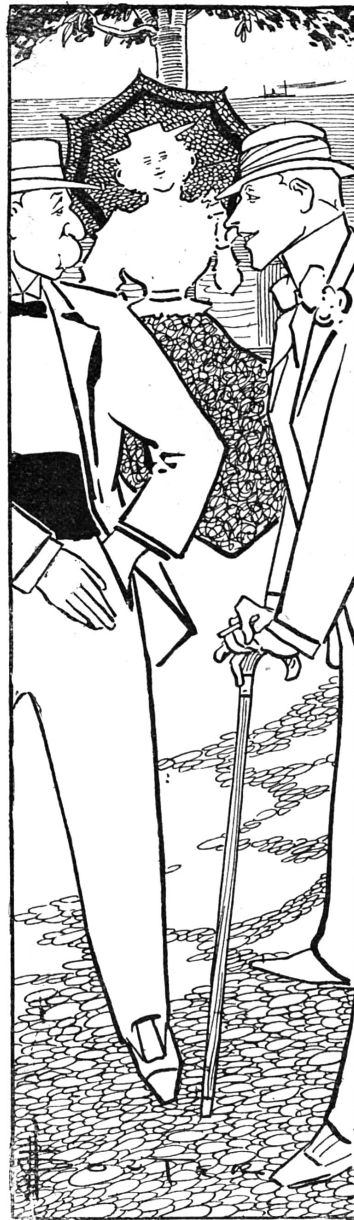
Tasmania has been very badly bitten by the Loyalty fever, and even the democratic West Coast has not escaped. Rev. P. N. Hunter, of Zeehan, offered himself as chaplain to the second Tas. Contingent without first asking for leave of absence from Bishop Montgomery, his ecclesiastical superior. After the Minister for Skirmish (it is hardly big enough to be called War when the army goes out 45 strong) had accepted the offer, it was found that the Bishop would refuse to grant the needful authority to the would-be chaplain. At this the loyal Flyspeck turned in its sleep, and even stretched itself. Public meetings and deputations crowded one on another, and the chaplain himself came over to Hobart to arrange matters. Eventually it was settled that the parsonic fire-eater should be allowed to go later on, but this did not satisfy the Jingo mob, and all good Tasmanians now groan enormous groans like the diprotodon in pain when they mention the name of Montgomery.

The terrible grammar of Victorian Chief Justice Madden:—

It is the trial and burthen of scouting through undulating, intermingled ranges, with their innumerable steep and winding valleys, or up and down steep and craggy hills, or else riding monotonously under a burning sun, over such never-ending dusty plains, as we know so well, which seem to be so trying and so difficult to our regular cavalry, and which is now making "the Australians" a new "arm of the service."

If Madden would take his seat on the bench and sentence his verb to pay 7s. 6d. a week for the maintenance of its own deserted nominative, it would be a fair thing.

The first time a lighthouse-keeper's youngster, who had passed his five years of existence on timberless Solitary Island, saw a tree, he began to talk to it. At last, frightened by its unreciprocal attitude, he ran screaming to his mother. "Mumma," he said, "that big thing won't go away and won't say nothing."



A FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

BROKER: "Say, old man, lend me a sov."

BROKE: "Can't, sonny, but I can let you have ten bob."

BROKER: "All right; you can owe me the other ten, and we'll call it quits."

Recent S.M. HERALD advt.:—

YOUNG Woman wants Situation as Housekeeper; seafaring gent preferred.

Up to my neck in work again for sixteen hours a day; it's light the fire at 6 a.m., but it's never knock off till 10.

An' the missus a-snarling an' nagging at me, which is always the missus's way;

I'll work for these cats of women no more, but I'll try my luck with the men.

Tars are a soft-hearted lot with girls, and free with their sugar, I've heard;

So here's a try for a housekeeping job—with a Seafaring Gent preferred.

But s'posing the gent has a lady or two strewed round in them foreign ports,

Promiscuous like, with a litter o' kids; well, s'posing he has, what then?

It's better than slaving for 6d. a week, buzzing round for them underbred sorts.

An' I'm sick of their clatter an' finding fault, so I'll have a go in at the men;

Who wants a housekeeper—pretty and young, dark-eyed and golden-haired?

A kind-hearted man he must be, if you please—but a Seafaring Gent preferred.

Close contact with gaol officialdom has had its almost inevitable effect on ex-Chief Secretary Peacock. Talking to the Vic. Assembly last week re the "too substantial" food provided for malefactors in general, Peacock took up the ancient Tory parable that "there are some prisoners who cannot be reformed," and who would therefore be all the better for "a little more lash." This was one of the rare occasions when Peacock and Frank Madden were quite in sympathy. Madden hailed the reference to hardened criminals with a cry of "human tigers," whereupon the young patentee of the Peacockian Laugh solemnly observed that "human tigers" was the proper expression. But if those two senators were to enquire into the working of Fitzgerald's menagerie they would discover that tigers are not tamed with the lash.

BENEATH THE MOON.

[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

While the blood runs free in the veins of youth
And the eyes are all aglow,
When the lips of love and the kiss of truth
And the voices whisper low,
We'll take no heed of the over-wise,
For the things they praise and the gold they prize
Are the scorn of the blood that's red;
So here's a song for the love that's strong
And the day when we mean to wed.

For the graceful throat and the marble brow,
And the eyes of a love-lit gray,
For the lips that chide us lightly now,
And the smiles of a future day.
Oh! the world is kind to a heart aglow,
And the stars are soft and the moon rides low
To smile on the forehead fair,
With the lips we kiss and the words we miss
Deep drowned in a sea of hair.

WILL. M. FLEMING.

The unspeakable Melbourne Board of Works has a pleasing habit of inviting local municipal councillors to view its pet white elephant, Werribee sewage farm; and recently it requested the Footscray city fathers to come and enjoy themselves in that rather offensive locality. The caterer's bill, subsequently presented, ran somewhat after this fashion: Whisky, 15s.; claret, 5s.; ale, 12s.; brandy, 6s. 6d.; cigars, 20s.; hamper, £4 4s. 6d.; waggone, £2 10s.; dinners, £2 6s. 6d.; fares, &c., £1 9s. 6d. The councillors enjoyed themselves hugely, and unanimously agreed that the farm was a success. A week later the bill was forwarded to the Footscray Council, for liquidation. Then observations ensued. One councillor (Toohy), having paid his share, posed as the embodiment of all the virtues, and desired to make his fellows pay theirs likewise. Also, he charged one alleged teetotaler with having drunk a large quantity of alcohol at the picnic; whereupon that individual expressed a profound contempt for any man who would go out to enjoy the Board of Works' hospitality and return with the intention of showing it up. Altogether, it was a pretty squabble, and eminently indicative of Melbourne and its ways; and in the end the cost of the festivities was charged to the ratepayers, as usual. One member pointed out that the expenditure was illegal, which it certainly was, but a little thing like that doesn't matter in Victoria.

"Albion Park" relates a railway-adventure to THE BULLETIN:—

Once travelled, by mail-train, from Cootamundra to Sydney, and shall not readily forget the trip. Got into a compartment and found a single occupant—an innocent young woman. Would have withdrawn, and got in with a couple of Chinamen, but hadn't time then, and made up my mind to shift at next station. Determined, meanwhile to keep myself to myself, and settled down to read a newspaper, the contents of which I almost learned by heart. Then the lady began to sneeze, and I allowed myself to look up. She smiled, and handed over some bananas, telling me that I might smoke, if I cared to. I cared to—it happened to be a "smoker"—and I thanked her. Then she started to prattle, and I found myself wondering how somebody could allow such a guileless young thing to travel so far without protection. A casual observer might have thought we had gone to school together. Told me that she was travelling to Sydney to see a sister, and hinted that her financial condition was not as flourishing as it might be. When the train reached Strathfield, she got a little closer, and asked if I could "let her have a sovereign" which she would be sure to send along to any given address. Told her I was rather short of cash; and, in fact, that I couldn't accommodate her. Then she remarked that it might "save a lot of trouble" if I parted up, as, otherwise, I might be detained at Redfern. Just here I began to "tumble." She was obviously churning up the necessary hysterics; and, as I wanted to get away to Moorland that day I compromised for half-a-sov, and as soon as the train reached Sydney I got away and shook hands with myself.



INDISPUTABLE!

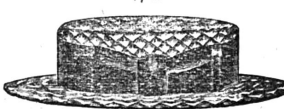
OFFICER: "How's this? You have but one spur."
PRIVATE: "Sure, sir, when I spur the horse on one side the other side will keep going."

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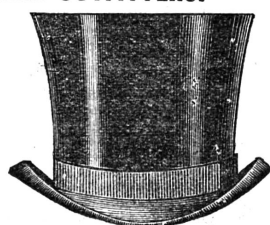
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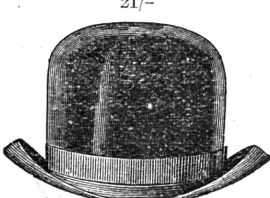
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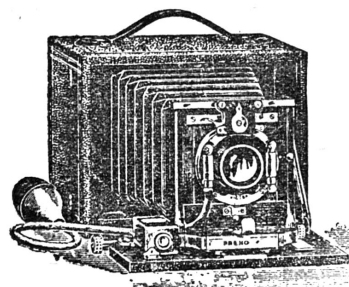
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"Malle": In that Jingoistic work by Griffith, "Briton or Boer," the final calamity is brought on the Boers by a magnificent charge of the British, in which an expert Yankee volunteer lassos Kruger, and yanks him out of the shindy; after which Oom Paul is sent to St. Helena. Now, some expert harpooners from Norfolk Island want to go to South Africa. Is it expected that they will come in useful for harpooning Kruger?

The other day a "Girls' meeting" was held at Hobart to raise money for that purpose whose very name has become such a weariness that it is better left unsaid. There were two present who might have been called girls without the speaker falling down dead in the presence of Peter, the apostle. Most of the others don't keep up their birthdays now. A local paper tried to make the best of the situation; it said "a young lady" (one of the two girls aforesaid) "moved a resolution," and described the rest of the speakers as "Miss Smith"—which is non-committal. Hobart, like most slow places, is the home of the old maid, and Miss Smith grows to an alarming age there sometimes.

A FEASIBLE SCHEME.

YOUTH: "Say, Jack, d'yer want ter get inter the match for nuthin'?"

JACK: "My oath, yes."

YOUTH: "Well, walk in backwards—the bloke 'll think yer comin' out."

"Way-backer": The committee of Port Pirie (S.A.) institute (they call all libraries "institutes" in S.A.) has solemnly excommunicated THE BULLETIN—to the great advantage of its local circulation. But as I wanted to know all about this war I called lately at the "institute," as it seemed to be a centre of local enlightenment. I have been well rewarded, for I learned things I never hoped to know. Two female electors were especially well informed; they are friends of the local Major, and, as one of 'em said, they ought to know. Here are a few things that I bet you weren't aware of. Kruger has 23 wives. The other lady said 18, but this is a detail. Polygamy is general. Joubert is distrusted; he has only one wife. (The other lady didn't seem to think much of Joubert either. Joubert is pronounced Chubert). When they want more wives they kill a few Kaffirs. (Don't understand how that would help them? Neither do I). Of course, slavery is the law there. Most of the population is half-caste. They are terrible cowards. (On getting this information I must have looked incredulous. I was smothered with the further information that if they weren't cowards they would not get behind rocks, but would stand up and be shot like men). Afterwards, I found that the yarns about the wives and the slaves are pretty widely believed in S.A.

Melbourne ARGUS announces, with pride, that its weekly satellite contains "fac-simile of the lid of the box containing the chocolate given as a Christmas present to the troops in South Africa by Her Majesty the Queen." This is what loyalty leads to.

"Eller": There is nothing like getting value for your money. Saw a whole family of eight get weighed on one of the automatic weighing machines for a penny. Pa stepped on, and placed brown in slot. Then ma got on quickly before pa got off, and some one else got on before ma got off, and so on. Then the family put 1d. in the adjacent electric-shock machine, and all joined hands and hung on. They even invited some passing children to join the ring and get a shock for the same penny, and one of them brought a dog into the circle, but the dog, as soon as he felt the shock, broke away with a shriek and bit the thrifty family. Wherefore I rejoiced greatly and was exceeding glad.

Decided to have an independent inquiry into the bubonic plague cases at Adelaide Hospital. The fact that one or two dead rats have been found with alleged bubonic "cultures" strengthens the suspicion that someone had been experimenting on living rodents. Even now the general public firmly believe that there never was any plague at all, so far as the first patient, Eppstein, the sailor, was concerned.



HUBBY AT THE WAR.

[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

Suggested by the recent public statement of a gentleman that his lovely wife urged him to go and fight the Boers.

I told him how I honored those
Who fought for England Old,
I told him how I'd love to find
In him a warrior bold.
I took our Reggie's khaki suit
And placed it neath his chin,
And showed how lovely it would look
Upon his florid skin.

At Darling Point he married me,
Just seven years ago.
I've had him mostly ever since
And found him—rather slow.
He's by my side, at church, in drive,
At concert, dance and play—
My dear, it will be such a change
When Hubby is away!

He's leaving me with ample coin
(I cried, my dear, so long),
Ample for me to hold my own
In any stylish throng;
Ample to buy me picture hats
And fouldards of to-day,
(For we don't eat so much, my dear,
When Hubby is away.)

There's bicycles and Lillie Bridge,
And picnics on the lawn;
There's tennis-courts and cameras,
And dancing until dawn;
There's harbor trips and moonlight nights
And church-bazaars galore.
My dear, I'll have a lovely time
When Hubby's with the Boer.

JOHN CAREW.

Curtis, M.L.A. for Rockhampton (Q.), to members of the 2nd Queensland Contingent:—"And those of you who may not come back will have the consolation of knowing that your names will NEVER be forgotten." Probably the same thing was said to the men of Waterloo and Inkerman—and among all the thousands of privates who fell there about the only name that survives is something of a joke concerning an alleged Bill Adams.

A terrible misfortune happened to a certain Sydneyite the other day—a family man of years and discretion. He was walking one evening down a rather quiet street ornamented here and there by policemen, when a damsel, whose flaring red blouse and general air of Flossiedom proclaimed her occupation, plaintively besought him to let her trot down the street with him, because the "bobbies" had a "down" on her, but wouldn't run her in if they saw her with a real gent. The old gent, being an eminently respectable old gent, refused with horror, but on Flossie reiterating that surely he would not let a poor girl go to gaol, he relented, remembered that it was dusk, and that no one knew him in that part of the town, so, taking the red-sleeved arm in his, beguiled the time by talking to her seriously on the error of her ways, and what a pity such a nice girl, &c., &c. He was just in the midst of his most pathetic arguments when he turned a corner, and beneath the glare of the street lamp fell against his son, who was also escorting a red-bloused lady from benevolent motives. He is a good son, who has been strictly brought up by his Roman parent, and he didn't expect to meet the Roman parent there or in such society. And here the curtain falls so suddenly that you have a splendid chance to get your head bumped by the roller before you can get it out of the road.

"S.S." writes:—The departed Governor Brassey has left one young man lamenting. The young man in question is a typewriter in the civil service. When Brassey was a fresh item in Melbourne, he wanted a typewriter to fix those ideas of his which are such a comfort to the soul. The Govt. turned on a typist, and for the extra work Brassey agreed to pay him £50 a year out of the vice-regal pocket. That typist rattled keys for his Ex. throughout his term of office and never got a cent. He fondly expected a cheque for the lump up to the last moment, but it came not; and Lord Tom has fallen off again—fallen off terribly in the estimation of a much disappointed man. Brassey was a rather decent old gentleman with a bad memory, who paid everybody honorably if he didn't forget. He paid the rest of the people when they recalled the bill to his memory. But some Melb. people are so loyal just now that they won't remind an Excellency of the small amount owing.

The officer who acted as horse-buyer for one of the contingents seems to have been a huge joke. In one case a dealer came along with a couple of very plain, ordinary, serviceable steeds, mounted by plain, ordinary stable-boys. Officer was jovially ironical. Wouldn't give a "fiver" for the pair of them, waved his martial hand and suggested that the meek quadrupeds should be boiled down for soup. A few hours later the wily dealer sent them along again, this time with a couple of artistic horsemen on their backs, and half a bottle of whisky in their respective stomachs. Result—officer bought the now prancing and mettlesome chargers for £15 and £20 respectively.

Lately an influential person in a small Vic. town went out on a surreptitious "tear" which reached into the small hours. Going home he met a large thunderstorm in a small paddock, and being too tired to battle with it, went to sleep in a claypan with his head on a hillock. Rain



WEARY AND WORLD-WORN.

LIZ: "You'll cop it, Nipper; yer old woman's bin callin' yer fer 'arf an 'our, so yer better git there quick."

"O, git; you women think a bloke's got nuthin' ter do but keep running after yer all his life."

filled said claypan till only the influential one's head was visible. Some early road-menders, thinking they had discovered evidence of a tragedy, turned the water into a handy drain so as to investigate without disturbing "the body," but as the pool went down they were scattered by an angry roar from the supposed remains: "Dash you, Sarah, leave me some of the blankets, will you?"

In some respects the French are a wise nation. They have just instituted orders and medals for washerwomen. The British Patriot gives long lectures on the superiority of housework to factory and shop-labor, and how much more it should be revered. Then he calls the servant-girl by her front name, and playfully refers to her as the "slavey," and doesn't ask her into the drawing-room of an evening when the counter-jumperess has called to see his wife. And still he wonders why Mary Jane is a disappearing quantity.



THE OTHER KIND.

LANCER (to Jackey): "How would you like to be a soldier, Jackey?"

JACKY: "I wouldn't like to be a real soldier; but I wouldn't mind bein' a Lancer."

"David G.": Extract from a memo. from N.S.W. Charities Department in answer to an application for renewal of a small money allowance to an old man and his wife:—

I have to enquire if you will enter a cottage home with your wife. You will have a comfortable home, and not be separated from one another.

It turned out that the "comfortable home" consisted of a partitioned-off compartment of a large room, with two single beds and a box for furniture, no convenience for cooking, and no table. The cooked food has to be fetched from the "big house" (asylum) a mile away and always arrives cold. Is that how N.S.W. Government will redeem its pledges to the wounded Contingent men when they come back?

Observations:—

It is impossible to believe all the ladies who say they are as old "as they look." Some of them cannot possibly be as old as all that.

What is Memory? The fertile begetter of brilliant impromptus. If women love us they forgive us everything—even our vices. If they don't love us, they won't even forgive us our virtues.

A tragedy which took place the other day in S.A. is, in its own small way, a whole essay on the fact that marriage without furniture is a curse.

A young woman named Fisher (her age was only 22), shot herself in the empty house where she and her husband (aged 27) led a precarious existence on the floor for want of anything better to sit upon. The only reasons assignable (if it wasn't accident) were poverty, and despair, and utter weariness of the struggle against adversity, and her husband's inability to obtain work. They had been married two months, so apparently they started their married life in the casual Australian fashion on the bare floor, and without an income. And after that brief period of conjugal bliss on the floor the girl-wife gave it best.

Kindermann, a German caterer, of Adelaide, who sells the best coffee and pastry south of the line, is, or rather was, largely patronised by the Adelaide stock-brokers. One day recently, K. opined off-handedly that the Boers could whip the Britishers. Whereupon 50 stockbrokers got up en masse and went out of the shop—without paying, probably.

This episode is another proof, if further proof were needed, of the unswerving loyalty of stock-brokers throughout the Empire. Still—that coffee, specially imported, and the pastry, were so good! In short, a number of absent-minded stockbrokers have already forgotten the episode, and lunch at Kindermann's as of old.

Recent S.M. HERALD ad.:

A YOUNG LADY (lame) requires a Young Lady COMPANION, who must be also lame. Fair salary.

It is too pathetic to be laughed at.

Ware imitators,

ZETZ-SPA WATER.

Watch the bottle, and object unless you get ZETZ. The Queen of Natural Waters. Long life and happiness in ZETZ.*

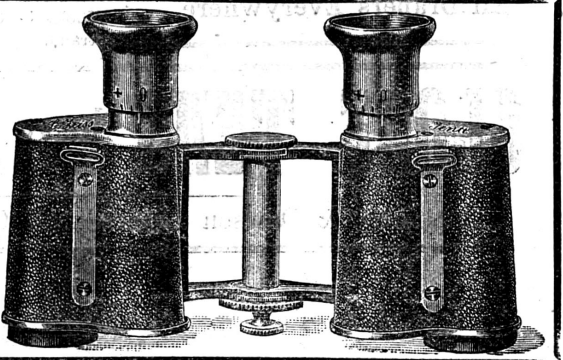
Hardy Brothers,

**13 Hunter Street,
Sydney; and at Brisbane.**

Importers of the Noted
Zeiss Field Glasses.

Four Sizes kept in Stock.
Full particulars on application.

GOLDSMITHS & JEWELLERS



**Refreshing!
Invigorating!**

ADD A LITTLE

**CONDY'S
FLUID**

TO YOUR BATH.

THE EFFECT IS MAGICAL.

Beware of Colonial Imitations.

Insist on buying

"CONDY'S FLUID."

The following name & add. should be at foot of label:

Condy & Mitchell, 65, Goswell Rd., London, E.C.1.

SHIRTS.

For Station and Out-door work our SILK STRIPED MATTALASSE and other UNSHRINKABLE SHIRTS are highly recommended.

33/- per Half-dozen, free by post throughout Australia.

Patterns and Measurement Forms on Application

B. MOUNTCASTLE & SONS, Brisbane, Q'land.

SUN HATS & HELMETS

FREE BY POST.

QUAID'S Patent Kapri Air-Chamber HELMETS—White, 22/6; Drab, 25/6 each.

Recommended by the leading Physicians of Tropical Australia.

**B. MOUNTCASTLE & SONS, Sole Manufacturers
BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND.**

A WOMAN'S LETTER.

Sydney, January 30, 1900.

MY DEAR MYEE,—

A rumor that His Ex. had resigned his traveling scholarship got wind last week, and it was aided by the fact that inquisitive people who asked Premier Lyne for the truth about the matter were not met by the usual flat denial of the man who does know something. Next day, just after people had settled down comfortably into the belief that he really was a very nice young man now that he was going, His Ex. publicly announced his intention of holding on to the billet indefinitely—a very sensible intention considering that he is just off on a pleasure trip round Maoriand, where the local Excellency is going to introduce him to the Maori king.

If anyone is suffering so little from thermometer that she—I feel sure it will be a she—will reckon up the weeks and months Gov. Beauchamp has not spent at Govt. House, there will be an eerie-looking total, I fancy. Out of his nine vice-regal months he has probably spent about six weeks in Sydney.

By the way, I hear that his Ex. has a habit that often disconcerts the people taking him round a show. He always wants to know "Why?" From a wool warehouse to a race-horse he picks out cunning questions to floor officials with, and in a country where one doesn't trouble too laboriously to find out the "why" of anything, the habit resolves itself into a fly in the ointment of the person who is showing this vice-regal note of interrogation round.

Bound for England this week are Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rundle (née Miss Nellie Hill), and Miss Florrie Hill, the latter's sister.

Society is very ragged and holey (that's all right) just now. Half the smart women are away, or packing up; Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Burdekin are in crape and retirement, and all the nice young men are away Boer-hunting. It is exceedingly mournful nowadays to look round at a function and note the absence of scores of familiar masculine faces generally seen everywhere. Randwick on Anniversary Day was a place in point. The members' stand was empty, except for a few dresy Jewish women making the most of Friday; the V.R. box was a sad blank.

Casting a tired eye round, a refresher offered in the shape of a millionaire's wife's little doings. She was dressed in a white washing frock, which was evidently intended to last out the summer and save the awful "one whit froke, one-and-six," of the laundry-lady's bill. She spread two yards of cloth along the seat, and carefully bonnet-pinned it up over the back. That done, she beckoned her gilded spouse, pointed out her arrangements, and they sat down in comfort, knowing that no grain of dust would lure them into fresh toilettes before they were ready.

In frocks I noticed pretty Mrs. Robert Moss in navy froul with écu lace trimmings, and a string-colored straw hat with mauve flowers; Mrs. Ted Simpson in a dashing little short jacket of rose-colored silk over a white piqué skirt; Mrs. Collins in violet with much guipure on the bodice and a violet toque; Frances Adler in a scarlet Tam o' Shanter and waist-belt to match over a cream silk frock; a five days bride in her travelling dress of grey voile over mauve silk, and a lovely lace bodice, out of which her girl friends picked rice between the races. Speaking of brides, a local bridegroom did such a sensible thing lately that I wonder it hasn't become a custom long ago. Seeing his bride rushed by promiscuous women and pecked and kissed in the most violent way he seized one pretty girl after another and kissed them all on the steps of the church.

That clever young stager, Sydney Bracy, son of the well-known and universally-liked Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bracy, went off to London last week to try his fortune.

More departing talent. Maud McCarthy left last Saturday—went back, in fact, to enjoy royal commands once more. Her mother accompanied her, and I believe, too, a younger brother with still more talent.

Re those royal commands, artists work them for all they are worth nowadays, and a good deal more. In Maud McCarthy's case her name was hardly ever seen prior to her Australian tour, except in conjunction with Queen Vic's. The Antipodes puts high value on any local genius sent for by Her Gracious, listened to for five minutes, and presented with a cat's-eye brooch. The idea always gets abroad that this particular genius was an especial favourite at Windsor—the only one the Queen really liked, in fact. To see the other side of the case, read a little in English musical papers, and you will be amazed to find the number of little singers and fiddlers and pianists who record in their interviews how "the dear Queen sent for me and expressed the greatest pleasure," etc.

Maud took a benefit concert on Anniversary night at the Town Hall. Crowded house, by far the best of her season. On the whole, she has not done badly in Australia, financially, though there was nothing like the flow of coin anticipated by—I really forget who anticipated it. On Friday Maud was in green liberty, with green shoes, and had had her hair cut considerably. She touched the large house with her encore of Scotch songs. Dr. McCarthy, who has the reputation of being musical, stepped out here and accompanied Annie Laurie with some soulful

soft-pedalled vamping, music that reminded me of Barry Pain's schoolboy disappointed in love, playing sad waltzes with the loud and soft pedal down. Dashing Marie Narelle, in pink silk, thrilled "O mio Fernando" with more abandon than Sydney is quite educated up to. I prefer Miss Narelle in ballads; in fact, anyone might preen herself over the clear fervid way in which she enunciates "I love you." Kate Rooney's tearful voice was as sad as ever and as sweet, imploring the house to "Sleep my love, sleep!" The favorite song, by the way, of pretty Marion Burton, who used to scoop Neruda's bouquets right away from the front rows whenever she sang it at the Hallé concerts.

Kipling was popularised before a mighty audience in the Centenary Hall on Wednesday, the motive being an addition to the Women's Patriotic Fund. Lawrence Campbell organised the recital, which resulted in a big cash donation. The little man who caught his fish so cunningly gave eight of Kipling's popular ballads, including the inevitable "Beggar," which was greeted with such a hail of substantial delight as to necessitate the temporary suspension of proceedings. It was truly amusing to see Alfred Hill, Campbell, and two or three others going down on all-fours, groping for the coin, which seemed to land always in the most inaccessible spots. Burns-Walker sang two patriotic songs from Alfred Hill's pen, Henry Weir and A. A. Hollander two others, and the audience worked up to such a pitch that, had Mr. Campbell come forward and asked for contributions in kind, it is certain that hats, coats—and other things—would have been thrown at him without a murmur.

Nothing like being a martyr in a good cause. That is why everyone wonders that Dolly Vane has not appeared with a patched eye after some of the coin-storms she nightly subjects herself to. Her appeal still averages about £10 a night.

Women who have been to the Cape have a great pull over others nowadays. And don't they revel in the glory of it. A local actress was telling dramatically how she offered to go and assassinate Kruger. "That was five years ago," said she. "But what was he doing then?" said her envious afternoon tea-party. "Doing? Dreadful things. Why my dears, unless I bribed the guards, I could only take about a quarter of my luggage in the train with me; the parcel rate was so high."

Another Sydney woman who lived for years in the Transvaal, can tell about a visit Kruger paid her one morning. She went into her sitting-room and found a big fat man without any boots or socks, wearing an English bell-topper hat, spitting on her floor. "Get me some coffee, Frau," said he, and spat again. And then, according to her, she rose up and said, "Mr. 'Kreer,' in my country men do not order women to get them things, nor do they spit on the floor in a woman's presence." How she reconciled that with her conscience she doesn't explain, but it is enough that she did not pronounce his name Krewger.

He was a newspaper scribbler and he strolled up to the long line of helmeted constabulary and addressed the nearest with charming familiarity: "Haw! what time do the Boer-stickers arrive?" The constabulary looked at him with a pained expression for 50 seconds or so and then in a most reproving tone—"I presume you mean 'what time do the troops embark?'" "I does!" replied the crushed journalist, and he crawled away like a wounded "gohanner."

Some comparatively cheap Sydney hash-houses have instituted the not-to-be-violated-without-apology rule of evening-dress for dinner. Should a paying guest feel that a dress suit and a white tie are a burden to the flesh in these warm evenings he is expected, on entering the dining-room, to bow ceremoniously to his hostess, Mrs. de Toney, whose ample charms are displayed at the end of the table in half-mast-high bodice. Also, he is expected to say, "Excuse my 'disable,' and it shall not occur again." And the pound per week boarder (or 17/6 if he goes out all day on Sunday) sits down among the other full-dressed or under-dressed guests, graciously pardoned by a bow from his hostess.

Writes my Melbourne correspondent:—

"The kissing of the Queenslanders and the batch of Sydney Lancers during their spell in Melbourne was one long, intense embrace. The girls of Port 'Melbin' were the worst offenders; they waited for the men on the station-platform at Flinders-street after the Exhibition function, and hugged them generally, the proceedings lasting for three-quarters of an hour, whilst the porters and other miserable civilians stood aside unnoticed. Porters are accused by M'Culloch, M.L.C., of being mostly disloyal, and what wonder? When a public official has to stand by for 45 minutes at a stretch, and see the girls who used to admire his shining buttons worshipping at a strange shrine, he wouldn't be flesh and blood if he didn't feel bitter towards the new shrine and everything connected therewith. Even the fact that some of the devotees went off with the soldiers' portable property was inadequate consolation.

"It is alleged in Parliamentary circles that Brassey prepared a most elaborate and costly scheme for sending himself away from Victoria in great style. He had it all worked out on paper and submitted it to the M'Lean Government. He would never have dared to breathe such a thing to careful George Turner. The scheme provided for bringing troops from all parts of the country, for the streets being lined with soldiers with fixed

bayonets, for arches, bands, escorts, firing of cannon, and a regular hullabaloo. It was forwarded to Premier M'Lean, who nearly had a fit on the spot. He found on enquiry that it would cost over £6000 to send Brassey away in the style he wanted. He said "No" loudly, and Brassey had to be content with going off at the head of the second contingent, and bowing gracefully in response to cheers that were not meant for him.

"In notes, gold-lettered S.de V.B. in left corner, sent around to private friends and present-makers before departing, Lady Brassey expressed herself really (underlined) sorry to leave Victoria. Her hair had grown almost white in the Vice-Regal service, and the deepening wrinkles compelled her to pass many weary hours a week in the hands of the face-masseuse. Yet there is the really underlined on the word of a Vere de Vere?

"Not a few former nobodies, promoted per favor of Gov. Brassey, follow their patron to his native heath. To them the Ancient Mariner has already acted the part of Moses, leading them across a desert of neglect to swell the ranks of local Sassiety-leaders. Now the Great Dropper is gone, but pilgrims mean to 'meet their pilot face to face' t'other side of the pond, with a view to securing his guidance into the Promised Land of British 'ristocratic circles.

"Unkind persons said that Madden's sudden illness at the time of Brassey's departure was due to the strained relations between himself and the man who used to fall off. Madden, however, a week after Brassey had gone, still declared himself too ill to take up his residence in the vice-regal quarters—and he isn't the sort of man to procrastinate much when it comes to hoisting his little bit of bunting on the square tower of the house by the Yarra. Besides, it is now alleged that he and the Dropper were always the best of friends.

"At a wedding last week, when the hymeneal fizz was bubbling, the blessed tambourine was passed round for the same old Thomas, and people primed with the nectar parted their tram-coats with an inward groan. Where will the coin-collecting end? When one meets another in the street, it isn't a careless nod and 'How d' do?' it is a care-worn, brow-beaten look, and: 'Did you bring sixpence in case the hat goes round?' The Absent Minded Beggar fever rages at sewing-bees, business-meetings, charity affairs, in trains and on door-steps, also everywhere.

"It is not only the humble Tommy Atkins who leaves 'a lot of little things behind him.' An officer who lately quitted these shores left a good many unpaid things—by no means little ones—behind him. He wasn't an absent-minded beggar over the matter either; the creditors took care that he was reminded. He was an absent-funded beggar; that's all.

"Speaker Mason (Vic.) is trying to keep Parliament House cool during the dog days by putting half-a-ton of ice daily in the air funnels through which the Chamber is ventilated. It makes a wonderful difference. Before he tried the experiment legislators, with their tongues hanging out, rushed to the refreshment-room every quarter of an hour. Now they stay in the Chamber and attend to business, finding it the coolest place in the city.

"Local sassiety journals have lately been letting themselves go in an unwonted rush of chronicles re a certain southern heiress, her grace, beauty and other possessions. Said befuddled dandy, to do her justice, has an abundant share of good looks, despite a dearth of dimples in face and form, which may be more or less pronounced ten years hence than at present. But these admiring scribes, when reminiscing of silken infancy and golden girlhood, draw a veil over the days when the then heiress-apparent attended day-school in the vicinity of economical Pa's acres, clad in keeping with her copper-toed boots and white cotton stockings. Of course if Pa hadn't been built that way there would probably be no family fortune now. It is the hard-saving man who makes money, and these copper-toed boots were part of the old man's money-making instincts. The heiress herself had such strict economy drilled into her in the copper-toed days that her father's own daughter looks twice at a shilling even now—though this is a common characteristic of local 'Naicest,' among whom our late Governor fostered a spirit of discreet close-fistedness. When his Excellency felt the need of congenial company, he invariably filled the aching void with some retired money-grubber with 'no nonsense about him,' but everything very comfortable for himself and guests—you know the sort of guests I mean. Not the dead-loss kind prescribed in the Scriptures.

Yours affectionately, GOUL-GOUL.

Parson Mackay, of Bendigo (Vic.) dropped something heavy and sudden into the midst of the Presbyterian Assembly with this motion:

That the Church set apart a day for humiliation and prayer in consequence of the unjust war now being waged by Great Britain against the Transvaal. The sturdy old preacher didn't carry his motion, but at least the members of the Scotch covenanting brigade were gentlemen and gave him a hearing. The average jingo, who is now trying to abolish freedom of speech in Australia, would only have given him a brick.

Dear BULLETIN.—The beginning of the end? A Grafton (N.S.W.) blacksmith has just advertised for an apprentice about 15 yrs. old. "Cigarette Smokers not Wanted."—MEDI-CUSS

With reference to ex-cavalry Capt. Hems-worth, mentioned in last week's issue, THE BULLETIN is requested to state that, though that gentleman is unfortunately very ill and not too favorably circumstanced, he does not want for any essential comfort, and would, in any case, be deeply mortified at the idea of an appeal to the public, which, it now appears, was suggested by an unauthorised person.

Appropos of that Glassey proposal re heads of Public Departments starting Patriotic Fund lists among the subordinates, the Queensland Railway Department has already taken the hint and commenced docking the employees 2d in the £ per month. One railway hand happened to remark incidentally that "perhaps the Boers weren't such bad fellows after all"—for which piece of insolence he had to promptly tender an abject apology to save himself from dismissal. The spirit of freedom is indeed abroad.

"David G.": Sydney's solitary case of plague is surrounded by many comic accessories. The Board of Health is sure the man was inoculated by a flea from a plague-stricken rat, and then it enlarges on the point as elaborately as if it had caught and fully identified said flea and rat. The latter, according to the Board, had come from Mauritius in a sugar-cargo, deserted the ship, and been in turn deserted by one of its parasites, which took to the unfortunate Payne instead. And this, at the end of the 19th century, is the sort of "science" represented by a costly Government department manned by picked graduates of the local 'Varsity! Rats!!

"Gunner" prophesieth:—

The next British surrender will be that of Ladysmith. The cable-liar says White has plenty of provisions—but what about men? The 11,000 he had to begin with, three months or so ago, have since lost heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners. Fighting is desperate hard work, while it lasts; but the long nights on guard or picket are far more wearing, and every man who drops out dead, sick, or wounded makes fewer "nights off" for those who remain. That the Ladysmith strain is almost at breaking-point is shown by the ease with which the Boers lately surprised two British pickets. Also disease is raging among White's men. And the absence of news from the doomed camp proves that White is no longer able to attack. The last hope of relief is gone, too, because blundering Buller has run his wooden head against a mountain mass which he determined to take at any cost. When Robert's old comrade, White, has been forced to surrender Ladysmith, it will be interesting to know what "Bobs" thinks about Buller.

The little Bendigo ADVERTISER believes, in what it thinks is its mind, that Murray, of Warrnambool, because of his opposition to the sending of the second Vic. contingent, is "a blot on the Victorian Legislature." Yet Murray used the inalienable British privilege of free speech in the mildest and most restrained fashion, and in disproving of the war he ranks with the 130 or more members of the British House of Commons—and England doesn't seem to regard them as blots. The Australian bigot and lick-spittle is so much more loyal to Britain than the British jingo is, that he would almost hang the British nation for disloyalty to itself. He is in the position of the Scotch Sabbatarian lady who was so religious that she "didn't think much of the Lord" for walking in the cornfields on the day of rest.

Nervous sufferers will find it worth their while to peruse Herr Rassmussen's advt. on page 27 of this issue.

One "Thomas N. Manly" writes to Sydney EVENING NEWS:—

It struck me very forcibly, while buzzing round the crowd in Market-street, that we are a fairly tolerant people. But some of these pro-Boerites are very strong. Some are moved by very peculiar fads, others by bitter hostility to both Queen and Empire. I draw the line at insulting women, whether washerwoman or monarch. But your pro-Boer sticks at nothing. Now, lots of these very misguided people are in either Government or municipal employment. Take a departmental list of names, say, Harbors and Rivers, for instance. You don't want to scan it very carefully, and you will open your eyes. You shut them, and you may fancy yourself in some Continental seaport. One of these, living on our money, expressed himself thus: "Vell, it was a bit dose young vellers schall go to anoder country to find a grave. Vösent Australia pig enough to die in?" Another, holding a position on the Defence Force Instruction Staff, was equally as emphatic in one of our suburbs. I could add one or two others, all in snug billets. I can give unimpeached proof of two cases quoted. Yet when any of these vipers meets with the castigation he deserves, how quickly he seeks the protection our flag affords to all, irrespective of creed or color.

And after all it seems that the horrible viper merely said it was a pity that fine young Australians should be buried in a far land—which some of them certainly will be unless, by some extraordinary chance, the ordinary risks of war fall to come their way. Apparently Thomas N. thinks their deaths won't be a pity. And this peaceful, harmless remark about sudden death being a misfortune is described as an insult to a woman and something calling for "castigation." Truly, much of Australia has gone mad.

Country readers would do well to try the "Albatross Lamp Wick." It requires no trimming, saves oil, has no smell whatever, and is almost impossible to have an explosion of a lamp in which they are used. Messrs. Chambers and Seymour, of Collins-street, have one window entirely devoted to the Co.'s goods.*

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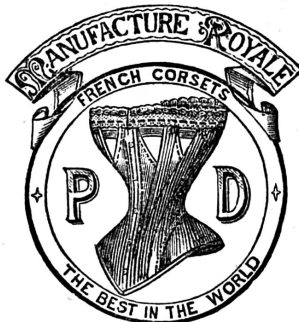
Exterminator of Bedroom Insects.
is now obtainable from all Chemists and Grocers, at 1s. per bottle.

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CORSETS

Built on Anatomical Principles,
Making due allowance for the flat, tight-fitting styles now in vogue,
Are to be obtained at
MARK FOY'S.

They allow ample breathing room, and give the correct hip cut at no sacrifice of comfort or shapeliness.



All Drapers Everywhere.

GLOBE TEAS

Atcherley & Dawson Limited, 257 George-st., Sydney.

have **NO** Equal.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Ballarat has the honor of owning the first Victorian war victim. He was killed in a local pub. for saying he rather admired Oom Paul.

The death of Dean Brennan, of North Sydney, saves the N.S.W. Treasury £200 a-year, just when the money is badly wanted for purposes of Absent-minded Beggary. The Dean was one of those pensioned off when State-aid to religion was abolished in N.S.W. Father Brennan was a secular priest for many years, and officiated in many parts of N.S.W., but, late in life, joined the Jesuits, and died in that Order, at the age of 82.

Demise, Quaritch, of London. The most considerable, if not the greatest, bookseller ever known. He bought £33,000 worth of stuff at one sale, the Sutherland library, and that is only one of his many tremendous purchases. Many Australians remember him and have had transactions with him in his wonderful hat. He was long in a now swamped thoroughfare, Castle-street, off Leicester Square, and yet was 40 years in Piccadilly afterwards.

Paddy Glynn, M.L.A. (S.A.) says that when he was a boy he had always to take up his grandmother's punch (apparently the grandmother drank); he used to swallow some of it on the road (apparently he drank also) and in course of time he became so unreliable in delivering the liquor that it was unkind he should whistle all the way upstairs. But instead of whistling personally on the stair he did it by deputy, a small brother being the deputy, and continued in his evil and alcoholic course. Glynn quoted this episode as a reason against the proposed S.A. law prohibiting the sale of tobacco to children, but it seems rather to suggest that he was a most corrupt and dissipated small boy, and that having since grown up in sin his opinions should be viewed with distrust as those of a bad character.

Jacob Garrard, one of the first castaways from Reid's political barque, will meet strong opposition in March next when the Presidency of the Water and Sewerage Board falls vacant. Jacob is eligible for reappointment, and would be a certainty for another term as the well-paid boss of the department which lets off big blasts in the streets if "dear old George" were still Premier. Lyne might let it go, for Premiers, knowing their own weaknesses, look indulgently on the jobs of predecessors. But there are those behind Lyne who want to put another man—not so pious as Jacob—in the billet, and the holy one will probably have to come out.

G. H. Reid tells interviewers along his line of holiday march that since he quitted the Premiership his income from bar practice has been double what it was when he headed a Government. Also he makes no secret of his belief in his early return to office. So the statement about how much more profitable it is to be out of office looks like G. Reid's large advt. pasted on himself.

A very old man in a certain Australian capital had been in receipt of a small weekly dole from the Government for himself and wife. When money was wanted for the Contingent the dole was stopped, along with many other like allowances; and the couple were offered admission to an asylum. Failing other means of getting an interview, the ancient tottered round to the Minister's house. After a stormy interview, said the Minister: "I haven't the papers here, and can't go into it now. Come to the office to-morrow and I'll fix you up." The old man did so; waited from 11 a.m. till 4 p.m.; did not see the Honorable Sphinx, but was "fixed up" with a generous and final donation of 5s. That hon. Sphinx would make a great strategist.

A far-west correspondent:—

Concerning the theory that a bushman mostly travels in a circuit because one of his legs is a trifle longer or stronger than the other, how about the circling of bush drivers? For they do circle. Cameron, overseer of Pacesaddle, far-west N.S.W., who, along with storekeeper Hanna, perished about Xmas time, struck a fence with his pair (they were getting anxious and were making across country), cut it, and then, probably in the darkness, got back to it four times! And Cameron was a first-rate bushman. Also, on three occasions, travelling by night, coach-drivers on the far-west plains have taken writer off tracks which they should have known every foot of the way, and have pulled up to find that they were going clean round. This has generally happened when they have pulled off to avoid a sand-patch.

HALF-SICK Just sick enough to feel heavy-headed, lazy, and shiftless; to have no appetite; to sleep badly; to have what you eat feel like lead in your stomach. Not sick enough to take to bed, or to call a doctor, but sick enough to not know what to do.

RAFFAN'S HEPATIC Try—
SULPHUR PILLS
Per post, 1s 3d.
55 ELGIN STREET, CARLTON, MELBOURNE.

COOK'S TOURS
MELBOURNE: 269 COLLINS ST.
SYDNEY: 4 HUNTER ST.
ADELAIDE, AUCKLAND, &c.

Before taking your Tickets to Europe, New Zealand, Tasmania or elsewhere, write for "Travellers' Gazette" and "Sailing List" to
THOS. COOK & SON.

A country press report alleges that Kate Kelly, sister of bushranger Ned, drowned herself lately in the Lachlan River. She had married a groom and was mother of five children.

It seems to be uncertain even now whether Dibbs damned Chicago or not. Anyhow, the old man's shout of "Curse the Bill!" at the Sydney anti-Federal meeting, the other day, had all the old vigor about it, and if Chicago hasn't been damned so far, G. Dibbs is evidently capable even now of taking on the contract and damning it thoroughly.

Young Dalley, whose body was brought from England to be buried with his father, in Waverley Cemetery, Sydney, is to be modestly commemorated by a carving on his father's tomb. The Dalley dead for the most part lie apart. The late P.C.'s father and mother lie in Devonshire-street churchyard, Sydney, and his wife in the Long vault, in St. Jude's, Randwick.

Nathaniel Levi, of Victoria's House of 48 Rich Landlords, says, as a reason why sweating should not be interfered with in any way, that he worked long hours when he was a boy, and is none the worse. That is probably just where Nathaniel Levi is wrong. Victoria knows him as an old man with a stunted intellect who is always going to build a wonderful railway at Cape Patterson and never doing it. If the stupid and unsympathetic ancient had worked short hours in his boyhood he would be a good reason for making every young Victorian toil 14 hours a day in the hope that he would grow up as unlike Levi as possible. But if long hours had anything to do with the production of Levi then long hours are simply sinful and disastrous. The one safe rule is to bring up young Victoria the way Levi wasn't brought up.

General Wauchope, the boss Highland Brigadier who died to the side of the Modder River with "Don't blame me for this" on his lips, was a maternal uncle of Lady Hopetoun. Also he was the husband, by his first marriage, of Lord Wolsley's sister-in-law; likewise a near relation by birth to numerous gilded swells. A lot of money is changing hands over the Boer business, and the deal girls are careful not to snub impecunious Algernons of high degree these times. They never know but what an Algy who is "thrice removed" from a plump estate may tumble into the property when the lists of slain are made up. Lord Methuen, lately shot in the leg and said to be injured in the spine, represents a private income of £11,000 a year. War is a gory lottery for many "well-connected" people, and this accounts for not a little jingoism in the naicest non-combatant circles.



C. M. LAMBERT.

AT THE CORNER.

TOMMY ATKINS (to stranger): "My good man, I can read your thoughts; I know what you would like—why, to be a soldier bold, and go fight the Boers. Now, wouldn't you?"

STRANGER: "You're another! I'm waiting for the blanky tram, that's all."

Grey, the missing Geelong (Vic.) lawyer, writes that he is a ruined man, employed as a day laborer in his island retreat, wherever that may be. Reads like an intimation to possible pursuers: "Don't come after me. There is no money in it."

ERRORS IN FOOD AND DRINK.
By A SPECIALIST.

It is dawning on the public to try and prevent, or at least to arrest, disease. It is in prevention that Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa plays an important part, acting solely as a first-class nourishing food—it strengthens the system to resist, oppose, and overcome the attacks of disease. You'll hear someone say, "So and so has a strong constitution" follow that up, and you'll find that So-and-so follows the golden rule of being temperate in all things, and pays attention to diet and exercise. Does he or she keep up this strong constitution by taking medicine or swallowing pills? No, indeed! They have discovered that prevention is better than cure. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa places a means in the hands of everyone to build up and maintain a sound constitution, which enables its possessor to travel his life's journey without the aches and pains which are in many cases preventable. Thus we come round again to sound common-sense based on experience.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa can be obtained from all Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 269 George-street, Sydney. Dainty sample free on mentioning this paper.



RECIPROCITY.

HE: "We can all find something to admire in each other. For instance, I admire your beauty. What do you find to admire in me?"
SHE: "Your good taste."

"Via": Another of the Rue Australians, P. J. MacNamara, journalist, has ceased striving to turn humanity in Paraguay, and now works the Archimedean lever up Nanango, Q. way.

Dr. Newmarch, of North Sydney, now on his way to S. Africa, was on the staff of King's College Hospital, London, at the last Boer war, and doctored the wounded from Majuba Hill.

The Adelaide Hospital curse? Dr. Ramsay Smith, one of the two original imported doctors, now President of Health Board, is in hot water over the plague trouble, and his colleague, Leith Napier, was recently thrown from his horse, and hovers between life and death through skull-fracture.

"M": Concerning Edmund Barton. Easily the first conversationalist in Australia, he is also the brightest listener. Whether Barton's large heart or large head is accountable for this is a matter for speculation. As Barton is always worth listening to, any break upon his conversation is unbearable to the rest of the company, who wish the interruptor would go to bed, or to the bar. In the wider arena of politics, Barton is not so tolerant of dull debate. Yet he seldom interjects, no matter how severe the provocation may be. He scarcely left a sitting of the Convention of Federal delegates for five minutes. When he likes, he can be as lazy as a household cat, but when there's watching and working to be done, he can be as alert and active as that domestic pet with business on paw. It is a mistake to think that Barton despises detail. He takes things quietly, but he takes them none the less thoroughly and expeditiously. In his opinions he is perhaps the sincerest politician in the land, but not being an obtrusive faddist, he is sometimes suspected of indifference. His large tolerance has also a good deal to do with his reputation for laziness. Forbearance is apt to be mistaken for weariness of mind.

One of the O'Sullivan's fellow-members writes that vigorous man's biography:

E. W. O'Sullivan, N.S.W. Minister of Works, was a compositor on the Melb. ARGUS, and came to Sydney as overseer of the DAILY TELEGRAPH. Became president of Typographical Union, afterwards president of Wharf Laborers' Union and of the Trades and Labor Council. Ran for West Sydney and got the show of hands in his favor, which meant much in those days. Refused to bunch with other candidates, and was just beaten. Took up the farmers, and invented grievances and remedies for them—called conferences and made a great mark as an authority. Ran next for South Sydney and polled well, but was defeated—only came seventh among nine candidates. Immediately left for Queanbeyan, where he was elected with a large margin. He has held the seat ever since—nearly 15 years. Was in Dibbs' 1891 Cabinet for 48 hours, having been one of the first sent for—but was ousted when R. E. O'Connor joined. The Catholic element looked too strong, and it was necessary to find a place for Orangeman John Kidd to placate the crowd which doesn't use holy water. Is an omnivorous reader, yet quotes, as he jokes, with difficulty. He was first in the field with alliteration, though his claim has been jumped since by pirates. Examples:—"What we want, Mr. Speaker, are wharves, wool and warehouses, farms, factories and foundries," and "Back from the Moscow of Ministerial myrmidons," to the diminished Parkesites of 1891. Is the most active and energetic Minister for Works since Lyne, and there is no truth in the statement that a country paper alluded to him by misprint as the "Minister for Words."

The last scene—for the present—of a romantic episode in the good old Nevill family has just been played by the marriage of the Earl of Cottenham to Lady Rose Leigh, daughter of the Marquis of Abergavenny. In 1866 twin daughters were born to the Marquis of Abergavenny. The Ladies Violet and Rose Nevill were amongst the leading beauties of their time and in due course were "presented at court" on the same day. Both were afterwards presented very considerably at a different kind of court. Lady Violet became the Countess Cowley in 1889, but in a few years was the successful petitioner for divorce against Earl Cowley. Lady Rose Nevill married Mr. J. B. Leigh, and last year was the respondent in a divorce suit brought by her husband, who charged her with misconduct with the Earl of Cottenham, who was eight years her junior. The private detective employed by the husband broke into a bedroom at an hotel and found the lady apparently alone, but her companion was afterwards ransacked out of a wardrobe or closet. A decree was granted, and some six months afterwards, at the end of last year, the juvenile Lothario made what reparation he could to his frisky innamorata of maturer years by making her Countess of Cottenham. The old Marquis has had a bit of bad luck with one of his sons, too, in the past year; the boy, a thoughtless married lad of 40, got into trouble—a large stone-built trouble—over some matters connected with negotiable paper.

Bishop Anderson, of Riverina, like other C.E. Bishops in Australia, has suffered sorely in the region of his episcopal pocket-book, all through unfortunate investments of the diocesan funds. When he reached Melbourne from England, where he was consecrated, he learned that £1000 of the episcopal fund had disappeared. When he reached Sydney he discovered that the lost cash was £3000. They had been breaking it gently to him, and soon after the loss was admitted to be still greater. Further, those who had charge of the fund promised to pay back the expenses he incurred in going to England for consecration; but, by the time his apronship handed in vouchers showing the trip ran to £300, it had been discovered that the funds couldn't stand the shock. The first year's salary was guaranteed to be £1000, but it only panned out for £400. "I am in great mental pain," said the disillusioned bishop.

Judge Cohen (N.S.W.) is the only member of the Supreme or District Courts who defies fashion and the accursed tall hat, and appears on the block in a "boxer" or hard-hitter.

The late Parkes' *magnum opus*—"Fifty Years of the Making," &c.—published at 16s., may now be had in some places in Sydney for a half-crown or so.

"Melb.": Our Public Library trustees have just secured, at a high figure, a full reprint of the trial of Edward Gibbon Wakefield for the abduction of Miss Ellen Turner. His after fame as a S.A. and Maoriland coloniser gives the record some value. The case is curious. Miss Turner, aged 16, was an heiress, and Wakefield served three years in gaol for his escapade.

"F.C.": The most painfully rabid Jingo I have bumped up against so far in Melbourne is a middle-aged public servant of exceptionally placid exterior and soothing aspect. To enhance the incongruity of the matter he hails from County Clare—of all places. Not satisfied with wanting the summary execution, when the war is over, of Kruger, Steyn, and Schreiner, he says he fully expects the British Govt. to deport all the remaining Boers, to prohibit the language, and abolish all Dutch names. When I smiled he said I was an insulting brute and a Boer myself, and that I was gloating over the British in their hour of peril. These jingoes are distressingly serious and sober-minded.

The Asiatic's threatening method of advertising for a billet—from North Coolgardie (W.A.) HERALD:—

HASSAM GOOLAM, who has been in the employ of the following gentlemen:—David Lindsay for one week, as camel driver; Albert Thomas, for three months as camel driver; one month for Randall & Co., Coolgardie; 25 days for Alanah; three years for Charlie Cheving; one year and six months for Mr. Gourley, Mandurah, S.A.; three months for J. Blouche, Cue; six months for East Murchison G.M. Co., Mt. Magnet; three months for Mr. Callaghan, Lawlers; one year and six months for Astrofitter, Argus Springs, S.A.; five years camel driving all over the Eastern goldfields; one month in Southern Cross Hospital; resident of Karrachi, India, for ten years. My father and mother's address is Chakiallah, India. I now seek employment in hotel, or as camel driver. Only accept position where salary is sure. ANY AFGHAN, ANY INDIAN, ANY BELOOCHIE, ANY WHITE MAN, OR OTHERS CAUSING ME TROUBLE WILL BE GIVEN IN CHARGE. I never trouble anybody. Apply, by letter, to this office.—Signed.—HASSAM GOOLAM.

A Queenslander on Glassey:—

That eminent Radical and superlative patriot, Thomas Glassey, is at it again. Apparently possessed of the idea that it is his bounden duty to demonstrate his loyalty at any cost to other people, he rushed forward the other day with a joyful proposition that all employers of labor and also Under-Secretaries in the public service should place Patriotic Fund subscription-lists under the noses of their employes, and try to exact from them a day's pay for the cause of bloodshed. It is curious to note the various grades by which the Radical-Tory chameleon changes his hue. You commence by apologising for Tozer and his slobbering fiasco, and you wind up by suggesting that the civil service be coerced indirectly into subsidising the cause of the Transvaal capitalist-butchers. No one has been more severe in the past on this custom of levying a compulsory toll on the State servants than has Thomas Glassey, but a mighty metamorphosis has been working of late in the brain-pan of that erratic individual. It is, however, gratifying to note that many respectable conservative employers of labor in Bananaland have refused to adopt the above-mentioned pitiful means of demonstrating their loyalty, being content to plunk down their own subscription at their own pleasure, and leaving others to do the same or not, as they feel inclined.

"T.J." tells how he met a king:

In the early '70's much bullion used to be bought by branch banks and sent to their head offices in Sydney, and on different occasions it was writer's duty to go with the Govt. escort to the mint and check delivery of the gold. Arriving once with a particularly heavy load I had just got it all lifted on to the counter when a door behind the counter opened and to my astonishment the room filled with darkies, conspicuous among them an immense man with no head-covering but thick, grizzled hair; his huge body clad in a white shirt and a sort of skirt arranged so as to leave the right knee bare and fall to the ankle on the left leg. His feet were bare, and in his left hand he had a staff about five feet long. I assumed that the mint had been seized by colored bushrangers, and resolved that if they wanted the gold very badly they could have it. We had just lifted the largest ingot on to the counter when this big man stretched out his arm and gripped it, but, though it was only about the size of a brick, it weighed over 200lbs., and he didn't shift it at first try. Then the muscles stood out on arm and chest, his neck swelled, his eyes reddened, and up went the ingot. Then he put it down and strode out of the room followed by the rest. And when next day I read of the "visit of Thakambau and suite to the mint," I knew I had seen a king.

The Fountain of Youth, ZETZ-SPA WATER.
Nothing to equal it. See that you get ZETZ.*

SUNLIGHT OIL CAKE

FOR ALL STOCK AND POULTRY.
LEVER BROS. Ltd., Sydney.

Dr. M. MACKENZIE'S
THROAT LOZENGES
Are being Imitated.

Be SURE that the address on the Label—is LEADENHALL-ST., LONDON.

Sole Agent for Australasia: **C. E. Newman**
KING-ST., SYDNEY.

Aboriginalities.

THE CONVERT.
[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

I saw her off, a bouncing, brown-eyed miss
With Puritanic brows,
And sighed to think of sweetness such as this
Devoted to the Chows.

She strove to turn the heathen from his sin,
His gods of earthenware,
And at the mission helped to swell the din
Of misdirected pray'r.

In pretty pigeon-English she would plead
With Fat, or Lo, or Ling,
Quaint mysteries from the prophets did she read;
In riddles she would sing.

She drew Won Lung to seek the Christian goal,
With rapture none should share.
He was her own dear convert, and his soul
Was her especial care.

The pagan smiled, but bent a willing ear,
Or breathed a subtle sigh,
And when she pleaded squeeze a vagrant tear,
And murmured—"Welly nil!"

She knelt instructing him—poor simple Ruth,
Most prim of all the band—
And blandly Won embraced the "Christian" truth
He did not understand.

This happened years ago. The other day
I walked in Little Bourke,
And saw the suave Celestial Lung at play,
And pretty Ruth at work.

Won trifled with his dominoes. My stare
Provoked a friendly nod.
Within his Ruth was dusting with much care
A fendish Chinese god.

SILAS SNELL.

In a South Queensland court the other day the weary J.P. had to personally swear a witness in a plain drunk case. The printed form of oath wasn't on the premises, and the J.P.'s memory was defective, but he did his best. "The evidence you give shall be the truth. God strike you dead. What's your name?" Later he consulted the policeman. "I suppose a gory bob would be about the right thing?" he inquired. The policeman concurred, and the fine was one gory bob. It was in the same court that a medical J.P. was once hunted up at the last moment, as the only man available to fine the morning crop of drunks. The doctor had had a very wet night himself, and in the middle of the evidence he dozed off. There was a long pause. The evidence stopped. The cop. didn't like to shake his worship up, and after a weary interval was just deciding to fine the prisoners himself when his worship woke. "This case," he said solemnly in a thick voice, "is evidently one of inflammation of the bowels. The defendant"—here he glared at the dock—"must have a hot compress applied over the abdomen." Then he fell asleep again, and there was a great silence broken only by the blue-bottle that buzzed in the unconscious bench's ear.

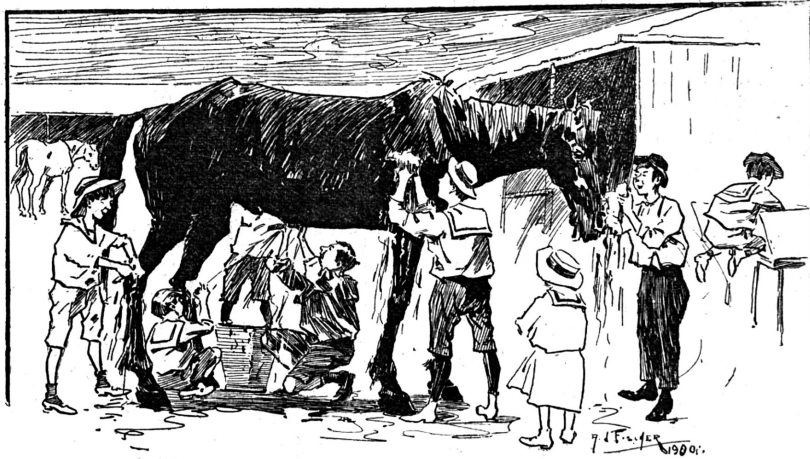


LONELY.

CONSTABLE: "Phwat's yer trouble, ma mahn?"
BILL THE DROVER: "Lorst me mate."
CONSTABLE: "He'll be in th' lock-up loikely.
Phwat's his naame an' description?"
BILL: "Warrigal—bout four year old—tail got white tip—wall eye, and best 'eeler on th' Castlereagh."

Letter from the son of a bush-policeman:

"There's two drunken men fightin' down at the Blazin' Stump, an' Mrs. Casey wants some of the police to go down." That's the message Casey's groom brought to pa as he was enjoying a smoke, the other evening. Pa don't smoke, as a rule, but he'd run-in a drunken shearer that morning, and, among other things, had found a pound of tobacco and a new pipe. Being an energetic officer, and always on the look-out for a case, pa got his handcuffs and revolver and made for the Blazin' Stump. He found one man asleep under the horse-trough, and the other was trying to impress the awful blank dash dryness of the Australian climate on a cattle-dog, and inviting the dog to come and drink. Pa responded on behalf of the dog, and, when the other man paid for the drinks, pa arrested him for being drunk and disorderly, and proceeded to run him in. Pa got hold of the man by the belt and the dog got hold of pa below the belt behind, and tore his trousers; pa kicked the dog and it let go. The drover lay down and would not move—he said if they wanted to run him in they'd blanky well have to carry him. Pa twisted his arm and hit him with the handcuffs, but he wouldn't budge. Mrs. Casey suggested they get the barrow from the stable, and sent the groom for it. The groom emptied



SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

The privileged Outlanders of a Sydney penny 'bus-stable, and moments of relaxation in the life of a 'bus-horse.

the manure out and brought it round. When they lifted the drover in a half-sov, fell out of his boot. Pa said he'd mind it till the drover came out of jug. They heard someone singing "We won't go home till morning" just as they got near the lock-up. It was the Police Magistrate and the bank manager. They had been celebrating the opening of the new church, and the banker was taking the P.M. home, so that he could sober up to attend Court in the morning. Pa logged the drover, but he only found a pocket-knife on him, so he gave it to me. When the P.M. asked the charge against the drover next morning, pa said, "Drunk and resisting the police and tearin'-me-uniform, your worship." "Prisoner at the bar, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I'm disgusted with you. Why can't you have a drink and be done with it, instead of making a beast of yourself in this way? You are fined £5 or three months. The constable deserves great praise for bringing such brutes as you here." After the Court was dismissed pa took the P.M. over to the pub, and shouted for him; he paid with the half-sov, he got from the drover. Pa and the Postmaster took the P.M. home that night. He pulled his wife out of bed and looked her up in the wash-house. Next morning he gave a hawker six months for ill-treating a horse.

"E.F.B.": It was in the early days of Hannan's (W.A.). Old Dick had died of fever, and we, his mates, were hard put to it to bury him decently; but Dave, having been a carpenter, managed to knock up out of old meat-cases a rude sort of coffin. Then we borrowed the only obtainable vehicle—a storekeeper's dray; and having instructed Dave to go round by the left of the alluvial working, we started off to walk to the grave. Jim and Bill had finished digging the melancholy receptacle when we arrived, so we all sat on the new-made heap and smoked while we waited for Dave and the remains. An hour passed, and then another, and still no Dave, no dray, no remains. Then we thought it was about time to investigate, and off we started. When we reached the pub. the publican told us Dave had called in two hours before, had a couple of whiskies, and had taken a bottle with him to keep his spirits up. We began to "tumble"; but while we were considering what to do we heard the sound of wheels and Dave's voice admonishing the mokes to get along faster and not be "a blanky funeral all his life." "Where have you been? What have you done with the corpse?" we shouted at him as he came up and we saw that the cart was empty. "The (hie) corpsh?" said Dave solemnly. "Oh (hie), he's all ri': couldn't be (hie) better! He's happy ash a (hie) san'boy!" "But where, you fool!" we all said together. "What have you done with him?" "Done with him? Why, the blanky (hie) shun got on 'im; so I just loosened the (hie) tailboard an' dumped 'im. 'E's all ri', 'e is!" "Well, come along and show us where he is," said I. But Dave had "gone down to it"; the whisky had beaten him, and he was dead to the world. Well, we hunted round and round, but never found the coffin; and when we got Dave sober, he had no more idea than we where he had left the defunct, so we filled in the grave, and on the side of a meat-case inscribed, "Sacred to the memory of Dick McCanish. Died Jan. 7, 1892. Requiescat in—wherever he was dumped." And where he was dumped is a mystery to this day.

"Jimmy P.": Said the roughrider from Bust-my-Gall: "The absoblankeyjumpinglutely worst bucker I ever see wizz a horse. 'Johnny the Roots.' We gottin' off Yeller Rock Station, which is terrible mountain-e-ous. No mistake th'orse wizz a holy terror. I've saw horses buck longer and louder; but I never see a horse buck 'igher. One Yeaster, a new-chum bobby got on 'n'im outside the lock'up, an', flash-like, he ripped th'ooks in; then there wizz circus. Th'orse kept goin' till he bucked above th' telegraph-wire; an' wen he wizz comin' daown he got all tangled dup with th' wizzes like a 'roo in a wire-fence. We 'ad ta cut th' wizzes ta git him an' th' bobby daown. They wizz nearly a court-case over th' cuttin' of th' wizzes—but wat could we a-done?"

Re children's luck. A squatter in Wagga district had a four-year-old daughter with a habit of getting up early and running barefoot in the garden until captured and dressed for breakfast. As she had been seen on several occasions making for a secluded place, where she remained in unaccustomed quiet, mischief was suspected, and she was quietly followed. The watcher was horrified to find her quietly rolling a 4-foot brown snake over and over with her bare foot. The reptile seemed to be having a good time, and remained quiescent. The pastoralist promptly killed him as a warning to the next snake to bite quickly and get away, and not play the benevolent reptile with any squatter's daughter.

"Eller": Bullock teams are unable to travel in N.W. Queensland owing to the drought. Food, in some places, is being sent by parcel post. A chest of tea sent in this manner cost £7 3s. 6d., nearly twice the value of tea. Some day, perhaps, a method of sending victuals by telegraph will be discovered, and then if the rate isn't prohibitive the backblocks will become almost habitable.

Dear BULLETIN.—Re your par. (BULLETIN 30/12/99) on falls of earth in mines being most frequent about 1 or 2 a.m. I was up in Kawakawa (North Island, M.L.) last winter, and this very question came up for discussion among the miners. Various theories of a startling nature were propounded. The one that brought down the house was invented by an old identity miner. He was of opinion that there was a "kink" in the earth's "axle," which caused a jar every night when it came round—just after midnight. This should annex the crumpeet.—ANGUS LYNDEN.

The lyre-bird seems slowly but surely dying out, although protected by law. Only a few years ago, by taking a ramble through the gullies on the Blue Mountains, you could see dozens. Now you are lucky if you see one in a week or so.

JIM JAMIESON, OF TRINGABAR.

[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

Jim Jamieson
Of Tringabar
By everyone
Both near and far

Was known to be the meanest man
That e'er sold sawdust mixed with bran;

He had a stiff-
Knead mangy moke,
Which looked as if
Its heart was broke;

A nag of venerable age
But questionable parentage.

Now this same Jim
One morning hot,
Selected him

A gun and shot,
And cantered off to try to shoot
Some wandering hare or bandicoot.

And when so far
Arrived at the
Particular
Locality

Where game abounds, he tied his horse
But just beyond a watercourse.

"You beast," he said
"You landed me
Upon my head

This morning; see,
No food or drink with my consent
Until to-night, for punishment."

He stalked away;
With anxious eye
His famished steed
Observed near by

A juicy pile (delicious sight!)
Of cartridges, marked "Dynamite."

One dubious sniff
And they had passed,
Gulped down as if
The region vast

Where they reposed had ne'er before
Partaken such ambrosia.

When Jim arrived
His gallant steed,
Although deprived
Of grassy feed,

Bulged slightly; on his bony side
He lay, prostrate but satisfied.

A curse, a whack,
An angry snort,
A rumble; and
A loud report!

Now o'er the plains of Tringabar
Jim Jamieson lies scattered far.

PAN.

"Albion Park": Once, in Riverina,
chased a rabbit into a log. Then sent in a tiny



THE DINNER'S RETREAT.

UNEXPECTED PARISHIONER (popping up): "Hol-loa! You're surely not off already. Don't you know it's the chief's birthday, and there's going to be a big dinner?"

PARSON: "Yes! Exactly! That's why I'm clearing. I was to be the second course."

terrier—used to carry him in my pocket—to look rabbit up, and never again saw that dog alive. Heard him give a couple of yelps. Hung around for three hours, and called until I was "black in the face." Next day, split log open, and found only a thundering big gohanna, that looked as though he'd just come from a banquet. Opened him, and got both rabbit and dog. The rabbit was nearest to the reptile's tail, and the dog must have gone right in after him.

Dear BULLETIN.—The cure for a biting horse: Break his jaw with an axe! Then break his head and his back.—J.A.C.

The Favorite and Best Summer Drink is

FRANZ JOSEF LAGER

SEE THAT
YOU GET IT.

Look for

Genuine
FRANZ JOSEF on Neck Label.

WATSON'S WHISKY.

For
that
Tired
Feeling

take

WOLFE'S
SCHNAPPS.

A BIG "BUST."
(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

"The wildest bust I ever struck," the lean old bushman said,
"Was run up by a gentleman they christened Heavy Ned.
"A s'p'rior sort o' person—which they often is the worst—
With Gehenner an' the Tropics planted in him fer a thirst.
"To try an' quench that thirst by pourin' liquor in his shirt
Was like a-irrigatin' the Sahara with a squirt.
"He went out on a bust one time, an' when the devils come
He scooted for the plain with 'arf a yard o' Hogan's rum.
"An' there he held his jamboree fer fourteen days, I swear,
An' jim-jams swarmed from all the world like locusts in the air.
"It was a noble levee. In the middle of a ring
Ned sat in state, receivin' of his jim-jams, like a king."
"Two weeks?" a doubter murmured—"Why, he'd starve.
What did he eat?"
"He caught the fantods," said Old Jim, "an' ate the beggars neat."
"The fantods? Rats! They wasn't real." The old man answered: "So,
Of course, they wasn't real, my lad, but how was he to know?"

SILAS SNELL.

"Yarrum" on the endless snake-yarn and its innumerable ramifications: H. J. M'Cooley says they only bite. I say they both strike and bite. When in a hurry, and the object is getting away, they strike. That dog, jumping over a tussock, was struck. Had he sat on it, he'd have been bitten. Again, only venomous snakes can strike. I've seen, slain, and studied too many of 'em, not to know a bit about their ways. Knew a shepherd named McCabe at Braidwood, who was struck fatally by a black snake, going at a terrific rate, with a dog in pursuit. (THE BULLETIN begins to wish that snakes had never been invented.)

"Yarrum": Connolly was a terror for pigs; and one Sunday morning, when I had "dropped in" for a look at the twins, "Come and see the new pig," said Connolly. We went out, and all the girls followed. The pig didn't seem to care about it, but I had to see him all round, and the old woman roused him up with a stick. The girls all said he was a "beauty," and "Biddy" said: "You know, sorr, I raley luv's 'em. Whoy, in the Ould Country we used to sleep soide by soide at the foire." One day, driving by in a hurry, Connolly, with his mouth full of spud, rushed out of the humpy, and shouted, "Hi!" Pulled up, and he asked me to "come and have a look at the pig." Went into the yard, and had another look. Then he got the steelyard and weighed the pig. I had my white waistcoat destroyed holding him up to it. He went 174 lbs. I missed the train. Again it was Sunday morning at church. Connolly and I were well at the back, kneeling in prayer, when all at once he looked round to me, and in a hoarse whisper, said: "You haven't seen the pig lately?" I thought I'd have died. When the animal reached 200 lbs.—he was weighed every second day—Connolly killed him; and I was glad, although he forgot to send along some of the pork.

"Eller": Consider the tracks ants make from their hill to the nearest tree where they feed. Track at sight might be mistaken for a sheep path, a thin bare strip through the grass. It must take ants years to tread it down, considering their size and weight.

WHAT IS "D.C.L."?

"D.C.L." is a brand applied to whisky, and is a guarantee of genuine merit, of good value, and of a pure and wholesome spirit. Ask for "D.C.L." (Black Bottle) Scotch.*

Arthur Griffith (Fellow Aust. Instit. Patent Agents, and Member Patent Law Assoc., Washington, U.S.A.), 169 Phillip-street, Sydney. Patents secured and Trade Marks registered throughout the world. Tel. 2898.*

Arthur Russell, American dentist, 8 Bourke-street E., Melb., makes beautiful teeth or teeth beautiful, whichever is necessary. Also painless operations.*

When anybody anonymous contributes a big sum to the "Patriotic" or "Bushmen" funds, the name is certain to be revealed to all and sundry within seven days. It is a good advertisement, and reminds one of the newspaper intimation:—"Watch this space—an important announcement next week." But the anonymous subscriber whose name leaks out with a shriek on the housetops gets extra credit—for his alleged modesty in allegedly trying to keep it from leaking.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

No notice will be taken of communications insufficiently stamped. Name and address must appear on M.S. No liability is undertaken in any case re contributions voluntarily submitted, whether sent by post or handed in; and in no case will M.S. be returned unless stamps (of any province) accompany.

B.Y.: Yes, it is stated that at Ladysmith the Transvaal generals put the Free Staters in front—also that the latter, while holding their ground, jeered at the Transvaal Boers as they bolted past them towards the rear. How the man at the back could bolt past the man in front while making for the rear wasn't explained.... Henry H.A.: Too many "Tommy" poems just now, so the Tommy poem that isn't first-rate gets left.... Myopia: Will endeavour to put the thrilling yarns in larger type.... E.W.D.: Your learned dissertation on the end of the century makes our head whirl and causes us to see spots and giraffes. Will argue when the weather is cooler.... R.F.L.: Will use. Thanks.... Queenslander: The Queensland Assembly passed the New Guinea vote with Dickson's assurance that part of it was to be applied to reimbursing the Somers Vine Papuan syndicate's expenses. And one paper, anyhow, reported Dickson as saying that the other Premiers, bar Lyne, had agreed to contribute. Probably you didn't read the item. It only occupied a few lines.... Molly M.: Pretty little verses enough, but only of "Elegant Extract" calibre.... Hair-dresser: Prize-fighter Jeffries is a white man.... Trotter: Sounds a little like an advt. for local coach proprietor.... An Englishman who is Ashamed of his Country: Thanks for letter.... Butler: THE BULLETIN is weary of pointing out that, as a single century doesn't finish till the end of its 100th year, and as 1800 years are exactly 18 centuries—1800 is obviously 1800 plus only 99-100ths of a century. The 20th century, therefore, will not commence till the remaining 100th (the present year, 1900) has been completed.... Heloise A.: Much better now; will probably print.... A.M.: Amended version to hand.... Bushy: You ask: "If a little dog persistently barks at a big dog, what happens?" Well, if a big dog persistently comes and lives in a little dog's yard and insists on bossing the yard, what ought to happen?... E. Hack: Poem not good enough. Besides, Saltbush Bill is Banjo's exclusive property.... P.P.: "Your paper ran out." Thank Heaven!... Cuthbert P.: Fairly good work, but the "mistaken identity" situation is too well-worn.... V.C.: You have some poetic feeling, but in these prosaic days even bards are expected to spell pretty decently. "Propitious" and "presence" are too un-



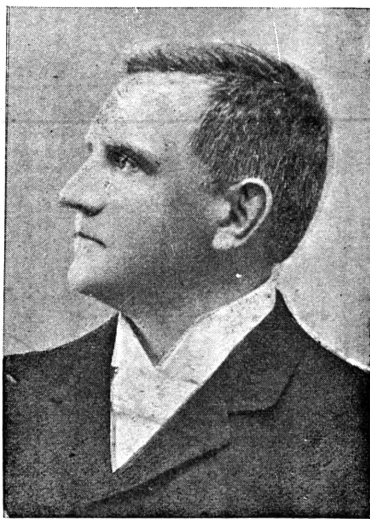
A DIFFERENCE.

CUSTOMER: "You Christian, John?"
CONVERTED JOHN: "No feah—Plesbytelian me!"

convention.... John E.: You take the gentle Rudyard too seriously; and whatever the sentiment of your counterblast may be worth, the execution is clumsy and feeble.... Australian (No. 2): Sorry quite unsuitable.... M.B.: Pleading style, but the compromising letter device is very old and weary.... H.C.G.: Too crude.... L. de B.: Is it a nightmare, or what?... Frank L.: Not a bad study; may use.... H.M.N.: Thanks. Communicate with BULLETIN account-ant about the one printed.... Herbert E.: Peremptorily, "Send cheque." Well, the things are rubbish! Is that "check" enough for you?... Australian: Could hammer neither rhyme nor reason out of it.... S.O.B.: Certainly, every man has a right to his opinions; but, on the other hand, every State has the right to refuse to employ its declared and proven enemies. The trouble comes in the impudent assumption of every ignorant Jack-in-office that his opinions are the test of what is inimical to the State.... J.B.: Well meant, but this verse would kill any "poem":

The viper to thy bosom crept
And coiled itself within
Found there the warmth for which it wept
To soothe its slimy skin,
And quaking on the breast it gave
Its heart's blood heat the to save
Of reptile long and thin.

.... Anti-War: Pleased to meet you.... San Reno: Thanks for cutting.... Keim: Don't know for certain whether you mean "two legs" to rhyme with "afterwards," but it certainly isn't to be done.... Cod. Fish: Many thanks.... Claypan: Rough piece of work.... Mers: Cupid, you mean. Well written; will consider.... Bendee: "Camp," lively; may use.... L.P.: Some skill, but rather too much spun out for the interest.... Paul C.: Not nearly up to our mark, yet not wholly unpromising.... Daisy: Pathetic little thing, but too schoolgirly for BULLETIN.... Pan: Doesn't pan-out well enough.... F.N.: Slight want of technique, but both worth considering.... A.A.A.: May do with a little pruning.... Hack: Not worth print.... Pelican: You say the Christian era began with the year 0. It didn't. It began at the beginning of the year 1. It was one year old at the end of the year 1. It was 100 years old at the end of the year 100. Therefore it will be 1900 years old at the end of the year 1900. If the



GEORGE LEAKE, Q.C., M.P., Federal Leader and Leader of Opposition (Western Australia), Photo., Greenham & Evans, Perth, W.A.

Christian era began with the year 0, how old was it at the end of the year 0?... Ben Sun: None brilliant: "Toll Bar" kept for further consideration. Boko: Precisely: It's the money squeezed out of the bushmen with the one hand, that is flung with the other to equip the so-called bushmen's contingents.... Carlton: One good item among them.... Kanga: Thanks.... Elizabeth: Feeble little effort.... Kiwi: Unintelligible, simply.... A.G.W.: Snake-yarn not up.... "Boots" some humor but lacks terseness.... W.: You took it too seriously; that was only our "little way.".... Zebra: Shows good knowledge of subject, but lacks life and movement and ends feebly.... R.D.W.: Would require too much patching-up.... Geo. S.: Can't screw any meaning out of it.... E.B.R.: Not quite strong enough.... H.M.L.: Both doubtful, will weigh.... H.A.: Has merit, but too long-drawn out.... June: Too much of the tyro in it. Try to find a less beaten track.... F. Marks: Good story, but has been already told in BULLETIN.... E.J.B.: Poem lamenting over the dead British soldier because his clothes would probably be so much torn before he was killed as to be valueless strikes us as novel. This paper has felt kind of sorry for the dead Tommy, but it never thought of weeping over the tearing of the dead Tommy's uniform.... E.A.P.: When a woman is right, she is right in a wrong sort of way.... F.E.S.: A weak little yarn.... M.A.: Same old yarn of the woman who is going to have a Past. It makes us tired.... Phillip: "A Leave-taking" has left suddenly.... "Those Bloomers": Verse is long where it should be short and short where it should be long.... Narranghi Boori: Sentiment is better than metre, but we hereby try a bit of it on the dog:

When you've shouted "Get yer hair cut!"
And you've said "What ho! she bumps!"
And the frenzy of the kettle-drum is waning;
When your mind is more collected,
And you've suddenly detected
That you haven't brought your gingham and it's raining.

There's a fellow wearing patches
With a pluck that overmatches
All the nerve required in battle, where it's glorious to die.
Well, you see him daily, hourly,
And he's seldom looking sourly—
Go, find him out, and send him "half-a-caser on the sly."
It would be all right if only "hair cut" rhymed with "bumps" a trifle better.... A.O.B.: But how often must it be pointed out that apprehensions for drunkenness are the loosest of all possible data for determining the prevalence of drink? The numbers of the police, their employment on other classes of work, a wave of special attention to this class of offence, and hundreds of other considerations, make the mere group of caught and caged beer-caters a misleading instead of a guiding index to the drunkenness or sobriety of a city.... The Lyre: "Night Out" shaky in syntax, and otherwise not quite up.... "Providence" too loose and sloppy.... Sinner: The beginning spoils it. You might re-write.... Stonecrop: Passably written, but no Australian interest.... Camiro: "Caught" doesn't quite catch on.... E.E.M.: Allegories are out of BULLETIN's line.... Wandering Willie: Wander further, William.... Glim: Dowsed.... Pete W.: Weepl humor and wildly-hilarious pathos.... Lewker: You should spell it "Lucre" and prefix "Filthy.".... The Other Fellow: Received with thanks.... L.J.C.: Will use "Dry" with some slight alterations.... Fleetwood: A sickening tale. May cut down and disinfect.... D.M.D.: Good lines here and there, but mostly commonplace ode to nice girl.... Old Guard: Difficult subject, and wants more skillful handling.... Jarty: Mostly the bald and oft-repeated assertion "This sweet to know my Genevieve." No doubt it is, but the fact lacks public interest.... L. Colonna: Will print "Quigley.".... Tim B.: "Baby" gambols are all flounders. Story as heavy as the ruins of Nineveh.... A.F.B.: You ask her to "yield that heart"—"those eyes"—"those lips"—"those arms"—and stop just as you're getting interesting. The rest is untutored emotion.... Glenview: "The wild wide birdspecked ocean" was the only thing which interested us, and one birdspeck won't cover all that tame expanse.... W.R.: Many thanks.... H.M.: Not bad; may see the light.... J.G.: A mere bagatelle.... S.R.T.: Not enough in it.... Akarana: Well-written, but rather too wordy for BULLETIN.... Duffer W.: Humorous, but lacking in literary skill.... Eric: Erotic and erratic and generally unsatisfactory.... Lyre: "Mam-mom" feeble; "Gratitude" a shade stronger, but still much below the mark.... Phill: You evidently suppose Sydney's in Victoria. Verses have some merit, but hardly enough for B.... A.L.: "Ouida" is a woman (Louise de la Ramo). (2) There is but one kind of lightning, though the form varies much; and "sheet" lightning is but ordinary lightning at a great distance. (3) Invidious to particularise. Any of the well-known firms can be depended on.... Tim Bobbin: Crushed an awful lot of manuscript and only got a few colors.... Gestor: Medical joke too awful. The other may do.... Henriette: False-teeth joke older than Groom, of Toowoomba.... Austral Aster: "Plain English" article, "A Lost Opportunity" in BULLETIN of 23/12/99, covers the same idea.... Tolerance (Romsey, Vic.): Don't worry. THE BULLETIN wants to be fired out of every School of Arts and public reading-room in Australasia. Its business instincts revolt against a system whereby one sixpenny copy does for 100 to 1000 people.... Geo. P.: Thanks.... Tired Tommy: Received.

TO ARTISTIC (AND INARTISTIC) CONTRIBUTORS.

Bill E. Kan: "Public-house Dining" too complicated.... Hal. M.: Neither usable.... E.M. (Parkes): One sketch will do with some improvement.

"Gunner": More self-repetition of history. Cabled that, when some British infantry were storming a kopje in S. Africa, the "Retire" was sounded, or called-out, by some undiscoverable person. During the Punjab War, the 14th Light Dragoons were advancing at a trot to charge some Sikh cavalry, when suddenly the whole regiment went "threes about," and galloped to the rear. It was proved at the consequent inquiry that someone gave the command, "Threes about; canter," but no one knew who it was. This regiment was afterwards derisively known as "the Threes-about."

Bravo.

(Recent cablegram to this Glorious Country:—"Bravo! New South Wales."—LORD AND LADY CARRINGTON.

Bravo! New South Wales
Has joined the fighting set,
With gun and bayonet.
Her flag flies in the gales
Of Africa. I bet
She'll whip the Boers yet.
Bravo! New South Wales.

Bravo! New South Wales,
She heard the distant drum
And felt her pulses hum:
Her Orators, like whales,
Were spouting—tears, and rum,
And blood, and Kingdom Come.
Bravo! New South Wales.

Bravo! New South Wales,
She mustered her best men,
Bushman and citizen—
From realms of posts and rails,
And cities. There and then
They threw down axe and pen.
Bravo! New South Wales.

Bravo! New South Wales;
Her heart was filled with pride
As to the water-side
They marched to put some nails
In Kruger's coffin wide—
Not waiting till he died.
Bravo! New South Wales.

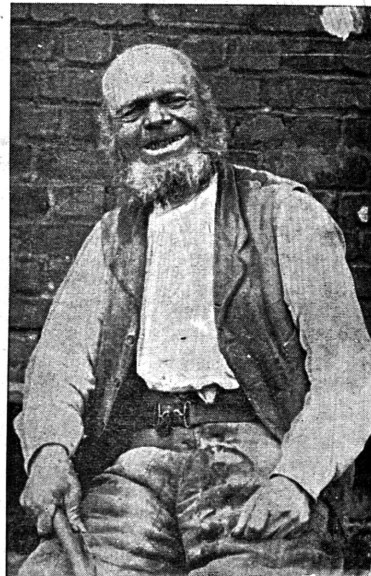
Bravo! New South Wales;
Her journals whooped with glee
De-mo-ni-ac-al-ly.
(Their spirit never quails
Who fight with ink—like me.)
O very proud was she!
Bravo! New South Wales.

Bravo! New South Wales
Has left for evermore
The peaceful paths of yore
To seek Unholy Grails,
And on a far-off shore
To paint herself with gore.
Bravo! New South Wales.

Bravo! New South Wales,
She yearns to be a great
Big-helmeted small State;
But the Eternal Scales
Weigh all things, soon or late...
And she has challenged Fate.
Bravo! New South Wales.

CREEVE ROE.

Bishop in the front pew. Flustered Curate: "Here beginneth the second chapter of the Duke of Booteronomy—ahem!—the Boot of Dukeronomy."



A PIONEER HUON (TAS.) SETTLER.

For Bilght, Inflammation, Granulation and all affections of the eye use an infallible remedy. HICKSON'S CELEBRATED EYE WATER has for many years proved its worth. Effectual when doctors fail. Perfectly harmless. Highest testimonials. Post free to any address, 2s. 6d. R. Hickson, Rockdale, N.S.W. Agents wanted.*

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THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

For continuous use by the Constipated, the Gouty, and the Obese. Apply to Chemists for "Regimen for the Obese" Card, published by the Apollinaris Company, Ltd., London.*

ROWLAND'S
KALYDOR

For the Skin.

Removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, Roughness, Heals and Cures Irritation, Insect Stings, Cutaneous Eruptions. Produces Soft, Fair Skin and a Lovely Delicate Complexion. Most cooling and soothing in hot climates. Warranted harmless.

ROWLAND'S
ESSENCE OF TYRE.

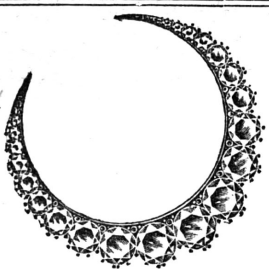
The most perfect Hair Dye. Produces a permanent brown or black which cannot be removed. Ask for Rowland's articles, of Hatton Garden, London. Sold by Stores and Chemists.

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JEWELLERY

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FAIRFAX & ROBERTS, Brooch or Pendant, 50 Guineas.
Vice-Regal Jewellers,
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We have an immense Stock of loose Diamonds.



Küppers Elberfeld Lager.



AUSTRALIA'S DOUBLE-BANKED NIGHTMARE.

MORAL.—Keep somebody at home to do the washing-up.

FOR WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE, MAY THE LORD MAKE YOU TRULY THANKFUL, was the pious wish the London Stock Exchange wired to the wily Kruger. Another thing they might have wished him was a cool head, to be obtained by using "FEDERAL SHAMPOO FREEZER." Ask Chemists and Barbers for that dry shampoo this hot season. Elliott Bros., Agents.

The Grip



In that tickling cough of yours there lurks a crouching tiger! It's ready to spring just the moment you're off your guard. Damp feet, a little more exposure, moist air, or some little change, and you are down with pneumonia. Take no chances with such a dangerous foe.

You may not have the Grip hard, but there is always danger of pneumonia.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

is the great preventive of serious lung disease. It's a prompt and certain cure for the Grip. Your hacking cough stops at once, the soreness in your chest passes away. Your escape from pneumonia is complete.

In Large and Small Bottles.

A cure is hastened by placing over the chest one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

The B. and N. Treatment

Numerous testimonials have been received certifying to the efficacy of this medicine in restoring Nerve, Brain and Constitutional vitality. For all forms of Debility, Loss of Energy, Anemia, Failing memory, and Premature Decay, it is especially indicated. There are on the market so many "quack" remedies for the ailments above mentioned, that it becomes important to emphasise a really reliable and honest medicine. The B. and N. Food is a scientifically compounded remedy, prepared with the greatest care by an experienced and most reputable pharmacist. It is recommended with unqualified confidence. Price, 10s. 6d. a Box.

The Medical Agency:

MELBOURNE CHAMBERS, COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

It is dangerous for a little man to give public expression to disloyal sentiments in Melbourne, but a big man can get up and insult the empire, when the spirit moves him, without any serious risk. Writer quotes, in proof, two Port Melbourne incidents of the day when the second contingent shipped for glory or the grave. When the noble fellows were parading Bay-street, an inarticulate drunk, about 5ft. high, took a lunar at the Victorian armed forces, and said, "Yah!" and "Bah!" Seven of the crowd took him smartly in the rear, and having kicked the dust out of him, rinsed him in a horse-trough. A hundred yards further on a large, black wharf-laborer, with a face like the seven deadly sins, and a reputation as a bruiser of great ferocity, was standing in a conspicuous place, heaping insults on the colonel, and, inferentially, on the throne and person, and inviting the whole Contingent to put down its gun and fight him like a man. Nobody felt called upon to prove his loyalty on that ravening Zulu. The crowd gave him a large open space to swear in, and the push that dipped the small drunk carefully overlooked the big nigger's blatant shriek, and passed by at a respectful distance.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best, restores the natural color. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large bottles 1s. everywhere.*

An old soldier's opinion :-

The most ridiculous force that has yet left for the war is the N.S.W. Mounted Rifle, 2nd Contingent. They were absolutely one big "awkward squad," and should have been kept in camp at least six weeks longer to have enabled their commandant to get them at all efficient. Men were known to be in the force who had paid others to go through their riding and shooting tests for them (What evidence?—Eh, I.J., but there was no way of weeding them out in the time. The bulk of the saddles were not issued until a couple of days before embarkation. Some of the officers selected could neither ride nor shoot, and knew nothing at all of mounted drill, and had to be instructed first. Two of them dismounted suddenly without leave at the first parade, and a third, when told that he would have to put his nag over a 3-foot fence as a test, ejaculated "Oh Lord," and asked to be allowed to withdraw—and yet he remained. Major Knight did his best. As soon as he had collected about 100 saddles, he proceeded to take the men out in squadrons, and galloped them about the hills for an hour or so—those with him at the finish, no matter how they hung on, being reckoned good enough. There was no time to trouble about formations, and it was enough to drive a soldier to drink to see them charging around like a mob of kangaroo-hunters. At the finish there were generally more men on foot than mounted. As regards the Bush Contingent, some of its prospective members look as if they had never been further from Sydney than Cook's River in their lives. And they know *lots* about horses. One man asked by an officer to fetch him a horse off the lines unfetters the nag's halter and calmly tried to lead him away by the heel-rope. That Bush Contingent is pitifully deficient in business. The part I saw ought to be taken to the Zoological Gardens and have a kangaroo shown to it as the beginning of its bush education.



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FOREIGN STAMP IMPORTER,
74 Elizabeth-st., Sydney.
Australian Stamps bought, price-lists gratis.

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MELLIN'S FOOD

RESEMBLES MOTHER'S MILK IN COMPOSITION AND PROPERTIES, IT MAY BE GIVEN FROM BIRTH.

MELLIN'S FOOD is of the highest value for the weak and sickly babe, as well as for the strong and vigorous. Adapted for use in all Climates.

MELLIN'S EMULSION

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, LOSS OF FLESH, AND GENERAL MALNUTRITION.

MELLIN'S FOOD AND MELLIN'S EMULSION MAY BE OBTAINED OF ALL DEALERS.

"The REAL MACKAY"

FINEST OLD SCOTCH WHISKY.

IN CLARET BOTTLES.

Harrison & Attwood, Sole Proprietors.

ALL WHO DESIRE TO HAVE
SOFT VELVETY
SKIN,
CAN OBTAIN
IT
BY USING

BEETHAM'S
LAIT
Farola

KEEPS THE SKIN
COOL AND
REFRESHED
IN

HOT WEATHER,

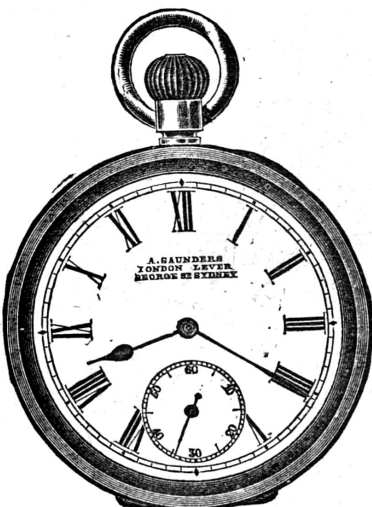
And entirely removes

All Roughness, Redness,
Tan, Chaps, Irritation, &c.

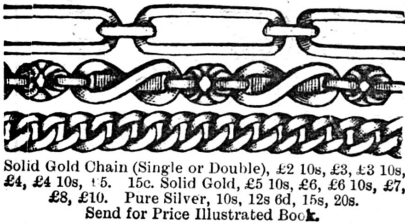
BOTTLES, 6d., 1/- & 2/6.

Sole Makers—M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

FELTON, GRIMWADE & Co.,
MELBOURNE;
ELLIOTT BROS., SYDNEY.



A. SAUNDERS.
Strong, Cheap, Reliable Levers. Unrivalled, 20s; Solid Gold, 20s, 25s; 15c. Gold, Silver, 35s; Hunting, £2. London Keyless Lever, 35s, £2. Monogram on, 2s 6d extra. Solid Silver, 5s.



Solid Gold Chain (Single or Double), £2 10s, £3, £3 10s, £4, £4 10s, £5. 15c. Solid Gold, £5 10s, £6, £6 10s, £7, £8, £10. Pure Silver, 10s, 12s 6d, 15s, 20s. Send for Price Illustrated Book.



A. SAUNDERS.
Gold Mizpah Ivy Leaf and Heart Motto, 12s 6d; Silver, 4s 6d.



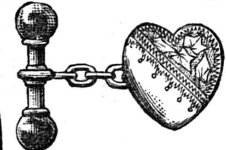
15c. Gold, Diamonds and Rubies, with Ivy Leaves, 25s. Very cheap.



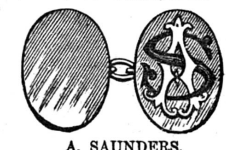
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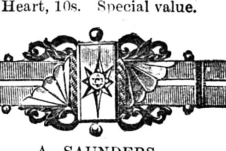
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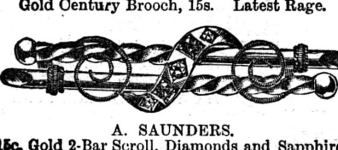
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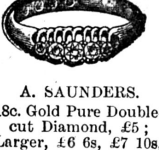
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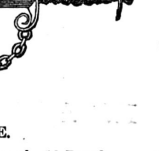
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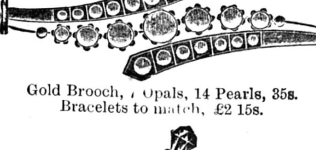
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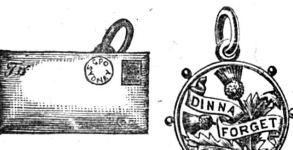


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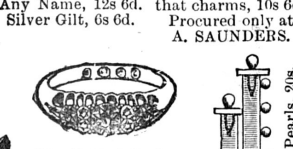


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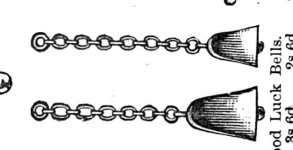
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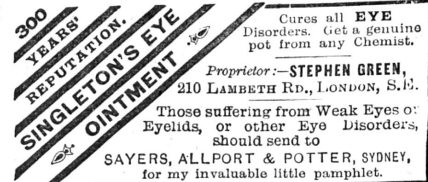
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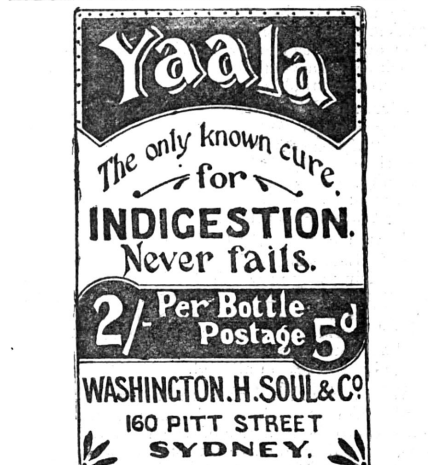
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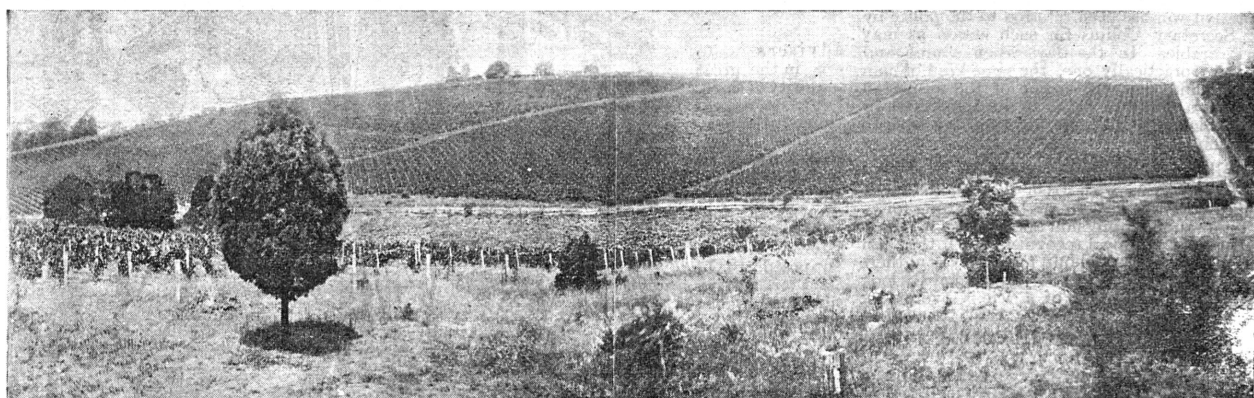
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Cartridges, E.C., from 10s 6d to 13s per 100.

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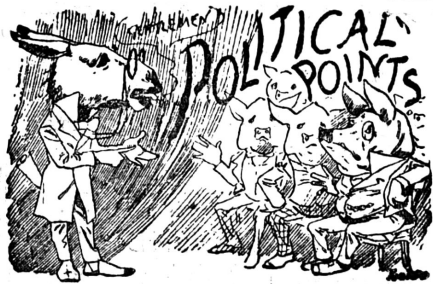
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N.S.W. Navigation Amendment Act hangs fire. Just before the Governor affixed his signature it was pointed out to him that certain provisions in it made the royal assent imperative.

After all the assurances that Westralia dare not federate because its agricultural industries are not yet fairly started, and require protection against the other provinces, it comes as a shock to learn from PERTH MORNING HERALD that the present trouble is "the glut in farm produce."

Premier Philp stumped North Queensland four years ago with the cry of Separation on his lips. "My one desire is Separation," he harangued. In time he became Mines Minister and later Premier, and in this current character had the cool front last week to say that North Queensland doesn't want Separation.

It was commonly believed that Fink left the McLean-Shiels Ministry in anger at the patronising way in which Shiels alluded to him as an "intelligent man." But as that chronic invalid now says Fink isn't so intelligent as he thought, and Fink, instead of being pacified, is madder than ever, it is evident that Fink didn't retire for the reason alleged.

When N.S.W. Labor-member Holman, on a platform at Hobart (Tasmania), made some allusions to the injustice of the Transvaal war, he was charged inside five minutes by as many men as volunteered for the war in all Tasmania. Tasmania, loyal as it is, rushes very gradually at the man with a gun compared to the enthusiastic way it rushes at the man without one.

Thomas Thompson, one of the heavy burdens of Maoriland Government, has been persuaded to retire with a semblance of dignity, and McGowan, of the Thames, joins the Ministry. The dire necessity for getting rid of Thompson (if possible, without carrying him out and dropping him publicly on the pavement, but of getting rid of him somehow) has long been apparent.

N.S.W. Minister for Education Perry publicly states that anyone in his department who expresses doubts about the justice of the present war will have a particularly warm time. The same gentleman charges the Boers with having deprived our fellow-subjects in the Transvaal of that glorious liberty of speech won for them by their ancestors on many a hard-fought field. Now, perhaps, he may be able to explain to us wherein the difference lies between Oom Perry and Oom Paul.

It has come at last. Down in Tasmania the case of a person suspected of not believing in the present war has been referred to the police by Chief Secretary Collins for such action as may seem desirable. In the days when church and state were practically one, the same kind of man used to hand over the name of the suspected heretic on a piece of paper to the Inquisition in the same kind of way. We are getting back to first principles.

"Melb.": O'Shanassy packed the Victorian Civil Service with Irish to such an extent that even now the Hibernians are in strong force. Now there is an impression abroad that all Irish are rebels, and the loyal recognise that if they can get the O' crowd turned out for disloyalty, there will be a heap of billets. So you can hardly look out through the keyhole of a Vic. Government office without seeing an ear at the other side—mostly an ear that is prepared to swear to anything.

Premier Lyne frequently closes his Cabinet meeting without prayer. Little pity he deserves. A Premier when Cabinet-making should avoid men who are members of sectarian secret societies and organisations with firebrandish purposes. N. S.W. Premiers, however, never succeed in doing this; apparently they never try. They pick up a hulking mass of green to placate one push and a sack of orange yells to placate another—and suffer from sore heads and distracted councils as a consequence.

"David G.": From the recently-printed letter of N.S.W. Lancer Daley:—

We went out one day to arrest a Boer at his house. We secured him, and then went to the stable to get some horses. We asked a native who was at the stable for a bridle to lead the horse, but he refused. Captain Cox threatened to shoot him if he did not get it at once. He would not obey, and without any more ado the policeman who was with us put a bullet through his head.

And Australia is shocked at the low value which the Boer puts on native lives.

Those who know Bendigo's deep-sinking reputed millionaire, George Lansell, now long past 70, marvelled when they learned that, in deference to the Minister for Mines, he had ended the local mining engine-drivers' strike by agreeing to pay the standard wage-rate. But, after all, the very obstinate, self-willed old gentleman had not changed in a day. A week after it had been announced that the whole thing was settled only 13 of the 60 drivers were at work, and of course a large number of miners were still locked out. The opponent of compulsory arbitration finds in the circumstance a convincing proof that the project must fail—"You can bring a mule to water but you can't make him drink." The circumstance, though, really provides an argument for fixing a penalty when terms are not complied with. The Lansell case is a proof that the non-compulsory variety of arbitration (the kind that was tried on Lansell) is a failure.

Melbourne AGE, discussing the question of State Governors under Federation, remarks that "the State Governor will need to be a good business man and a State officer—not a feeble and tawdry imitator of Royalty." Which is a nasty way of implying that State Governors in the past have been rather a cheap job lot.

Fegan, N.S.W. Minister for Agriculture, speaking at a show Lismore way recently, remarked that "he was not an agriculturist himself, but that was perhaps an advantage, as he had no fads. He had a staff of competent experts to advise him." That expresses a favorite opinion of the late Parkes—an opinion which is responsible for many of the evils which curse N.S.W. An ignorant Minister may have no fads in the form of predilections for particular ways of doing things, but ignorance is itself an all-blighting fad. "A Minister who knows nothing works his department smoothly," said Premier Parkes; "those who know something, or think they know something, create confusion." Consequently he put blacksmiths over Education, shoe-makers over Mines, and hotelkeepers over Justice. But even if such men have no fads, does not their ignorance make them dependent on official

advisers who are, in the great majority of cases, faddy to an extreme? Further, if the Parkes-Fegan theory be correct, what is the need for full-grown and full-paid men as Ministers? Are they supposed to be paid for their ignorance?

The Tramway Bill introduced by Bromley, M. L.A., in Vic. Assembly provides, among other things, that, except in cases of urgent necessity eight hours shall be a legal day's work, not only for men employed on tramways but also, in the case of horse-trams, for the animals in the shafts. Truly it is time that the horse had an eight-hour movement as well as the man. But it is further provided that when the man works overtime (in cases of urgent necessity) he shall get 25 per cent. extra pay. This is a guarantee that his overtime won't come round too often. But the horse can't get extra pay for overtime, and so the urgent necessity for him to do some extra-special haulage will probably happen so often that he will be a very old horse before he begins to know anything about the eight-hour system.

In 1877 four men escaped from Hobart gaol; nineteen have since got away, four during the present year. Also one enterprising individual got over the wall into the gaol, "by way of looking at the other side of the case," says ex-Premier Braddon. Even the Hobart people have left off taking their gaol seriously now.

The German Military Department takes three years to make a soldier, but "when the Empire calls," the Cow-Shaking Ministry of N.S.W. guarantees to do it in three weeks.



M'DOUGAL'S HELL.

[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

TAM M'DOUGAL, died, and drifted to the awful bourne below
Where the sainted politicians and the pious elders go,
Where the sober-sided Philistines in flames eternal dwell,
And behold there's only hell for those who did believe in Hell!

As the smoke of æons lifted o'er the red gates flaming wide,
Up to greet the damned M'Dougal came the spirit of his bride—
Of his bride of years ago. He fled athwart the clinkered stars,
But she seized him by the whiskers, and she plucked him through the bars!

Oh! she'd harried him on earth, and made his life a smouldering curse,
She had rent his very vitals, and had ever plucked his purse.
When she died he lifted up his voice, and wept a live-long day—
But he praised the Lord for fifty that had taken her away!

Now, she dragged him down the seething depths, and set him for a year
Where the fire was white with leprous hate, and great, fanged serpents were.
With the Gulf's grim host she tortured him, and twenty devils' wit,
And her conduct with one Judas was the scandal of the Pit!

For a year M'Dougal writhed in woe; his wife with malice grim
Made the life an earth in hell, and culled its fiercest pangs for him.
Then he rose with shrieks of fury, and went flaming up the steep,
Seeking justice of the Master where a million millions weep.

"Ye may fill my bones with molten gold, my skull with bubbling lead,
An' I'll bless ye if ye'll rid me o' my cursed wife!" he said.
Satan heard the case, and answered: "'Tis the law—go, heed it well.
There's no marriage up in Heaven—and there's no divorce in Hell!"

E.D.

Some Australian employers are so muddled in their loyalty just now that they are sacking all foreigners—Danes, Greeks, Italians, Portuguese, Norwegians, and sundries—with a vague impression that every man who isn't British-born is a Boer. Even a Peruvian who couldn't read English, and didn't know where the Transvaal was, and in his inability to comprehend papers printed in English wasn't fully aware that there was a war, got the run from his billet lately in one Australian city on the general charge of being a — Boer.

The N.S.W. public service, as it is managed nowadays, is a fearful and wonderful institution. A blue-book is published regularly showing the salaries paid to every public servant; but it doesn't follow that the public servant gets the salary with which he is credited—not by a long way. In the professional division many officials received increases (on paper) which were to take effect (on paper) from 1st July, 1898. And at time of writing, which is 26th January, 1900, they haven't begun to collect these increases, and don't even know for certain that they ever will collect them. The Public Service List states the pleasing fiction that they are getting them—but they aren't.

It is an open question, after all, if the next Westralian Assembly will be much more reformed than the present one. The Amending Constitution Bill gives the goldfields a shade more representation than they have hitherto enjoyed; and provides also for woman suffrage, a slight expansion of the male suffrage, and for triennial elections instead of elections every four years as heretofore. But the Bill is now wearily trotting Englandwards for the Royal assent, and it isn't expected to come into force till about June. When it comes in force the newly-enfranchised voters, provided they have six months residence qualification, may start to register themselves as fast as the legal formalities allow, and six months after registration they can vote, if they don't lose their vote by removal in the interim. In the weird land of the Sandgroper a man has to qualify as an elector and get himself registered as an elector, and then he isn't an elector after all—not for another half-year. The franchise is practically a crime in W.A.

Higgins, M.L.A., of Victoria, struck a heavy incidental blow at the McLean Ministry over the Land Bill. He moved the insertion of a clause giving the Government power, as in Maoriland, to compulsorily purchase large estates to be cut up and re-sold in small farms. No province needs such a law more than Victoria, for right at the door of Melbourne there are still enormous pastoral properties which the owners refuse to break up, and meanwhile population is being elbowed across the border through sheer want of good land to settle on. The McLean Government spoke against the proposal and implored Higgins to withdraw it, but the hairless one was immovable. So it despairingly voted with Higgins, Turner, and the old Ministry generally for the new idea, and it was carried so far as the Assembly was concerned. The Duncan Gillies push of Tories, which keeps McLean in office, took the other side as a matter of course, so already there is a rift within the lute, and the chance is that the lute will never be quite the same lute again.

"The Minister said he was much pleased with the appearance of the men of the contingent, and their shooting was excellent. He felt that in the end British intervention would result advantageously, not only to the Uitlander but to the Boers as well."—Melbourne paper.

THE RIFLEMAN'S "AIM."

I'm a tall, attractive soldier in a natty khaki suit,
For years I've practised shooting at a little dummy man,
Now I'm going out in earnest on a patriotic loot
To plug the bloomin' Boers—bag as many as I can.

I'm not certain where I'm bound for—but it's somewhere
"over there"—

If you ask me why I'm going I reply: "Because I am!"
I'm not sure what Kruger's doing, and I don't know that
I care,

For my fundamental principle is "Never give a damn."

The Minister's been with me; he admires me very much,
And compliments my shooting. Talking large about
"the cause."

He assures me 'tis my object—while I perforate the
Dutch—

Their dull intellects to brighten and make liberal their
laws.

Our Suicides.

Who has not, in a measure, committed suicide? Does not everyone kill himself more or less?—Some by too much dissipation; others by working to excess; others by making night day; others by loving those who do not love them. Means of suicide abound; one has only to choose.

"I too," says a well known writer, "tried to commit suicide just like many another, not precisely to the same extent as those whose tragic end is reported in the daily papers, but I did what I could."

"I neglected the plain, plaintive warnings of my liver; I worried through sleepless nights, knowing they resulted from a torpid condition of the liver. I tried to keep my work up when I had frequent nausea, giddiness, flatulency, and could see my tongue was heavily coated; in fact, the liver tried all possible ways to show me it needed repairing and regulating, but I ignored the warning."

Many who read this have had the same experience, but others have chosen to avoid these complications, and rid themselves of liver trouble by using the great liver specific—Warner's Safe Cure. The universal verdict is, "I only wish I had tried it before."

T. Pickup, Esq., ex-Councillor, Family Hotel, Glenelg, writes: "It is now five years ago that I suffered from my liver and kidneys. I had severe pain across my loins and under the shoulder-blades, which made me very depressed and disinclined to attend to business. Doctors failing to relieve me, I made up my mind to try Warner's Safe Cure. I gave it a fair trial, taking in all about ten bottles, with the gratifying result that I am perfectly cured."

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We are Sole Agents for the incomparable "Steinway," a Piano possessing numerous scientific patents of real practical value. The Steinway Piano is unsurpassed for grand and massive yet delicate tone quality.

We also carry full lines of the "Brinsmeads." They are of English manufacture and noted for solidity of construction thus ensuring great durability. The "Victor" Piano is so well known all over Australia that a description of this remarkably cheap instrument is unnecessary.

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We handle the Estey Organ very largely and claim they are the cheapest

and best value Organs to be purchased anywhere. The Estey Co. have manufactured more than 306,000 Organs; this is in itself a sufficient guarantee that they have left the initial stages of manufacture in the remote distance. The prices of our Organs are extremely cheap. We will mail illustrations on application.

VIOLINS

You will find on our third floor a very extensive collection of 800 Violins ranging in price from a few shillings upwards. We carry quarter, half and three-quarter size Violins; these smaller models are for the little ones whose fingers are too small to manipulate a full size instrument.

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Our celebrated "Reliance" Strings are acknowledged to be the very best that can be manufactured, and, as their name indicates, they are thoroughly to be relied upon.

Notwithstanding the excellent quality our prices are really moderate.

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Special attention is directed to our Band Instrument Department (third floor); it is replete with instruments of every description for Bands and Orchestral Societies.

Our business transactions with the Manufacturers are on a very large scale—we place extensive orders and obtain special discounts; this enables us to sell at a phenomenally low price. We are Sole Agents for Besson, Boosey, and Couesnon.

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Polyphons possess a fuller and sweeter tone, they are fitted with interchangeable steel music discs, easy to adjust; there are thousands of tunes already produced; when tired of those you have you can order new ones.

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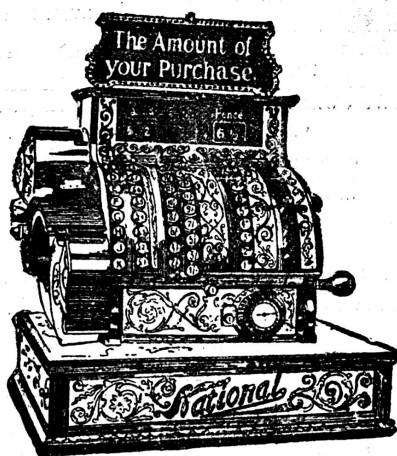
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Paid-up Capital 1,950,000 0 0
Reserve Fund 1,200,000 0 0
Reserve Liability 1,950,000 0 0

Total 5,100,000 0 0

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WILLIAM ALFRED COTTEE, Esq.
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MARYBOROUGH
ROCKHAMPTON
BUNDABERG
MACKAY
TOWNSVILLE
LUCINDA POINT
GERALDTON
CAIRNS, &c.Leura, Sat., Feb. 3, 12 Noon.
Koonowarra, Tues., Feb. 6, 5 p.m.
Tyrian, Sat., Feb. 9, 12 Noon.

Steamer early.

Steamer early.

Peregrine, Sat., Feb. 3, 12 Noon.
Gabo, Tues., Feb. 6, 5 p.m.
Leura, Sat., Feb. 10, 12 Noon.Peregrine, Sat., Feb. 3, 12 Noon.
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CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED £150,000 0 0
CAPITAL PAID-UP £90,000 0 0
RESERVE LIABILITY £150,000 0 0
Amount at Credit of Estates, Trusts,
and Clients, 30th June, 1899 .. £6,886,057 8 11Insolvency Department, Mr. L. I. Barker registered
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Amount of Capital payable by Shareholders .. 500,000

Total Capital £3,000,000

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Commercial Bank of Australia
(LIMITED).REGISTERED CAPITAL £1,500,000 0 0
PAID-UP CAPITAL (11/12/99) .. £3,163,938 10 0

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Capital Paid-up £100,000
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AUSTRALASIAN	T. F. Spalding	3700	Feb.	18
SALAMIS	A. H. G. Douglas	4600	March	9
ABERDEEN	A. Robb	3800	March	30

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Tickets are available until used, and Saloon
Passengers can break their journey at Auckland,
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*BARBAROSSA	10700	A. Richter	Mar. 10	Mar. 17
*P. R. LUITPOLD.	8288	H. Walter	Apr. 7	Apr. 14
GERA	6005	W. Meissel	May 5	May 12

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Reserve Fund 1,010,000 0 0
Reserve Liability 1,000,000 0 0

£3,010,000 0 0

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And Ports North to Cairns
For BRISBANES.S. Eurimbla, Friday, Feb. 2.
S.S. Wollwra, Sat., Feb. 10.
(Without Transshipment).

S.S. Cintra, Frid., Feb. 2.

S.S. Adelaide, Sat., Feb. 3.

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Touching at the usual intermediate Ports.
With Permission to call at Brindisi.

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*OCEANA	6603	L. H. Crawford, C.B., R.N.R.	Feb. 21
*BRITANNIA	6525	F. H. Seymour	March 7
*INDIA	7911	W. D. G. Worcester, R.N.R.	March 21
*VICTORIA	6527	E. Crewe	April 4

* Proceeding via Hobart.

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GUTHRIE	2500	W. G. M'Arthur	April 5

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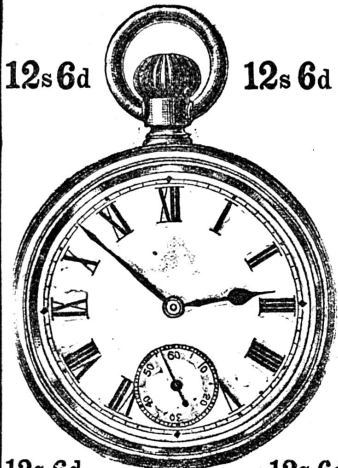
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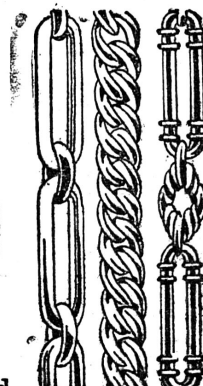


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INDIGESTION and EMACIATION

A Queensland Tribute.

THE DOCTOR ORDERED HIM TO TAKE CLEMENTS TONIC.

He Obeyed and has Cause to be Thankful.

The Case of MR. JAMES STEPHEN POTTER.

(BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER)

In consequence of information received the other morning, our reporter drove to Mount Joy-street, South Brisbane. It did not take long to find Mr. James Stephen Potter, who is well and favourably known in that portion of Queensland's capital city. Sitting under the front verandah of the house, the following conversation ensued, and was faithfully taken down in the newspaper man's note book.

"You have been ill, I am informed?" was the first question.

"Yes," replied Mr. Potter; "I suffered from indigestion and a wasting away of my flesh. I couldn't manage my meals, and it has always been a bad sign with me when my appetite goes off. A most unpleasant and bitter taste was always on my tongue and the roof of my mouth. I had a dull feeling in the head, and, generally speaking, I was all out of order, and when I went up to be examined by the doctor for the friendly society, of which I wished to become a member, that medical man refused

to pass me. The nature of my employment causes me considerable confinement, and I thought, perhaps, want of exercise was the cause of my illness. I now started with dumb-bell exercise, and persisted in that for some time, but all this was as useless as the physic I took. I began to fall away in flesh. I couldn't sleep at night, but lay in bed awake three parts of my time longing for the morning light, and when the day returned I felt dull, depressed, and weary, and quite unfit to tackle the duties of the day."

"How long did all this last?"
"Oh, for some weeks. I was getting about tired of it. I grew weaker and thinner all the time."

"What were the doctor's orders?"
"The doctor's orders were to take Clements Tonic, and I only wish I had known about the recuperative powers of that remedy when I first fell ill. Not to take up your time too much, I may tell you that I purchased some Clements Tonic, and at about the same time I read an account of the case of a man that was cured of indigestion in a Brisbane paper. I noticed with some interest that the symptoms described in the newspaper paragraph were very similar to those that affected me. I started taking Clements Tonic as the

doctor had ordered. In two or three days' time I found a marked difference in my health. I once had a feeling of heaviness in the chest after eating. This I now found was giving way under the influence of the Clements Tonic. I soon found that my sufferings were being cured just in the way that I had read of in the newspaper. Then as to appetite. Whereas once I could hardly look at food, and only made a light meal now and then, I now found I was getting quite an appetite and always came quite hungry to my meals. My food now had quite a different taste, and was no longer a weight upon my chest making me heavy, tired, and drowsy in the day time, but nourished me and gave me strength and vitality."

"How did you get on?"
"Splendidly. I continued the doses of Clements Tonic, and soon lost all the disagreeable symptoms of my malady. Once more I slept a wholesome, dreamless sleep, and awoke refreshed and cheerful in the morning ready for my day's duties."

"Did you gain admission to the club?"
"Yes; I went before the doctor again and he passed me immediately, and congratulated me on my recovery. I am as sound as a bell, and my digestion is in

perfect order now, the credit for which is due to Clements Tonic. I am pleased to know that if anything ever goes wrong with me in future that I have a remedy at hand that will put me right."

"With your permission I shall publish this interview?"

"Certainly; you have my full permission," said Mr. Potter, shaking hands and bidding good-day.

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, James Stephen Potter, of Mount Joy-street, South Brisbane, in the Colony of Queensland, do hereby solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of three folios and consecutively numbered from one to three, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish the same in any way; and I make this solemn declaration, voluntarily and without receiving any payment, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of "The Oaths Act, 1887."

J. S. Potter

Declared at South Brisbane this 15th day of July, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, before me,
THOS. HEASLOP, J.P.

SPORTING NOTIONS.

Sydney backers have seldom before subscribed towards the income of this book as unanimously and often as in the recent Anniversary meeting. In the two days' racing not a first favorite lost home; five events, including the two big races, were won by rank outsiders; and as two even-money favorites—backed by everyone—and half-a-dozen first choices nearly as warm, went down, the ring must have gathered in a harvest. The meeting badly shows up the "can't lose" system of putting £1 on the favorite in the first event and doubling on every subsequent favorite until one gets home. Putting on this principle a backer would lose on the two days £4095. Or, rather, he wouldn't lose that much, because, when it came to the last event and he had to get £2048 on one horse for it, he would find that all the books combined couldn't lay him the odds to that amount.

Maitland (N.S.W.)-owned gelding Inquirer, who got away with S.T.C. Anniversary Handicap from the hot-pot Royal Purple, was, despite his Summer Cup failure, fancied in many quarters until Friday, when he started first favorite for the Turf Club Handicap (1½ miles) and went under to Drama by half a length in 2min. 11sec. Consequence was that as much as 15 to 1 could have been had about him for Saturday's big event. Inquirer's brother, Tom, won the same race three years ago with 6.13 up—exactly the weight carried to the front by Alenene in the following year and Inquirer last week. Another coincidence is that Tom started first favorite for the Turf Club Handicap in his year and was beaten—finishing out of a place. Knowledge of this fact caused a few cut punters to have a pound or two on Inquirer, where they might have left him religiously alone otherwise. Inquirer was bred by Mr. T. Cook at Turanville, and got by Invader from Marian by Marybrynong. His time (2min. 37sec.) has only been beaten once since the distance was increased four years back. Alenene's 2min. 34 sec. is the record so far. The heaviest weight (9.3) was carried by Carlyon in 1899, but then the distance was a furlong shorter than now.

Weeks since writer tipped Royal Purple to win S.T.C. Anniversary Handicap, and now that the race is over and the nag ran second, is satisfied that she should have won by a street. Rarely has a horse been handled so badly. One of the last three to get away, the mare was set an almost impossible task from the jump. Todd-Sloan-style-riding Kulu kept her behind all for three-quarters of a mile, and six furlongs from home, had only moved up a few yards. Ere the finish, Royal Purple wiped off 14 lengths of the gap between herself and the leader, but would need to have been a marvel to have won under the circumstances. Owner had £300 on her, and the public staked heavily. "Teddy" Knight is singularly unfortunate with his jockeys, as witness recent Xmas Handicap and Tatt's Cup trouble, as well as the happenings in Melbourne during Caulfield and V.R.C. spring meetings. Evidence of whole a good thing Royal Purple was for Saturday's big race is to be found in the fact that she ran a trial with Mora and Fairy Prince (having the weights up), and squelched both by 20 lengths.

Mr. Dick O'Connor's Challenge Stakes winner, Blue Cap II., who used to run among the galloways, started at the nice price of 20 to 1. The gelding did a rattling gallop before the race, but somehow very few of the usual followers of the stable were on the good thing. Blue Cap, by Surprise, is not fashionably bred, as his dam does not appear in the stud-book.

Young "Bill" Kelso very nearly landed one of the surprises for which the stable is famous in the Welter Handicap on Randwick first day. Argyle, Kelso's champion hurdler, went out at 10 to 1, and was only beaten in the last couple of strides by Ace of Diamonds. At the time of Ace of Diamonds' sale in Melbourne for a hundred and odd guineas, Mr. Long said the old gelding was the cheapest horse at the sale, and he is a pretty good judge.

"Gun": Thought when A.J.C. Committee made such a fuss about Mora's running in Xmas Handicap and Tatt's Cup (weeks later) and disqualified jockey Frank Fielder for three years, that they'd come down pretty heavily on inconsistent running, but it is every bit as much in evidence as heretofore, and was never more noticeable. Friday last Australian Peer gelding Fera-mor (8.7 up) started in Welter Handicap (7 furlongs)—won by Wootton's Ace of Diamonds—and after showing prominently to the turn, disappeared. He wasn't mentioned in the betting. Next day same nag figured in Corinthian Handicap (7 furlongs) with 10st. in the saddle, was backed down to 4 to 1, and won easily by 6 lengths after leading from end to end. Amourette, among the last to finish in the Challenge Stakes the day before, comfortably appropriated the heavyweight handicap over the same distance on Saturday. Then Latem, never once dangerous in Friday's big sprint, was on Saturday master of the situation from the time the barrier flew up in his face of the fact that such good 'uns as Boreas II., Argo, Zee and Bob—all well backed—hadn't a place-getter amongst them. Drama conceded 3lb. to Inquirer in the Turf Club Handicap (1½ miles) on Friday and beat him; yet in the Anniversary Handicap (1½ miles), meeting Inquirer on only 5lb. worse terms than the day before, she ran second last. Small wonder that the backer goeth to the wall in droves, while the leather-lunged Ikey flourishes even as the green bay tree.

Ike Earnshaw's bay filly, Reel, by Gigue (imp.) from Spyglass, won Nursery Handicap at Randwick on Saturday from start to finish, and in such style as to engender the belief that she is among the speediest two-year-olds seen out this season. Chestnut colt Lyddite, by Zalinski from Adage, belonging to same owner, was second. Writer thinks there must have been a screw loose somewhere. Directly betting opened, the public grabbed two and three to one ravenously about Reel, and hungered for more. Then they saw her gradually recede till the fall of the flag, when 15 to 1 could have been had for the asking. She was bred at Wilton Park, N.S.W., by Sam. Hordern, and cost 130gs. as a yearling. Lyddite is a beauty to look at—fine and well-shaped—but ran green. He first saw the light at Newminster Park (Vic.). Earnshaw bought him for 574gs.

Imported sire Gossoon also supplied a winner in the handsome black Trinidad, who snared the Novice Handicap. Trinidad's price was "wrote your own ticket" in a good betting event, and he scraped in a nose to the goal.

Out of the mass of in-and-out running at Randwick, there was at least one consistent neddly in Brokerage. Brokerage, a plain-looking gelding, by the Broker, won the Hurdle Race on the first day; and on the second started at 3 to 1, and beat the even-money favorite, John Ridd, after the pair had jumped the last hurdle locked together.

Brokerage gathered in the two hurdle events at recent S.T.C. Anniversary meet, not so much by his own brilliance as by plain, honest plodding and the want of speed on the part of the other hurdle nags. A horse that can peg along at an average pace over jumps and have "a bit to pull out" at the finish can always win a jumping event or two in Sydney, as the local hurdlers making up the fields are mostly so dead-beat at the end that a fairly smart foot-policeman could pick them up at the home-turn and beat them up the straight.

That useful, as well as ornamental, animal the trotting horse receives his usual attention on the Royal

His Excellency Earl Beauchamp

Has Conferred

HIS PATRONAGE

...on...

Mr. Frank Senior,

Of 246 George-st., Sydney.

Whom he has appointed Vice-Regal Chemist.

Agricultural (Sydney) Easter show programme. Special prizes of £22 and £10 will be given for harness and saddle exhibitions respectively, and trotting ponies of 14 hands and under are to get the unusually liberal prizes of £15 each for saddle and harness competitions.

Rowing races at the Sydney Anniversary Regatta have been a high and tumble, but on Friday it was worse than usual, and it was more by good luck than management that the various crews completed the course. The all-comers' handicap, in best boats, was won by C. Towns, 10sec. behind. Harry Pearce, who has thickened out into a 12st. man, rowed a splendid race, but 32sec. proved too much to pull up and he finished second. Amongst the amateurs, Glebe won the senior fours from Sydney and Meristile crews, but the rowing all round was poor, even allowing for the lumpy water. Glebe also won the junior fours, and the crew showed form much in advance of their seniors. Amateur J. J. Daley, of the M.R.C., again showed himself a sterling sculler, when, starting 75 seconds behind scratch, he rowed his club mate, Lichtscheindl, who was on the limit, to a standstill. Lichtscheindl had a bit to the good at the finish, but he was the wrong side of the judge and Daley was awarded the race. Daley is looked upon by judges of the game as the best amateur of his weight; the port has produced. In the second-class all-comers' sculling handicap, old-time sculling names were much in evidence. The places were filled by Messenger, Hickey and Pearce respectively.

M.L. 36-footer Rainbow, sailed by her owner, Mr. A. H. Pitt, was the interprovincial yacht race at Sydney Anniversary Regatta on Friday last. Comparing times and including her allowance of 4.9, Rainbow had in hand 6min. 29sec. from White Wings (second boat), which beat Chinnery's Bona by 43sec. All the crew (excepting one) of the winning craft were Maorianders. The three placed yachts are up-to-date in design. W. Fife, jun., turned out White Wings; Charley Bailey built Bona, and Messrs. Logan Bros. constructed the Rainbow. Last-named yacht is a beauty, and about the best yet put together by her builders. Over the Manly-Watson's Bay-ile-light course (17 miles) she dead-heated with Bona in R.S.Y.S. event on Saturday.

Inter-provincial yacht race—M.L. craft, Rainbow, versus Sam. Hordern's (Sydney) White Wings—sailed over best portion of a 22-mile course in Sydney Harbor (Monday) created great interest and produced one of the most exciting struggles ever seen in Port Jackson. Conditions were "best and best" and a level start. Properly speaking, Rainbow should have had 6mins. from the Sydney-owned yacht. White Wings led from start to finish, and ultimately crossed the line 40secs. to the good after as hot a contest as could be desired. Not at any time was there 60secs. difference between the two. This was the first of three events between the Auckland flier and Mr. Hordern's crack boat. Good judges opine that the stiff nor-easter aided the winner, and given less boisterous weather the M. champion may get even and perhaps win the rubber. Still, there's nothing like having one in hand.

"The Poet" (so named because of a one-time penchant for letting his raven lock lengthen out at their own sweet will and hang in waves over his shoulders) and that dandy coon, Tom Mitchell, put up a great battle at Metropolitan A.C. (Sydney) last week. Spectators numbered from 1800 to 2000. "The Poet" was the better of things with the exception of the third round, during which "The Poet" seemed to more than hold his own. Throughout the eight rounds fought the genius of the hempen-clothes square must have been sent into a star-gazing attitude at least a dozen times, but, nothing loth, he'd come again full of ginger, while the crowd, crazed with excitement, barked itself dry. On occasions Mitchell seemed to weaken, but his extra cleverness and the persistent pistol-pulling in which that long left of his shot forth kept the enemy out of distance, and allowed the darkey to pull himself together. "The Poet" stood a fearful pasting, and seemed to fairly reel in it, though he clinched frequently to recuperate. In the eighth round neither had too much in him, and it looked as if the white pug would wear his ink-hued opponent down. Suddenly Mitchell swung a heavy right that made a deep impression in the immediate vicinity of "the poet's" left optic and tapped the claret freely. The police took a hand at this stage and the referee declared in favor of Mitchell, but afterwards called it a draw. These two different decisions nearly created a riot. Refereeing bruiser matches is about the last thing men who lose their heads should tackle. Lion-taming is a milder occupation.

"Ancient": Went to see "The Poet" and colored Tom Mitchell spar at the Metropolitan Athletic Club, Sydney, last week, and was struck by the unfair treatment meted out to Mitchell by Mitchell. The sort of crowd that was so keen in the old days over the applying of the color line to Peter Jackson by the Yankees. From the word go there was but one man in it, and that was Mitchell, who showed himself to be a clever, hard-hitting, two-handed fighter. For eight rounds, the referee had an exciting time of it breaking the Poet from a chronic clinch, and the white man's countenance by that time being anything but a poem, the referee stopped the contest and declared in favor of Mitchell. Mitchell fought a good-tempered battle, in face of the unfair barracking of the crowd, which was sufficient to cow any but a cool-tempered customer.

Hegarty-Napier scrap at Sydney Opera House, Monday night, for the featherweight supremacy of the provinces proved a huge disappointment. It was a one-man affair from end to end. S.W. nine-stoner Napier simply wasn't in for a moment at any stage; not because the Victorian is a marvel or even extra good (he isn't) but for the simple reason that Napier never once made a serious fight of it, and kept jiggling away as best he could from every blow or attempted blow, grinning cheerfully while the while. Hegarty shaped in a peculiar crouching style, eyes fixed on his man's stomach and swinging blind-eyes for the head every now and again—some of which landed, but most of which were brushed by, blood trickled from Napier's right ear, then it came to the left, and, later, gushed over the sinister visual organ as the result of a deep cut on the eyebrow, alongside which a lump about the size of a plum appeared soon afterwards. That grin no longer suffused Napier's countenance; it gave place to a serious-anxious expression, and small wonder. Once Napier sent a half-hearted right home on the stomach; and the Sydney chalk-and-water trade, whose champion he had hitherto been, was the only opportunity the vendors of cow-flood had to enthouse. Hegarty kept on punching when, where, and how he wished, and Napier jiggled until towards the end of the seventh round, when a right hook in the ribs at close quarters sent him to the boards for 8secs. He assumed the perpendicular dazed. Hegarty watched his chance, and, landing a right cross fair and square on the point, put an end to the farce. Even money odds of 6 to 4 on Hegarty were taken before operations commenced, after which two's and threes (in hundreds, if wanted) failed to evoke a response. The weights of the men were—Napier, 8st. 12lb.; Hegarty, 8st. 12lb. "Cocker" Tweedie challenged either or both; it is likely that he and Hegarty will be matched this week.

"Old Timer": Saw Tim Hegarty (Vic.) and Hughie Napier (N.S.W.) battle for the "Feather" championship at Sydney Opera House Monday night, and came away with about 700 others chock-full of disgust. Griffo in his day would have gone through twenty of either in the one ring. Napier appeared every day of 40 and, were one to consider only his grey head (at least it looked grey in that light) and old man chivvy, there was ample reason to think him 50. Hegarty seemed a boy alongside the New South Welshman. The Victorian did his utmost to make a fight of it, but the other was apparently averse to needless and ungentlemanly violence, or was afraid to hit out for fear of leaving himself more open. Only four times throughout the seven rounds did Napier attempt to do anything dreadful. He acted as if scared by Tim's reputation, and had evidently made up his mind to keep as far away as possible. Hegarty is no champion—no, not by a long way. He

leaves himself very open, times badly, and whenever he hits out of distance, rarely moves back to avoid the onslaught which should come from his opponent, but never came from Napier. Tweedie and Hegarty will be matched, and writer thinks that if the Sydney Rocks boy doesn't lose his head he'll go very close to settling the Victorian's hash. Latter's crouching habit and fashion of keeping his eyes almost on the floor will always get him into difficulties whenever he faces a clever man; but that's the thing—have we any clever men (as we knew them 10 years ago) nowadays?

"Z": Re featherweight championship battle. When Napier fought Powell, six or seven years ago, Powell broke one of Napier's left ribs, leaving it weak ever since. In the second round of Monday night's affair Hegarty got on to the same spot, causing another fracture, which was intensified by a severe blow in the seventh round. This may in part account for Napier's poor display.

McFarland and McDonald, winner and runner-up for the Brighton (Sydney) wood-chopping handicap on Anniversary Day, are two typical specimens of the young athletic Australian native. Each stands over 6ft., straight as a gun-barrel, and weighs in the neighborhood of 13st. of bone and sinew. McDonald recently won a sculling handicap, under the tuition of old-time Elias Laycock, and that veteran considers that if the game were now worth the candle—which it isn't—there are the makings of a rowing champion in this long axeman.

N.S.W. half-mile champion swimmer Bond annexed the quarter-mile supremacy of Victoria at St. Kilda Baths (Melbourne) Saturday last, beating previous holder (Maynard) by 40yds. in 6min. 30sec. Dick Cavill won mother-province's quarter-mile premiership this season in 6.7.3.5, and that of Australasia, at Redfern (Sydney), Jan. 10, in 6.1.1.5. Lane (N.S.W.) covered the distance in 5.54.1.5. World's fastest is 5.43.1.5. Times mentioned show the wide difference between the quality of N.S.W. and Victorian swimmers. Bond is a son of Warrant-Officer Bond, now with N.S.W. Army Medical Corps in South Africa.

Although a new Bonnor has not yet been discovered, there isn't much doubt that the younger N.S.W. batsmen are a heap more dashing than the old hands. Like Hopkins' recent effort against S.A., young Duff's knocking up of 75 in his first innings against Victoria was a fine exposition of free, vigorous batting. Going in when six Cornstalk wickets were down for 105—when a rot was on and cramped batting would have been understandable—he cracked out confidently from the jump; and when he left, slightly over an hour later, the score was 242. Duff, like clubmate Hopkins, hits everything, and hits it hard. And it is the right thing to do, for, with the present-day fielding, if you give a chance and have the wood behind it, the odds are a crown to a shirt-button on its being dropped.

"W": Young Vic. Trumper is about the only N.S.W. batsman who has played in first-class cricket for any length of time without losing his dash. He showed more strokes in his little first-innings total of 31 against Victoria, than most bats could make if they were at the wickets for a week. His affection for the "pull" again got him out. Gregory, who totted up common-place 66 with the aid of luck, also got out through attempting to pull, and it's time some friend told him that he's not a champion exponent of this stroke. The respective first-innings efforts of Donnan and Noble were hopeless displays. "Mary Ann," who was a grand hard-hitter until the delusion that he is a champion stone-waller struck him, making the crowd groan with his pottering. "Bill" Howie, slopped up 31, "quick and lively." The habit Kelly has contracted of endeavoring to bustle the field and make the crowd laugh by running out of his crease after every stroke lost him his wicket. Graham fielded smartly and knocked the wicket down before Jim could flounder back.

Hugh Trumble's 87 in Victoria's first innings said a lot for his admirers' claim that he is the best all-round Australian cricketer. When everyone was fumbling left-handers M'Beth, old light put himself in and played the long cut off. He also reached out and knocked off Noble and Billowell, and generally smoothed out the trundling for those that came after. Trumble notched 78 whilst Graham was amassing 30. Another improved bat is lanky Victorian Laver (whose fielding at point, by the way, was excellent). Scientifically, Laver's strokes are incorrect, but they all count in the total.

"Middle Stump": As a casual spectator of most big matches since the days of "Garden Honey," the "old" scoring-card and pencil, and Murdoch, the "vampire bat" (when he made his 321), and Dave Gregory, and Nat. Thompson, and others now gone to rest or the members' pavilion, please allow me to enter a mild protest against the revival of the dreary "off-theory." There was a time when "off-theory" was fashionable, and the wicket an incident to be disregarded except, perhaps, once in an over; but of late years, Heaven be praised, it is considered a disgrace to aim at the stumps, and not the Paddington Fox Hall or the rifle butts, with the result that maiden overers are fewer and the weariness of the tired public less. After watching Noble bowling to Laver for some hours last Saturday (they seemed hours, anyway)—Noble scientifically, over after over, avoiding the wickets, and Laver with equal patience avoiding the ball—it struck me that Ranji's barkers must be dead. Give us a bowler who bowls at the wicket, I say. Off-theory may be scientific—personally, I think it is a fallacy—but on the other hand, there is a suspicion of gate-money attaching to the practice if indulged in to any extent.

The Sydney League intends holding another series of night meetings on the Sydney Cricket Ground, the dates fixed upon being the 5th, 7th and 12th of February. Acetylene gas will again be used for illuminating the grounds.

Among the distinctive features of Dunlop Tyres, which have made them popular amongst Australian cyclists, is their simplicity of arrangement and repair. The rider soon gains confidence in a tyre he is thoroughly able to understand. Should any cyclist be not quite clear on any point in the management of pneumatic tyres he cannot do better than apply to any of the Dunlop Company's depots for a copy of their new artistic booklet, which is posted gratis by the big tyre company.

There was much trouble on the track at a small Vic. bike tournament lately. In the principal scratch event of the day, after a tough struggle, one amongst the six men fighting out the finish came a cropper 20yds. from the chalk mark, and his machine shot out gaily and won by a wheel entirely on its own, falling about 15yds. beyond the scratch. The man who fell claimed the prize for his bike, and the judge, being a nervous, unstable sort of a person, gave him the race. Then all the furies broke loose, and the matter was argued till the judge escaped from the contention in a buggy and left things unsettled.

With the holiday season coming on, and numbers of people either going themselves or sending their families to the mountains, the enterprising burglars' harvest has begun. Provident people, however, are providing against his visits by storing their valuables—plate, jewellery, papers, &c.—at the Sydney Safe Deposit, Ash-street (back of Palling's), and business there is proportionately brisk. We would recommend BULLETIN readers to call and inspect the massive vaults, and ascertain terms for storage. Safes may now be rented upon reduced terms, and boxes are received for storage at very moderate rates.

At Poverty Point.

George Rignold's final departure from the stage is again postponed. "Henry V." is to be revived at Her Majesty's (Sydney) under Williamson's management.

"Cecil P.": Shakespeare was a prophet as well as a dramatist, and an alleged cryptographer and a Bacon. Look how he foreshadowed the coming of Brassey when he wrote: "O, what a falling-off was there!"

January 30th is the date of a complimentary benefit to Hollingshead at the London Empire. Ghosts and ghost-esses appear in the shape of Nellie Farren, Kate Vaughan, Edward Terry, and Royce, disintombing a scene from one of the Gaiety burlesques.

Maskelyne, the London showman, has just been had for a bit. He advertised, offering £500 to anybody who could do his most recent box trick. Two rivals laid their heads together and did it to perfection. Maskelyne tried to wriggle out, because they had not exactly the same apparatus. The Law Courts decided against him. He carried the case on appeal to the highest tribunal, and has again lost. The verdict and costs came to something immense, over this luckless challenge.

The practice of throwing coins on the stage is making the position of the mummer or mummeress almost as dangerous as that of the soldier charging in face of the Boer rifles. Miss Maud Williamson, nearly murdered with half-a-crown at Adelaide Theatre Royal, is only one of many wounded in the cause. One girl at the Melb. Bijou has twice been for England, and in London a singer had her set of teeth smashed and driven down her throat by a penny. Will portion of the Patriotic Fund be devoted to these "sufferers"?

Wonderful how the New Yorkers preserve their old enthusiasm for Irving and Ellen Terry. The long-haired tragedian is said to be losing his magnetic force, and fair Ellen is now a faded elderly performer of young-girl characters, as a rule; but their latest season of three weeks at the Knickerbocker Theatre, N.Y., yielded \$80,000 dollars—say, £3350 per week. Which goes to explain the rampant jingoism of English actors, "star" or otherwise. The bigger and richer the English-speaking world the wider their sphere of possible operations. Irving probably looks forward to making a triumphal tour of South Africa on his last legs.

Things have reached such a pitch in Sydney that a nigger and an Arab have been assaulted on suspicion of being Boers. Also, Alderman M'Elhone has had dark premonitions that a country which has to fight the Boer to recover its independence, and which loathes them with a fine large, robust, political and religious loathe is a Boer sympathiser, and he woke up Sydney City Council the other day to draw attention to the fact that Wiegand had neglected to play "Rule Britannia" at one of his concerts. Wiegand was excused, because it was proved that he meant to play "Rule Britannia," only someone (probably a traitor) supplied the wrong music. Anyone who lets two hours pass just now without playing or singing "Rule Britannia" is liable to find the clouds of suspicion gathering thickly round his head.

A quaint little piece of snobbery bobs up in a Hobart MERCURY advt. —

THEATRE ROYAL.

At the performance of THE MIKADO Opera to take place on TUESDAY, 23rd, in aid of the Patriotic Fund, also on WEDNESDAY, 24th (Regatta Night), Ladies occupying the Dress Circle are particularly requested to wear their Smartest Evening Dress, and in a small way give the Theatre the appearance of a miniature London Opera House, where the beautiful costumes and brilliant display of jewels are a feature of the entertainment. Dress in Stalls is optional, but ladies are expected to remove Hats or Bonnets.

Their smartest evening dress! Alas, though the Tassy girl has generally two plump white shoulders, she has only one evening dress to uncover them with. Which is the reason why the bloated person from this side should go over there and marry her oftener and buy her the clothes she deserves.

In the natural course of things Miss Alice Simmons, lately an almost first-class singer in Melbourne and Sydney, has made a "hit" at one of the principal London variety theatres. Alice Simmons has a good Australian voice, better trained than most of the singers who go to other Australian platform voices which might now go 'Ome and begin to earn a respectable salary within a month of their arrival. A fair idea as to the difference in calibre between the average English professional musician and the Australian ditto could be gathered from the warbling of the two Sisters Somebody imported here by Rickards a while ago. They were duettists, and the small soprano sister came out to the stage like a steam-tug towing the tall contralto sister into position. They sang very sweetly and neatly together, but their individual volumes of sound were no larger than a—well, a sixpenny novelette. This country contains any number of sisters who could be trained to sing spots off those quiet—and somewhat scared-looking—visitors.

"Hermes": When Shakespeare (front name William) wrote "Romeo and Juliet" he made Romeo wreck his own and everybody else's prospects by being in a hurry, and resorting to desperate measures too previously. When Hardy wrote his "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" he made Angel Clare a convicted young prig, who caused general misery by always doing the right thing too late. Angel started wrong by making his confession after instead of before marriage. It was a splendid idea to make a clean breast of the past—before marriage; but it was infernal idiocy after, when it could only do harm. Then, when that astounding fool realised that a girl like Tess was well worth having, even if she had 17 pats, he didn't succeed in making up his mind to come home and get her till the other fellow had got her before him. When he had got back and found her utterly miserable and the other fellow helplessly drunk, and a little persuasion would have righted things, he had to go out and moon about till she killed the beery Alec, and then he rushed in and wanted to forgive everything. I cursed him out loud when he went out to make a fool and a procrastinator of himself for the last time, and an unknown lady sitting beside me gripped my elbow and swore at him too. The acting is splendid, but the play is a botch. The material is as good as that of "Mrs. Tanqueray," but it is utterly spoiled in the making, and it speaks volumes for Edith Crane and Kingston and Power, that they make such a crude raw-meat drama so horribly fascinating. And the best thing about the play is the moral: When you have got a magnificently beautiful girl, never mind about her past; be happy, and thank Heaven that the present and the future are yours.

Demise, Kotski, the pianist. An item about "Little Christopher Columbus," at Melb. Royal, is the little burst of applause that happens every night when O'Hooligan appears as the bogus Governor of Cadiz. In his cocked hat, scarlet coat, blue-velvet cloak, &c., the thin young man suggests a field-marshal of the Wellington period—hence the hand-claps, probably. He appeals to the jingo soul. They applaud him as a sort of invitation to rally round the Empire, and a hero and a brother, and all that sort of thing.

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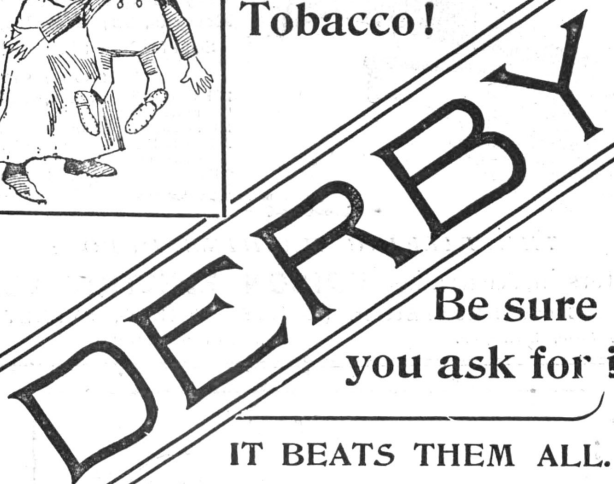
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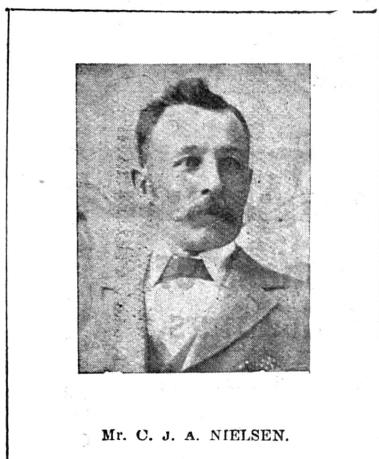
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IMPORTANT. Send for HERR RASSMUSSEN'S FREE BOOK, "ALFALINE GUIDE TO HEALTH," which contains most valuable ADVICE FOR ALL COMPLAINTS, and a large number of Testimonials. Sent in Plain Cover unobserved.

REGISTER all your Letters containing Money. Address your letters to Herr Rassmussen, whether you send to his Branches or to his Head Office, and make all Cheques or Money Orders payable to Hans Rassmussen.

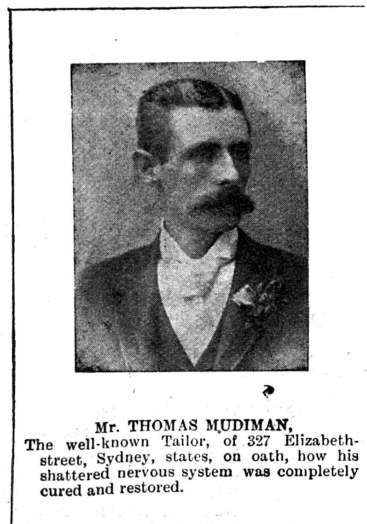
Letters requiring special privacy may simply be addressed thus—

H.R., Box 208, G.P.O., Sydney,

but letters containing money should be registered.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE HELD STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, and Remedies and Pamphlet sent unobserved in plain cover. Any particulars desired sent free.

Rescued from Nervous Suffering.



Mr. THOMAS MUDIMAN, The well-known Tailor, of 327 Elizabeth-street, Sydney, states, on oath, how his shattered nervous system was completely cured and restored.

Statutory Declaration.

I, THOS. MUDIMAN, Master Tailor, of 327 Elizabeth-street, Sydney, in the Colony of New South Wales, do hereby solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

Whereas I suffered severely from a very troublesome affection of the NERVES, which affected me so much that I was quite unable to attend to my business. I tried several doctors and many remedies, but all of no avail. Whereas I, as a last hope, obtained some of HERR RASSMUSSEN'S PURELY HERBAL ALFALINE VITALITY PILLS, which I hereby solemnly and sincerely declare COMPLETELY CURED ME within a few weeks, and although this is over five years ago I have remained well ever since. The ALFALINE PILLS also cured my wife, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true.

Declared at Sydney this 29th day of April, 1898.

THOMAS MUDIMAN.

CHARLES COLLINS, Justice of the Peace.

A Few of the Alfaline Herbal Remedies:

Alfaline Fat-reducing Powders—A harmless but most effectual remedy for transforming the stoutest and most unshapely figure into that of the most perfect, resulting not only in the return of Youthful appearance but also in comfort, improved health, and renewed vigor. Boxes, 6s. Valuable Pamphlet sent free.

Alfaline Headache Tablets—An instant cure for all kinds of headache, no matter how caused. 1s. per packet. Valuable Pamphlet sent free.

Alfaline Eucalyptus Oil—Superior to any other for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis. Prevents Fevers and Influenza. Bottles, 1s.; posted, 1s. 6d.

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Electric Belts—Containing powerful and effectual Electric currents, unequalled as a cure for all Spinal and Kidney Affections; 42s. and 63s. Send for all particulars.

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ADELAIDE 154 Rundle-street (near York Hotel)

N.Z. WELLINGTON 91 Lambton Quay
PERTH, W.A. Hay-street (next Royal Theatre)
COOLGARDIE Bailey-st. (next Freemason Hotel)

KALGOORLIE Hannan-st. (next Lindell's, Jeweller)
MENZIES Shenton-street (opposite P.O.)
FREMANTLE Henry-street (near High-street)

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WELL
THIS
MARK.**



FOX

The word **FOX** is a **GUARANTEE** of Soundness of Material and Quality of Dye of all Worsted Coatings, Vicunas, Serges, Tweeds, Tennis and Costume Cloths, on which it is **Stamped**.

FOX BROTHERS & Co., Ltd.,
Wellington, Somerset, ENGLAND.

Trade **FOX** Mark

Makers of Worsted Coatings, Vicunas, Serges, Tweeds, Tennis, and Costume Cloths.

Contractors to the English Admiralty, War Office, India Office, Crown Colonies, and Metropolitan Police.

THEIR Mills are capable of an annual production of 2,000,000 yards of material, and find employment for 1,200 hands. Reliable records show that the business at Wellington was founded early in the eighteenth century, and the present Company have in their possession a balance sheet dated 1733.

FOXES' PURE INDIGO.

As the result of many years of experience, **FOXES' PURE INDIGO DYE** is recognised as the best in the Market. The superiority of Pure Indigo over other dyes may be briefly summed up as follows:—

FASTNESS OF THE DYE.—Indigotine, the colouring principle of Indigo, is insoluble in water, alcohol, ether, and dilute acids, and alkalies either hot or cold, hence its extreme fastness for all conditions of ordinary wear and tear. It is also quite fast to Sunlight, and for an all-round dye there is nothing superior to it. There is no need to point out the advantage there is in a perfectly fast dye, as compared with one which may be fast to light, but will not stand perspiration, or washing, or *vice versa*.

STRENGTH AND HANDLE.—Cloth dyed Pure Indigo is stronger and tougher than the same cloth dyed in other ways, owing to the dye-bath being at a comparatively low temperature, and the absence of any injurious chemicals or mordants. In almost all other dyes, the cloth is first boiled in the mordant and then in the dye for some hours altogether. This always impoverishes the wool fibre, and destroys much of its natural lustre and softness, whereas the Indigo Vat with its soft, mellow liquor, adds to the fulness and richness of the fabric. Indigo Dyeing being a mechanical process rather than a chemical one, actually feeds the cloth.

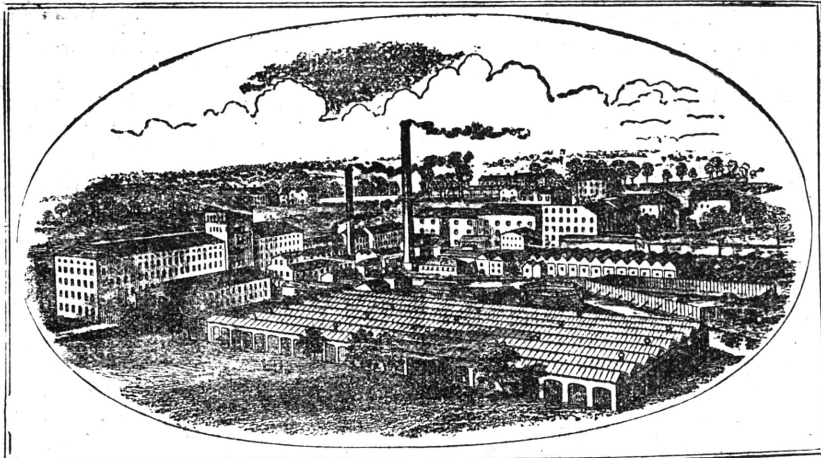
All their standard cloths are stamped every two yards on the back,

FOX PURE INDIGO,

and without this stamp are not Genuine.

These Celebrated Serges can be obtained from the leading Tailors and Drapers throughout the Australian Colonies.

See for yourselves that the Serge is stamped—**FOX PURE INDIGO**,—as many dealers for the sake of an extra profit try to sell inferior-dyed cloths, remarking "that they are just as good as Pure Indigo."



FOX BROS. & Co., Ltd.,

carry out every process themselves, from buying the Wool to making and selling the Goods, and can therefore guarantee the soundness of the material and quality of the dye.

FOX BROS. & Co., Ltd.,

being the largest Government Serge Contractor in England, can recommend their Pure Indigo Government Serges for real hard wear. Their Pure Indigo Dress Serges have everlasting wear. Can be cleaned again and again, then turned and made up equal to new. Their Tennis Cloths are quiet in style, and most comfortable as Suitings.

FOX BROS. & Co., Ltd.,

have during the past year brought out an entirely novel Elastic Worsted Cloth (made from Colonial Wool), registered in England as "**FOBRO**." "**FOBRO**" has special qualities as follows: Elasticity and Porosity, but being woven by a special process will not fray or ravel, no matter how it is cut. With these special qualities it is particularly adapted for Shooting, Cycling, Walking, Etc.

Australian Agents for the Wholesale Trade only—

STOGDALE & DUFFUS, 326, Flinders Lane, Melbourne, & 422, George St., Sydney.

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D. Braham & Co.TAILORS,
Habit and Breeches Makers.**SUMMER SUITINGS.**

—IMPORTERS OF—

VICKERMAN'S SERGES.
Guaranteed to stand Sun and Sea-water.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Cellular Underwear.The only rational form of undergarments for hot weather.
Used by the Army Officers, and Medical Corps on active service.SHIRTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
SPECIALTY—THE UNIFORM SHIRT.
PYJAMAS, SOCKS, UNDERSHIRTS AND PANTS,
FABRICS BY THE YARD.
Patterns and Price Lists Post Free.**David Braham & Co.,**73 & 75 KING STREET, SYDNEY.
(Between George & York Streets).**AMUSEMENT for OLD and YOUNG.**Wonderful Value—A Packet of Seven Different Articles, comprising One Performing Skeleton, Book of Conjuring Tricks, Klondike Grub (which causes roars of laughter), Yankee Rubber Baby (can be carried in vest pocket and blown out to life-size, to the astonishment of all), Wizard Fish (gives the definition of your character, very superior, for parlor entertainments), Wizard Pack of Cards (can be changed as you please, instructions enclosed), Magic Photograph (your likeness taken instantaneously, directions enclosed).
This splendid Packet posted to any address in Australasia Free on receipt of 2s. 6d.NEW YORK NOVELTY CO.,
716½ and 718 George-street, SYDNEY.
H. L. HUTCHINSON, Manager.

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Spooner's**ROYAL NAVY DRESSING,**
UNIVERSAL CREAM
BLACK CREAM

For Cleaning and Polishing Boots and Shoes (in bottles), 6d. and 1s.

Black Oil

The Best Dressing for HARNESS LEATHER (in bottle), 1s.

Also, Manufacturers of

Unrivalled Embrocation.

Liquid Blacking.**SADDLE SOAP,****Plate Powders, Harness Dressings, etc.**

SOLD BY ALL STOREKEEPERS, BOOT SHOPS, SADDLERS, etc.

Medical.

I Cure Fits.

You are not asked to spend any money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, &c. All you are asked to do is to send for a FREE bottle of medicine and to try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result.

A Valuable and Safe Remedy.

APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

H. G. ROOT, 28, Endsleigh Gdns., LONDON.

The Liquor Habit.

AN INTERESTING PAMPHLET on the Disease of Drunkenness and its cure by will be sent free (sealed) on application to the EUCRASY CO., 62 Hunter-street, SYDNEY, or 271 Collins-street, MELBOURNE.

N.B.—Eucrasia is registered by the N.S.W. Registrar-General at the Trade Marks Office, and is the only remedy which can be given secretly (i.e., without the subject's knowledge) with certainty of success.

ASTHMA CURE**GRIMAULT'S INDIAN CIGARETTES**

Difficulty in Expectoration, Asthma, Nervous Coughs, Catarrh, Sleeplessness and Oppression immediately relieved by GRIMAULT & CO'S Indian Cigarettes. Sold by all Chemists.

Warner's Safe Cure

The only Specific Cure for all forms of Kidney & Liver Disorders & BRIGHT'S DISEASE

FREE PAMPHLET FROM H. H. WARNER & CO LTD MELBOURNE, AUST.

RELIABLE FURNITURE!**CARPETS, BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING**

AND WHERE TO GET IT.

A. HALL AND COMPANY,

CORNER GEORGE AND LIVERPOOL STREETS.

DRAWING-ROOM SUITE,
in Tapestry and Plush, Couch, Pair Easy Chairs, and 4 Carved Chairs, for £3 10s.
50 others, 5, 10, to 20 guineas,
At HALL'S.**DINING-ROOM SUITE,**
Very Strong, all Spring-seated and Padded-Back Chairs, 6 guineas.
20 others, 7, 12, and 20 guineas,
at HALL'S.**BEDROOM SUITE,** Walnut Colour,
Wardrobe, Plate-glass Door and Drawers;
Duchesse Chest Drawers, with glass attached;
Marble-top Washstand, Towel Rail, and Cane Chair, £6 15s.
30 Bedroom Suites to select from.**FULL SIZE HALF-TESTER BEDSTEAD,**
Brass Rail, Double-wire Mattress, and Set Best Bedding, £3 15s.**50 LATEST DESIGN BEDSTEADS**
to select from at HALL'S.**A. HALL AND COMPANY,**

THE UNIVERSAL HOUSE FURNISHERS, 561, 563, 565 and 567 GEORGE ST.

Leave Tram or 'Bus at Liverpool-street for HALL'S.
Country Orders packed Free. New Illustrated Furnishing Guide Post Free.**The Life of the System.****HELIDON SPA.****S. FREEMAN AND SONS LIMITED**

Millers, Manufacturers, and Importers.

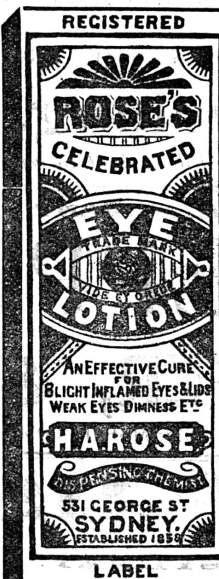
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EXTRACT OF SOAP. BLUE (Bag or Square).

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HEAD OFFICE: WYNWARD SQUARE, SYDNEY.**The Greatest Discovery of Modern Times**
for ALL EYE COMPLAINTS
arising from any cause whatever.ASK FOR
ROSE'S
Celebrated Eye LotionA CERTAIN CURE FOR
Sandy Blight, Granulations, Dimness of Sight, Inflamed Eyes and Eyelids, Weak Eyes, caused by dust, Sun-glare, &c., Swelling Blight caused by bites of flies, insects, &c.

Largely used by Rifle Shooters and Professional Men of all Classes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Used with equal success on the Eyes of Cattle, Sheep, Poultry, &c.

Sold by all CHEMISTS and STOREKEEPERS.

Sole Proprietor

H. A. ROSE, Chemist,

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**ELECTRICITY.**

If you are tired of STOMACH DRUGGING and disappointment, send for one of Stephenson's ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES, invented by Sydney's Leading Surgeon and Anatomical Demonstrator, assisted by a SKILLED ELECTRICIAN, therefore wholly an Australian invention.

THEY MAKE PERFECT MEN.**DO NOT DESPAIR. DO NOT SUFFER LONGER.** The joys and ambitions of life can be restored to you. These beautifully and perfectly-constructed Belts give prompt relief in Insomnia, Falling Memory, Rheumatism, Giddiness, General Debility, Weakness, Loss of Memory, etc., etc., etc. They impart vigor and potency to every function, brace up the system, give bloom to the cheeks and lustre to the eyes of young and old, are warranted to renew vital energy, are light, comfortable, and may be worn without the slightest possibility of detection. They have cured thousands.**THEY WILL CURE YOU.**Plain Belts, with eight visible batteries 1 0 0
Plain Belts, with twelve visible ditto 1 10 0
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Extra powerful, with suspensory attachments, 3 3 0
Ladies' Belts and Abdominal Supports at prices ranging from 15s. to 2 2 0

Any of the above-named Electrical Appliances will be forwarded to any address with written guarantee and carriage prepaid on receipt of remittance. Send for complete catalogue of Electrical Surgical Chest-pads, Knee-pads, Belts, Bands, &c.

All communications should be addressed to—
A. D. STEPHENSON,
151 Elizabeth-st., Hyde Park, Sydney**IT WILL PAY YOU TO GO THERE.** Follow the Footsteps of the Wise, and Buy the Best, Cheapest, and most Stylish Clothing in Australia from**Lincoln, Stuart & Co. Proprietary Ltd.**
252 & 254 FLINDERS ST., MELB. (opp. Station).
5000 pieces of Woollens to select from.

Our Suit to Order, at 42/-, is marvellous value, made from All-Wool Tweeds, Viciunas, or Serges, fast colors, is perfect fitting, beautifully finished. A splendid Suit to Order, from any class of material, £3 3s. To Measure, capital Trousers, 10 6. Very good patterns, 12 6. Dress Suits to Measure, 84/-, Clerical Suits to Measure, £5. Golf or Cycling Suits, 35/-, Riding Breeches, 25/-, Waterproof Tweed or Cloth Overcoats. Band and other Uniforms. Riding Habits, etc. We supply Ready-made Men's Capital Tweed Suits, 21/-, Famous Ballarat Serge Suits, Indigo dye, 25/-, Serge Suits, any shade, 30/-, Excellent Tweed or Serge Trousers, 5 11. Tweed Overcoats, 21/-, Waterproof Coats, full capes, 15 9. The Greatest Assortment of Boys' Clothing in Australia. Elegant Tennis Shirts from 2 6. Undressed White Shirts, Linen Fronts and Collars, 2/-, 2 11, 3 3. Warm Travelling Rugs, 13 6. Gent's splendid Balmoral Boots, 6 6, 9 6. Soft Alpine Hats, 4 6, all colors. Hard Hats, 4 6. Straw Hats, 2 6. Indian Pith Helmets, 6 6. Caps, 1/-, Merino Underpants or Shirts, 1 9. White Matte Shirts, very nice, 2 6. Neckties, all shapes and colors, 1/-, Half Hose, Crimean Shirts, White Shirts to Measure. And all classes of Gent's Mercery.

We like to write letters, so please don't be afraid to ask for any information. Our book, *The Philosophy of Dress*, also Patterns of all kinds, and Self-Measurement Forms, posted Free. Write for them.**CALVERT'S****CARBOLIC DISINFECTANTS,**
SOAPS, TOOTH POWDER,
TOILET, etc.,

Are the Original and only Reliable.

They have been Awarded 85 Medals and Diplomas for Superior Excellence, and should always be used as a protection against Infectious Diseases—especially in Hot Climates.

Avoid Inferior Imitations.

F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester.**A FEW "POINTS"****TOUCHING****H**

It allays irritation, and subdues inflammation.

O

It is unequalled for all skin trouble.

M

It heals Cuts, cures Bruises, Burns, etc.

O

It cures Ring Worm, Insect Bites and Stings.

C

It is the best remedy for Piles in the world.

E

Last, but not least,

A**IT TOUCHES THE SPOT,****AND Soothes the Aching Part,**
and wherever pain is present Homoea or Homoea Embrocation should be used.
Sold by all Storekeepers, General Dealers, and Chemists.**"DOWRIDGE'S"**

AS USUAL.

Elizabeth-st., Hobart,**TASMANIA.**

AND GEORGE STREET, BRISBANE.

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure.

THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR
COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION,
HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY CHEST MEDICINE IN AUSTRALIA.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

BEWARE OF COUGHS!

REMEMBER THAT EVERY DISEASE HAS ITS COMMENCEMENT, AND CONSUMPTION IS NO EXCEPTION TO THIS RULE.

A Lady in London.

A MARTYR TO COLDS AND BRONCHIAL
ASTHMA.

CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE.

THE DOCTOR SO INTERESTED THAT HE
CARRIED OFF THE EMPTY BOTTLE.

"Orange, N.S.W.

"Mr. Hearne.—
"Dear Sir,—I enclose for your own private perusal
portion of a letter received from my mother, Mrs. —, of London, England, from which you will glean that your medicine has been a perfect God-send to a martyr to colds and bronchial asthma. I do not wish any names to be mentioned, but you are at liberty to make use of any portion of this letter you choose, and you can confidently refer anybody to me.

"I heard of your excellent remedy, and sent it to England. You can see for yourself what an immense success it was.—Yours faithfully,

Extract from letter alluded to above:—
"You will be interested in hearing that I think the Bronchitis Cure really excellent. I was very bad when it arrived, and I immediately flew to it. That was last Friday, and it has quite cured me. Dr. — is very much interested in it. He came yesterday, and carried off the empty bottle to find out if he could get a full one from a chemist who is in a large way here."
The names are withheld from publication, but will be supplied privately when desired.

AGONISING COUGH.

NINE MONTHS' TORTURE.

RELIEVED BY ONE DOSE OF HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE, AND CURED BY
TWO BOTTLES.

"Dergholm, Victoria.
"Dear Sir,—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and the cough was so distressingly bad at nights I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other 'remedies,' without avail. I tried yours, and never had a fit of coughing after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.
Yours faithfully,

"JAMES ASTBURY."
We, the undersigned, have had occasion to obtain Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, and we certify that it was perfectly and rapidly successful under circumstances which undoubtedly prove its distinct healing power. Signed by the Rev. JOHN SINCLAIR, Myers-street, Geelong, and fifty-nine other leading residents.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses.—P. F. MULLINS, Cowie's Creek, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it.—D. M'DONALD, Trinke, via Quirindi, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure is a wonderful medicine.—A. B. SIMMONS, No. 7 Renny-st., Paddington, Sydney."

"My wife is 82 years old, and I am 79, and I am glad to inform you that your Bronchitis Cure has done us both a wonderful deal of good, it having quickly cured us both.—R. BASSETT, Strath Creek, via Broadford, Victoria."

"I have used one bottle of your Bronchitis Cure with great benefit to myself, as the smothering has completely left me.—(Mrs.) JOHN RAHILLY, Glenmaggie, Victoria."

"I have found your Bronchitis Cure a splendid medicine.—JOHN MADDEN, Skipton, Victoria."

"I have finished the Bronchitis Cure you sent, and am amazed at what it has done in the time. The difficulty of breathing has all gone.—J. HARRINGTON, Bingegong, Morundah, N.S.W."

"My cold, bad as it was, disappeared after two doses.—C. J. CURRIE, Solicitor, Victoria Chambers, Queen-street, Melbourne."

"I lately administered some of your Bronchitis Cure to a son of mine, with splendid effect. The cure was absolutely miraculous.—F. A. PACKER, Quiera, Neutral Bay, Sydney, N.S.W."

"Your Bronchitis Cure, as usual, acted splendidly.—C. H. RADFORD, Casterton, Victoria."

"Kindly forward another bottle of your famous Bronchitis Cure without delay, as I find it to be a most valuable medicine.—(Mrs.) J. SLATER, Warragul, Victoria."

"I am very pleased with your Bronchitis Cure. The result was marvellous. It eased me right off at once.—G. SEYTER, Bourke, New South Wales."

"Your medicine for asthma is worth £1 a bottle.—W. LETTS, Heywood, Victoria."

"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody.—S. STEELE, Yankoo Siding, New South Wales."

"I suffered from Chronic Asthma and Bronchitis, for which I obtained no relief until I tried your medicine, but I can truly say that I am astonished at my present freedom, as a direct result of my brief trial.—JOHN C. TRELAWNEY, Severn River, via Inverell, N.S.W."

"Last year I suffered severely from Bronchitis, and the doctor, to whom I paid seven guineas, did not do me any good; but I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and two bottles of it made me quite well.—H. HOOD, Brooklands, Avoca-street South Yarra, Melbourne."

"Please send me half-a-dozen of your Bronchitis Cure. This medicine cured me in the winter, and has now cured a friend of mine of a very bad Bronchitis.—A. ALLEN, Ozone House, Lorne, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure has done me much good. This is a new experience, for all the medicine I previously took made me much worse. I am satisfied that the two bottles of Bronchitis Cure I got from you have pulled me through a long and dangerous illness.—HENRY WURLOD, Alma, near Maryborough, Victoria."

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects.—CHAS. WHYBROW, Enoch's Point, via Darlingford, Victoria."

Gratitude and Appreciation.

HUNDREDS CURED IN THEIR OWN
CIRCLE.

"The SCIENTIFIC AUSTRALIAN Office,
"169 Queen-street, Melbourne."

"Dear Mr. Hearne,—The silent workers are frequently the most effective, and if there is anybody in Victoria who during the last few years has been repeatedly working for and singing the praises of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure, it is our Mr. Phillips.

"This gentleman, some three years ago, was recommended to try your Bronchitis Cure by Mr. Barham, accountant, Collins-street, and the effect that it had was so marked that he has ever since been continually recommending it to others.

"We are glad to add this our testimony to the value of Hearne's most valuable Bronchitis Cure, which has eased the sufferings of hundreds and hundreds of people even in our own circle of acquaintance.

"Believe us always to be,
Yours most faithfully,
"PHILLIPS, ORMONDE & CO."

Queensland Testimony.

FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS.

"69 Queen-st., Brisbane, Queensland."

"Mr. W. G. Hearne. Dear Sir,—Please send us 36 dozen Bronchitis Cure by first boat. We enclose our cheque to cover amount of order.

"We often hear your Bronchitis Cure spoken well of. A gentleman told us to-day that he had given it to a child of his with most remarkable result, the child being quite cured by three doses.

"We are, faithfully yours,
"THOMASON, CHATER & CO.,
"Wholesale Chemists."

Cured in Ten Days.

THE EDITOR OF THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER
IN VICTORIA EXPRESSES GRATEFUL
APPRECIATION.

"W. G. Hearne, Esq. Dear Sir,—Permit me to express my grateful appreciation of the value of your Bronchitis Cure. I had, some months ago, a severe attack of Bronchitis, and took your medicine, with the result that at the end of ten days the complaint had completely left me. We are now never without the medicine in the house, and at the first indication of a cold it is taken, with immediate curative effect.

"I am, my dear Sir, Yours faithfully,
"R. QUARRILL,
"Editor GEELONG ADVERTISER."

"Upon looking through our books we are struck with the steady and rapid increase in the sales of your Bronchitis Cure.—ELLIOTT BROS., Ltd., Wholesale Druggists, Sydney, N.S.W."

PREPARED ONLY AND SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY THE PROPRIETOR,

W. G. HEARNE, Chemist, Geelong, Victoria.

Small Size, 2s 6d; Large, 4s 6d. Sold by Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Forwarded by Post to any Address when not obtainable Locally.

"DOWRIDGE'S"
AS USUAL.

Elizabeth-st., Hobart,
TASMANIA.

AND GEORGE STREET, BRISBANE

BY ROYAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT TO "THE QUEEN."

Ask for
Whisky and
'Schweppe'

SCHWEPPE'S
SODAWATER, &c.

Ask for
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BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

**INVALIDS
AND
THE AGED.**

On Our Selection.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

THE baby, twelve months old, was to be christened, and mother decided to give a party. She had been thinking about the party for some time; but decision was contemporaneous with the arrival of a certain mysterious parcel, and we were preparing for the party.

Dad and Dave were drawing water. Joe was raking husks and corn-cobs into a heap at the door and burning them. Little Bill was collecting the pumpkins and pie-melons strewn about the yard. Mother and Sal were engaged outside. Mother stood on a box; Sal spread newspapers on the table and smeared them over with paste, then handed them cautiously to mother, who fixed them on the wall. The baby crawled upon the floor.

"Not that way," said mother; "that's upside-down; give them to me straight, 'cause your father sometimes likes to read them when they're up."

They chatted about the christening. "Indeed, then, she won't be asked," Sal said; "not if she goes down on her knees—th' skinny little—"

"Min', min', mind, girl!" mother screeched; and Sal dropped the newspaper she was about to hand up, and jumping a stool caught the baby by the skirt-tail just as it was about to wobble into the fire.

"My goodness! you little rat!" The baby laughed playfully, and struggled to get out of her arms. Sal placed it at the opposite side of the room and the decorating continued.

"I can remember the time, then," mother said, "when they hadn't so much to be flash about; when the old woman and that eldest girl, Johanna, used to go about in their bare feet and with dresses on—dear me!—that I wouldn't give a black-gin!"

"Not Johanna, mother!"

"Yes, Johanna; you wouldn't remember it, of course; Norah was the baby then."

"You little wretch!" and Sal rushed for the baby and pulled it from the fire again. She dumped it down in a different corner, and returned to the paste. The baby made eagerly for the fire again, but when half-way across the room it stopped, rested its cheek on the floor and fell asleep—and it on the verge of being christened "Bartholomew!"—until Dad came in and took it up.

Mother went into her bed-room and came out with a flaring red sash flying over her greasy gown, and asked Dad if he liked it.

Dad looked at the ribbon, then out of the window and chuckled.

"What d' y' think of me?"

"Think of y'?" and Dad grinned.

Mother looked fondly at the ribbon. She was very satisfied with herself. She was a true woman. She tripped into the room again and came out with some yards of print, and asked Dad what he thought of that. Mother was fond of dress.

"Dear me, woman!" Dad said, "what's going to happen?"

"But how do y' like it?"—letting it hang like a skirt.

Dad grinned more.

"Is it a nice pattern?"

Dad still grinned.

"Does it suit me?"

Dad looked out the window and saw Joe knock little Bill down with a pumpkin. He ran out.

"Men haven't a bit of taste," mother said to Sal, folding the print, "except just for what" (Joe rushed in at the front door and out the back one)—"cept for what's to go in their stomachs. All they think about's an old"—(Dad rushed in at the front door and out the back one)—"old horse or something; and then they think"—(Joe rushed in again at the front door, but dived under the sofa)—"think every old screw is a race-horse"—(Dad rushed in again at the front door and out at the back one)—"my word if he finds you there, me shaver, y'll catch it!"

Joe breathed hard.

Mother put the print away and mounted the box again. Then Mrs. Flannigan—a glib-tongued old gossip, the mother of 16 shy selector children—dropped in, and they drank tea together and talked about christening and "matches" and marriages and babies and bad times and bad husbands until dark—until Mrs. Flannigan thought her husband would be wanting his supper, and went home.

Joe talked of the christening at school. For a time nobody paid any attention to him; but as days passed, and one and another went home to find that mother and father and bigger brothers and sisters had been "asked," the interest grew, and a revulsion of feeling in favor of Joe set in. First, Nell Anderson suddenly evinced a desire for his society—hitherto she would weep if made stand next him in class; then the Murphys and the Browns, and young Roberts surrounded him, and Reuben Burton put his string bridle on him, and wouldn't ride any other horse in a race—till at last Joe became the idol of the institution. They all fawned on him and followed him about—all but the two Caseys. They were isolated, and seemed to feel their position keenly.

Joe was besieged with questions, and he answered them all with a head-shake and a snuffling of one nostril. He disclosed all the arrangements and gave melting descriptions of the pies and puddings mother was preparing. How they danced around him and called him "Joseph"! The two Caseys stood off in silence, and in fancy saw those pies and puddings. A pleasant contemplation till Nell Anderson pointed to them, and asked Joe if they were invited.

"Nah"—Joe said—"n-n-none of 'em is."

"Aint their mother?"

"N-nan, we d-don't want 'em," and he snuffled more. The two Caseys then stole away to the rear of the school, where they sat and nursed their chagrin in lugubrious silence, and caught flies mechanically, and looked down at their bare feet over which the ants crawled, until the teacher thumped the end of the little building with a huge paling and school went in.

The day came, and we all rose early and got ready. The parson, who had to ride 25 miles to be present, arrived near mid-day. His clothes were dusty and he looked tired. Mother and Sal wondered if they should offer him something to eat or let him wait until the guests arrived and all sat to the big spread. They called Dad and Dave into the little tumble-down kitchen to discuss the matter. Dad said he didn't care what they did; but Dave settled it. He said: "Get th' chap a feed."

Joe sat on the sofa beside the parson's tall hat and eyed it in wonder. Joe had never seen so much respectability before. The parson ate with his back turned to Joe, while mother and Sal flew busily about. Joe cautiously put out his hand to feel the beaver. Mother saw him and frowned.

Joe withdrew his hand and stared at the rafters. "Delicious tea!" said the parson, and mother served him with more.

Joe's hand stole out to the hat again. Dave, standing outside near the front door, noticed him and grinned. It emboldened Joe, and he lifted the hat and placed his head inside it and grinned out at Dave. Mother frowned more, but Joe couldn't see her. She hurried out. Then from the back of the house Dad's voice thundered "Joe!" Joe removed the beaver and obeyed the call. Harsh, angry whispers came from the door, then sounds of a scuffle, and an empty bucket flew after Joe as he raced across the yard towards the haystack.

Soon the guests began to arrive. The Maloneys and the Todds and the Taits and the Thomsons, and others, with children and dogs, came in spring-carts and drays from Back Creek; the Watsons and the Whites and old Holmes and Judy Jubb from Prosperity Peak appeared on horseback. Judy, in the middle of the yard, stepped out of a torn and tattered old riding-habit, with traces of the cow-yard about it, and displayed a pair of big boots and "railway" stockings, and a nice white muslin dress with red bows and geraniums and a lot of frills and things on it. Judy was very genteel. The Sylvesters—nice people that came from Brisbane with new ideas and settled near us; people who couldn't leg-ropes a cow; who were going to make a big thing out of fowls; who were for ever asking Dad if jew-lizards were snakes—came on foot with their baby in a little painted cart. A large black dog, well-groomed and in new harness, without reins, pulled the cart along. We had never seen a dog pulling a cart before—neither had our dog. He rushed off to meet the Sylvesters, but stopped half-way and curled his tail over his back and growled and threw earth about with his legs. Sylvesters' dog stood, also, and curled his tail over his back. Mrs. Sylvester patted him and said, "Carlo—Carlo! you naughty boy." Our dog suddenly made off. Sylvesters' dog pursued him. He tore along the fence at coursing speed, making a great noise with the cart until he turned a corner, where it upset and left the baby. But he didn't catch our dog. And Paddy Maloney and Steve Burton and young Wilkie galloped up through the paddock shouting and whipping their horses, and carried away the clothes-line stretched between two trees at the back.

The house soon filled—just room for big Mrs. McDoolan to squeeze in. She came on foot, puffing and blowing, and drank the glass of holy water that stood on the table with bull-frogs careering round in it. She shook hands with everybody she knew, and with everybody she didn't know, and kissed the baby. There was no pride about big Mrs. McDoolan.

The ceremony was about to commence. Joe and the young Todds and the young Taits, who, with the tomahawk and some dogs—about twenty-six dogs—had been up the paddock hunting kangaroo-rats, returned with a live jew-lizard. They squatted round the door guarding the trophy.

Dad and mother with the baby in a dress of rebellious hues, stood up and faced the parson. All became silent and expectant. The parson whispered something to mother, and she placed the baby in Dad's great arms. The band of hunters at the door giggled, and the jew-lizard tried to escape. Dad, his hair and beard grown very long, stared at the parson with a look of wild, weird reverence about him.

"In the name of the Father," the parson drawled, dipping his fingers into the water and letting it drip on to the baby's face—"I baptise thee, Bartholomew!"

Interruption.

The jew-lizard escaped, and with open mouth and head up raced across the floor. Had it been a boa-constrictor or a bunyip the women couldn't have squealed with more enthusiasm. It made straight for Judy Jubb. But Judy had been chased by a jew-lizard before. She drew back her skirts—also her leg—and kicked the vermin in the chest and lifted it to the rafters. It fell behind the sofa and settled on Todd's bull-dog that was planted there. Bully seized it and shook it vigorously and threw it against Mrs. McDoolan, and seized it again and shook it more—shook it until our dog and a pack of others rushed in. "Th' th' devil!" said Dad, indignantly, aiming heavy kicks at the brutes. "The child—gimme th' child!" Mother shrieked, pulling at Dad. "Out w' y'!" said Anderson, letting fly his foot. "Down Bully!" shouted Todd, and between them all they kicked the dogs right through the door, then heaved the lizard after them.

But the ceremony was soon over, and everybody was radiant with joy—everybody but Bartholomew. He had been asleep until the parson dropped the water on his face, when he woke suddenly. He glared at the strange assemblage a moment, then whined and cried hard. Mother "hooshed" him, and danced him up and down saying, "Did they frien' im." Mrs. McDoolan took him and "hooshed" him and jumped him about and said: "There now—there now!" But Bartholomew resented it all, and squealed till it seemed some part of him must burst. Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Anderson and Judy Jubb each had a go at him. "Must have the wind," murmured Mrs. Ryan, feelingly, and Mrs. Johnson agreed with her by nodding her head. Mother took him again and showed him the dog, but he didn't care for dogs. Then Sal ran out with him and put him on the gee-gee—Dad's old mule that stood buried in thought at the fence—and he was quiet.

A long table erected in the barn was laden with provisions, and Dad invited the company to "come along and make a start." They crowded in and stared about. Green boughs and corn-cobs hung on the walls; some bags of shelled corn stood in one corner, and from a beam dangled a set of useless old cart harness that Dad used to lend to anyone wanting to borrow. Dad and Paddy Maloney took up the carving. Dad stood at one end of the table—Paddy at the other. Both brandished long knives. Dad proceeded silently—Paddy with joyous volubility. "Fowl or pig?" he shouted to them, and rattled the knife, and piled the provender on their plates, and told them to "back in their carts" when they wanted more; and he called the minister "boss." Paddy was in his element.

'Twas a magnificent feast, though, and went off most successfully. It went off until only the ruins remained. Then the party returned to the house and danced. Through the afternoon, and far into the night, the concertina still screeched its cracked refrain, while the forms of weary females, with muffled infants in arms, hovered about the drays in the yard, and dog-tired men, soaked to the knees with dew-wet grass, bailing and blocking horses in a paddock corner, took strange, shadowy shape, until, when all was bright and the sun seemed near, the last dray rolled heavily away from the christening of Bartholomew.

STEELE RUDD.

SUMMER SORROWS!

DO YOU FEEL LANGUID?

ARE YOU TIRED AND WEARY?

LACK ENERGY AND PHYSICAL TONE?

IF YOU DO, YOU NEED A COURSE OF

Weak, Weary Women.

HOW YOU SUFFER THIS WEATHER.

ENERGY AND AMBITION GONE.

THE ABOVE ILLUSTRATES A MELBOURNE MOTHER'S CASE AWHILE AGO.

Summer means agony and suffering to most Australian mothers and sisters. Debility follows the wake of loss of appetite and languor. Complications peculiar to the sex always crop up if the system loses tone, and the inevitable headache, throbbing in the temples, heart palpitation, dizziness, and other female ailments run riot in the body. Mrs. Laura James, of No. 2 Rae-street, North Fitzroy, Melbourne, detailed her sufferings to a reporter of the NORTH MELBOURNE GAZETTE as follows: "For quite ten years," she began, "I have been a sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia, and I feel sure I would still be enduring agony if I had not had the good fortune to have Bile Beans. And I can honestly say that a person suffering as long as I long suffered would be much better dead than alive. No food agreed with me. Even liquid nourishment made me suffer greatly. I dwindled away until I became a mere skeleton and a burthen to myself and relatives. About eight months ago a friend named Mrs. Hood, of Market-street, Fitzroy, advised me to try Bile Beans. The first box seemed to improve me, and, of course, I continued to take them. My case was a bad one, chronic, and of long standing, but with each box my stomach got stronger, and I was soon not only able to eat a meal, but to digest it. Altogether I have taken eight boxes, which have cost me less than a single doctor's fee, and I am absolutely and thoroughly cured. I eat good, hearty meals and enjoy them. I have no flatulence or heavy feeling in the stomach afterwards, and as you see have fully recovered health and strength. I am many pounds heavier than when I commenced to take Bile Beans, and am putting on weight daily. In my case the cure is little short of a miracle, as I was very far gone. I am deeply grateful for what Bile Beans have done for me, and will never miss an opportunity to recommend them to other sufferers."



DEBILITY.

SOME HINTS FOR SUMMER WEATHER.

HOW TO KEEP HEALTHY.

General debility is a state which is generally caused by a combination of nervous exhaustion, indigestion, deranged liver, and constipation. It is brought about by the system becoming run down. The functions of the body are irregular and weak, the waste matter is not carried off properly, the blood becomes poor, and the complexion sallow. The whole system, in cases like this, needs "toning up." The diet must be regulated, and a remedy must be taken that will put the digestive organs in thorough working order. For this work, Bile Beans for Biliousness are the very best specific, as they act in a gentle manner, and are so compounded that they repair the waste of the nervous system, and make pure, rich blood. Bile Beans on every hand are effecting cures for debility and all summer ailments, such as loss of tone, lack of physical force, &c. They will be found an undoubted specific for Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Pimples, Blotches, Dizziness, Female Ailments, all Liver and Kidney troubles. Price, 13d. per large box, at all Chemists and Storekeepers. The Australian Depot Bile Beans Manufacturing Co., 39 Pitt Street, Sydney.

An Obstacle to Beauty.

To a pretty girl or a handsome young man pimples are an abomination. To have perfect features spoiled by little red blotches all over the face is exceedingly annoying, to say the least, yet nearly all young people of the present day are troubled more or less with this complaint, which, by the way, cannot be treated properly by the use of cosmetics. The only real remedy for pimples is



bile, they obtain a beneficial result in the safest, surest and quickest manner. They enable the stomach to do its work quickly and thoroughly, help the liver to help itself, and do away with constipation and indigestion. Rich blood is the result, and with a stream of red, pure blood flowing through your veins pimples will be a thing of the past. Remember, their greatest cures are effected when all else has failed.

Em'ly.

A BUSH IDYLL.

[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

The broad chips flew beneath the axe that round his head went swinging,
And as they fell to left and right I heard the woodsman singing;
Across the hills the echoes rang—the birds supplied the chorus—
On earth, I'll swear, no fairer scene than that which spread before us,
Its dappled shade and dewy lawn with bright young sunbeams flooded,
Its wealth of life that woke to live in all that germed and budded.

But when the edge of sharpened steel had gashed the trunk asunder,
The crack and roar of riven wood broke through the hills like thunder;
High up in air his branches swayed, their leaves the dew down shaking,
The monarch groaned upon the butt—his giant heart was breaking!

A hundred years of forest life!—the still bush paused and shivered,
And saw him fight with Man and Fate, and watched him as he quivered.
One tremor more, one woeful sigh—which trees, like men, give dying—
And 'midst the shattered scrub beneath his mighty corpse was lying.

Then, whilst the sap-like blood dripped out, upon the trunk together
We sat to yarn that perfect morn in perfect autumn weather.

"My friend," quoth I, "since last we met, you've done huge work of clearing,
Yon belt of trees along the slope, I note them disappearing;
A twelvemonth back I crossed this ridge and saw your camp-fire burning,
But scrub and waste to pasture changed I find on my returning.

"You've built a house of solid slabs—which took, I'll bet, some splitting—
With painted doors and window-sills and wide verandah fitting:
You've also built, of posts and rails, a fence that does you credit—
Your rails are straight and neatly adzed, your posts are well embedded.

And lo! a patch before the door worked deep with fork and spade, sir,
With garden blooms in tasteful beds I mark already laid, sir!
And you yourself whose rakish ways used oft-times plague me greatly,
Are changed in dress and looks and speech, and for the better, lately.

I've lain awake to hear you shout with wild rebellious pity
The deeds of some bushranging thief who 'died dead-game' (in ditty);
What time the 'possum sought repose, on Sabbath morning early,
Your rowdy stockwhip broke my rest—and you were sober rarely.

But now, I faith, you wake with dawn, no piled-up duty shirking,
And as the crow flies home at dusk 'tis said he finds you working!

"The 'boys' have gone this very morn across there kangarooing,
And here alone, by all that's strange, I find you out and doing,
While ducks and quail, and pigeons too, are thick along the river,—
Say, what on earth's come over you? It must, it must be liver."

He filled his pipe once more and drew the sweet narcotic slowly,
Then soft his voice, like devotee who speaks of subjects holy:
"I've taken up this block o' land, I've done that bit o' fencing,
I've built that house you like so much, and now—
I'm jest commencing—

"There's trees o' girth—some four foot through—and knots would rile the Devil,
There's scrub to clear, and stumps to burn, and ground to clean and level,
There's heaps o' work before me yet, I've got to strive and tussle,
But in my heart I feel I've grit, and here you see the muscle.

"I'm poor enough and like to be, but by the Lord above me,
I do not care a fig for that—I've got a girl to love me!
I would not be the richest man that 'spouts' in our Assembly,
I would not be the Prince o' Wales, and lose my little Em'ly.

"My folks they lived down Clarence way—oh, that's the land for growing
The maize that comes from river silt. By gosh! beyond all showing!
And pumpkins, boss! I've seen 'em swell clean out o' rhyme and reason,
When we have had a flood or two and then a proper season.

"My dad he drank our farm away and died, and left me tight it,
(Poor Mam, she went long time before, one year the wheat was blighted),
I'd got no kin, and friends I found are always out of cooey.
They sold it up; I said 'Good-bye,' and started 'humping bluey.'

"I've tramped the Lachlan up and down, and crossed the same 'a banker';
I've worked a wool-boat Darling side, from Bourke to 'safe at anchor';
I've shore for stations West and South, and drove, and 'overlanded';
I've yarded brumbies, you can bet, and tallied sheep and branded.

I've knocked about the mining towns; my house has been a tent, mate;
I've boozed in nearly every pub. across the continent, mate,
But now I guess I'll settle down and get a home about me,
I'm good enough for honest graft—with her—you needn't doubt me.

"Oh, you should see my little Em"—she's seventeen next Friday—
In her print frock and pretty shoes an' apron white an' tidy
Oh, you should see the girl I love when Friday night she dresses,
And puts a ribbon round her neck an' one among her tresses!

But when I ride across the creek to give her birthday greeting,
Her lips will part like two rose leaves and smile a welcome meeting.
Her eyes will shine like two bright stars in Heaven's blue above me,
An', boss, I feel a better man—I've got a girl to love me.

"So that's the reason you to-day have found me down here slogging,
And as I've smoked and had my say, 'tis time that I was jogging:
There's lots o' graft ahead for me; but, oh, I'm light and limber,
To get dear Em I'd cut my way through solid miles o' timber.

"I wasn't worth a tinker's curse before I met my beauty;
I've turned a cleaner leaf since then inside the book o' duty.
I'm building up a home for her, here's one more blow toward it;
Let misers count their stacks o' gold, I've got her love—I'll hoard it.

"When I can get this ground in trim an' fifty pounds together,
We'll go to church some sunny day in happy April weather;
If I can get this ground in trim an' marry little Em'ly,
I would not be the wisest man that 'spouts' in our Assembly.

"So that's the reason, boss, to-day, you find me up an' doing
When all the 'boys' about the place have gone out 'kangarooing,'
When ducks and quails and pigeons, too, are thick along the river,
But my disease, that's plain to you, is heart—it isn't 'liver!'"

MORAL.

Ho, gentlemen, of cynic mould, and ladies, proud, disdainful,
If to your "high æsthetic sense" my vulgar verse is painful,
Pass on your ways, to rout and ball and feast and gay assembly,
And let my brave bush hero go to wed his pretty Em'ly.

1895.

E. J. BRADY.

A recent fat black heading in Hobart MERCURY that looked like a row of small niggers on a fence:
BRUTAL BOERS' IDEA OF A SOLDIER'S BURIAL.
DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD LIKE DOGS.

A large number of dead Boers have been discovered drowned in the Modder River with stones tied about their necks. They were thus buried by their comrades after the battle.

Passing over the alleged drowning of the already dead as merely a Tasmanian way of putting things, we next came to this extract from a contingenter, also published in a Hobart paper:

They are shooting and burying Boers here wholesale. One trench contained about 200; the British put them in with their feet up, and some of their toes are beginning to stick out.

There isn't much time for the pomp and hearse of glorious burial in war-time—but in the bright lexicon of the daily groveller, it is only the Boer who is a brute when the funeral has to be hurried up a little.

Jones on Mind Presence.

[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

JONES was in one of his talky moods. I listened a while, half-dozed, and woke to the fact that he was telling a yarn.

"... presence of mind, I know a fellow—lives in this city—who's got a big allowance of it. It came out strong recently. Fell in love with a little girly-woman who gave him what she had of a heart and then—same old thing—married the fellow with the money. Bartlett cursed his luck, went in for hard graft and tried to forget her.

"The year afterwards they met in Melbourne, and Bartlett found he hadn't forgotten at all. She had got used to the money by this, and had begun to miss his kisses—she was one of your little flower women who live for the pretty things of life and the admiration of men. She got this last, but prized it from no one so much as from the woman-worshipped Bartlett, and while he swore louder than ever at his fate, she began to wait and hope for an opportunity. So did Bartlett by-and-by. And at last it came.

"The old man went away for three weeks—and came back on the eighth night.

"Bartlett and the woman had 'bought over the servants of course, and they were warned—only just in time.

"Bartlett kissed her—she was shaking with terror and whiter than the sheets—and told her whatever happened to tell the same lies as he, and not to be the least afraid. Then he found her jewel case, snatched some rings from the table—she had some magnificent things—and crept out of the room. He met the husband in the passage, swore with surprise, and then dashed past him and the servant, out of the house and into the street. The rest was easy. He had merely to find a constable and run into his arms.

"He lied well, did Bartlett, and the woman with the flower face helped him to get his two years—that was the law—without the quiver of a muscle.

"Afterwards, when he came out, they decided that they had taken altogether too much trouble to save her reputation, so they ran off together, and poor old hubby, having divorced her, married another woman five times worse than the first. As for Bartlett and his beloved, they went to a registrar a year or so after; and all's well that ends well. Pass the whisky."

GASLIGHT.

BLIGHT. BLIGHT.

MORRIS'S IMPERIAL EYE OINTMENT—beyond doubt the best remedy; over 50 years' reputation and still unrivalled. Sold everywhere, in pots 2s. each. Never be without it.*

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H. Newman, the well-known jeweller of 175 Elizabeth-street, Melbourne, is the largest buyer of opal in Australia, and opal miners will find it to their advantage to send their opal direct to him. The firm has a reputation for straight dealing extending over a period of 40 years, which is a sufficient guarantee to consignors that they will be honorably treated. H. Newman is also a buyer of all other Australian gems.*

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Walking Stick Brooch, 1s 6d. With Paris Diamonds, 2s 6d.



Gold-Cased Bar Brooch (any name), 1s 6d and 2s 6d.

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equal in appearance

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Chain Bracelets, 10

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to 20s.

Nickel Watch and Chain,

4s 6d to 10s 6d.

Sterling Silver Chains,

4s 6d to 10s 6d.

Rolled Gold Chains, 5 to

10 years' guarantee,

10s 6d to 20s.



Wishbone Brooch, with Paris Diamonds, 2s 6d.



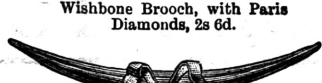
Twin Swallow Brooch, with Bell or Stone Pendant, 2s 6d.



Swallow Brooch, with Heart and Ruby Eye, 2s 6d.



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With Heart and Handsome Stone, 2s 6d.



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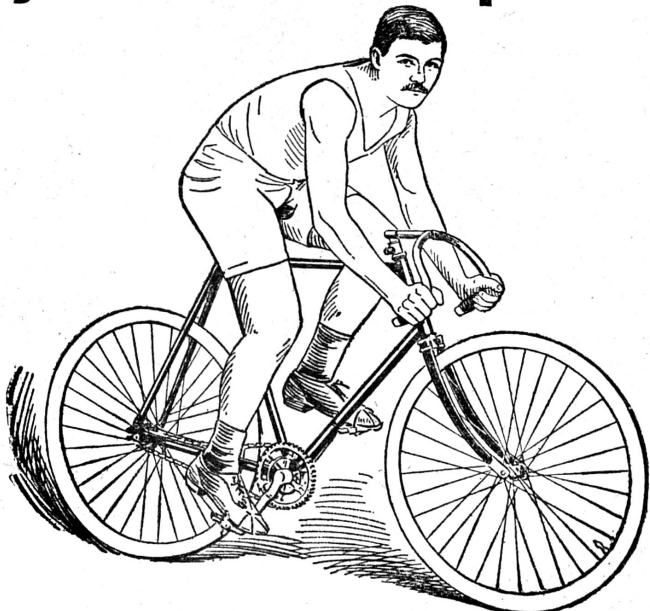
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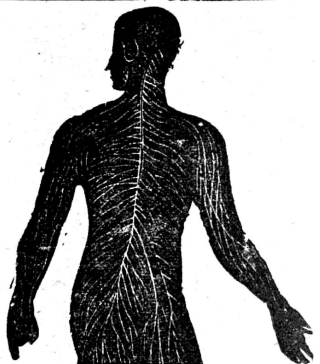
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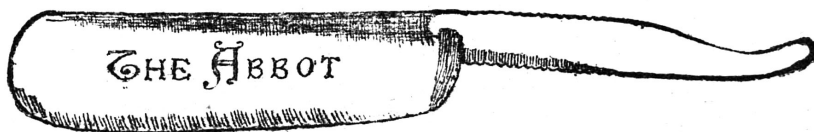
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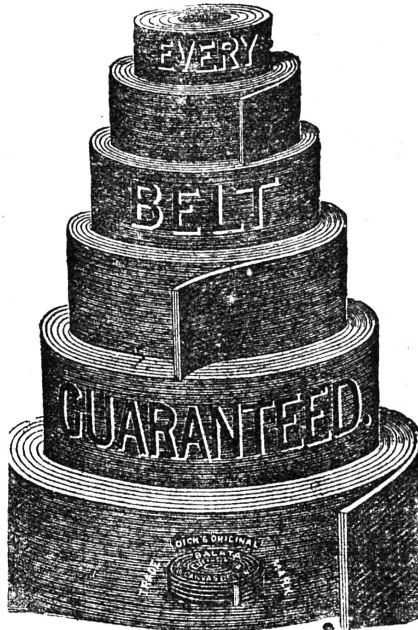
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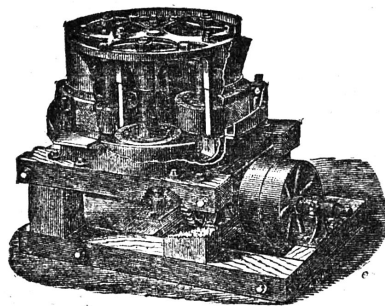
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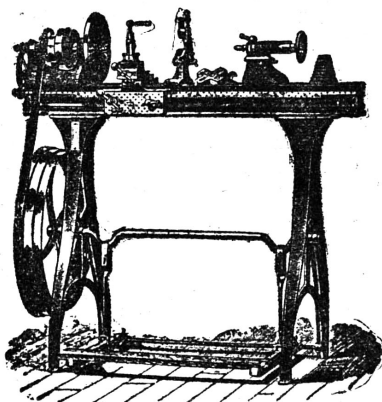
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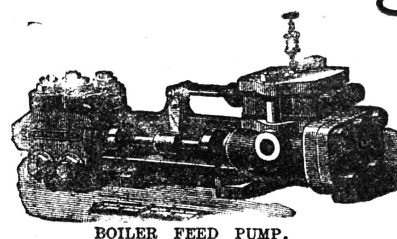
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